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WHAT A GENTLEMAN WAS

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

IT is more than a hundred years since the death of Sir Walter Scott, and, like other people bred upon the *Waverley Novels*, I was moved by the ceremonies attending his centenary to reread some of them in order to compare present impressions with childhood's memories. But hardly had I begun when I lost sight of this comparison in the contrast between Scott's conception of human values and that held by the present generation, more particularly with regard to Scott's notions of a gentleman. Sir Walter followed a European tradition that had come down from the time of Homer. To-day that ideal is all but gone, like a Californian brook in midsummer. And as, after the disappearance of a great public character who once filled the stage of the world, leaving a sense of emptiness, men continue to talk of him with respect and affection, so now I ask permission to talk about the Guild of Gentlemen,¹ in a sort of leave-taking, and recall its qualities and the good

that it did, for even those most inimical during life to that which is no more, often listen, if not with charity, at least with mitigated ill will, to such a discourse. I come to say good-bye to the Guild, not to praise it.

A Gentleman's Obligations

In early times, and indeed all through the ages, the first obligation of a gentleman was to be a leader in battle, in times of war to be foremost in the field and in peace to busy himself with preparations for war. He was also a leader in civil matters, in government, in framing and executing policy; he studied social needs, investigated the experience of the past, conferred with his equals and enacted the laws. The habit of command, the familiarity of responsibility, the association of personal interests with the interests of the state, made the gentleman ready and eager to return to society an equivalent to what he received.

Besides rendering such active services in war and politics, — which, indeed, I think we may take for granted,

¹Mr. Sedgwick's book from which this paper is borrowed will be published under the title, 'The Guild of Gentlemen.' — EDITOR

— the Guild of Gentlemen paid its debt to society for privileges received in another and hardly less important way. Its members constituted a body of persons who sympathized, as spectators, audience, readers, with the productions, and efforts at production, of men with special talents — poets, musicians, artists; they lent a ready ear, tendered encouragement, applauded success, criticized defects, and, as dry leaves catch a spark, preserved flashes of genius from passing into nothingness. The Parthenon would not have been built had not the eupatridæ already established principles of harmony, proportion, measure, which, descending to the so-called democracy of Pericles as an obligatory tradition, trained Pheidias, Iktinos, and their co-workers, and enabled Athenians of place and power to respect modules, to enjoy the delicacies of curve, the play of shadow upon pillar and cornice. The literatures of Greece, of Rome, of the Italian Renaissance, of the *Siècle de Louis XIV*, of Castile in its great days, of all periods distinguished by proportion, measure, and restraint, are builded on the appreciation of a class of cultivated gentlemen. So, by this service of receptivity, the Guild of Gentlemen has contributed its part. It was, of course, highly paid, by privilege, leisure, and luxury, even in times when serfs and peasants were suffering from want and the burgesses of towns were scrimping and saving, but it paid back pound for pound, florin for florin, ducat for ducat, because it held fast to the great traditions of civilization, because it cultivated and cherished tastes, feelings, standards, that raise men above the savage and the barbarian.

And by doing this it made the most important contribution toward solution of the problem of leisure. The use to which leisure should be put has always been serious, for Satan finds a God's

plenty of mischief for idle hands to do, and had it not been for literature and the arts there would have been little for unoccupied men to concern themselves with, except wine, women, and prospects of war. And now that leisure is not to be the prerogative of a small class only, but the right of and possession of all men, it becomes a very solemn matter indeed. Democracy and machinery will shorten the hours of labor for the multitude to such a degree that the question how to employ leisure will become more important than how to labor, and this matter, if civilization is to be preserved, cannot be left to chance. In the past, gentlemen have been the guardians of leisure; they alone possessed it, and as men for the most part take good care of their possessions, they did look after it and care for it. No doubt possessors of leisure have indulged in profligacy, in vice, in silly and stupid pastimes, but their huntings and hawkings, their feasts and pageants, their balls and their merrymakings, their dress and their trappings, not only gave them pleasure, — and pleasure is an admirable thing, — but also stimulated the sensibilities of artists and kindled their imaginations. And in the matter of leisure the prodigal does not undo what the Admirable Crichton does; he may waste his leisure, but not that of the Admirable Crichton; one man's bad use does not hurt another man's good use. A broken jug does not empty a sound one. And the mere fact that so many famous princes have been patrons of art and literature is proof that the aristocracy of which they were the standard-bearers were lovers of art and literature, for, Prospero apart, there is hardly a prince, however great his talents, who interests himself in matters that do not interest his courtiers. It is because of their interest that his interest is kindled, quickened, and encouraged; it is because they have built

the pedestal that the patron prince stands so conspicuous.

Moreover, it is the very misuse of leisure that gives importance to the existence and maintenance of upright guardians of leisure. If the trained, disciplined, cultivated few, taught by tradition and upheld by accepted standards, employ leisure in shameful and mischievous ways, what will the multitude, unexpectant heirs, intoxicated by a sudden opulence of leisure, do with their acquisition? Now it is the professional baseball game, the prize fight, the films of Hollywood, but with an appetite for greater excitement, for sharper stimulants to the senses, to what lengths may they not go? In the past the populace has demanded bull fights, bearbaiting, gladiatorial combats, or, under the stimulus of the press, whose freedom we value so highly, war.

In old days, when leisure was an apantage of property and privilege, a young gentleman was specially educated for the use of leisure; he was taught as a boy to take part in games and manly sports; he attended the university and studied the humanities; he went upon the grand tour in order to make acquaintance with the ways and manners of other peoples, to see their achievements in art and learn their languages, and stimulate his mind by comparison, analysis, and philosophic reflection. He was from boyhood associated with elders who had had a like education, and was naturally predisposed to be able to enter into their society, to share their experience and habits of mind. And all the time the rules of the golden mean and of self-control were held up before his eyes as guides of nearly supernatural authority. But with the multitude none of this is possible.

Even the memory of these things is passing away, and Matthew Arnold hardly sounds more modern than

Cicero: 'Again and again I have said how the refinement of an aristocracy may be precious and educative to a raw nation . . . how its serenity and dignified freedom from petty cares may serve as a useful foil to set off the vulgarity and hideousness of that type of life which a hard middle class tends to establish, and to help people to see this vulgarity and hideousness in their true colors.' All such preaching lies unopened on library shelves because the whole subject is outmoded.

A Note on Manners

As my theme is the elimination of the gentleman that is and for some time has been taking place under the stress of alien forces, I will, before discussing those forces, enumerate more specifically the qualities which, according to the opinions of all generations from Homer to the end of the nineteenth century, went into the making of a gentleman, not according to their precedency in importance, but as they may happen to come to my mind.

The first note is that of manners. The old order regarded courtliness as a fine art. Even to-day travelers report that this opinion is still held in the Orient. When two Japanese gentlemen meet, they regard their meeting as an opportunity for expressing all gradations of polite satisfactions. The old order was aware how large a part casual relations play in social life, how many a little makes a mickle, how even momentary meetings with friends and acquaintances, a lifting of the hat, a smile, a wave of the hand, a few steps out of one's way, a batch of conventional good wishes, an outward solicitude for one's health or prosperity, drop sufficient pleasantness into the fluctuating scales of ordinary existence to make the day a happy one. The old order understood how important is the outside of things. It is easy for an

age that sets store by energy, by activity, by velocity, to laugh at attaching importance to the lifting of a hat, the dropping of a curtsy, the art of the tailor, of the coiffeur, of the milliner, and the various elegances of etiquette. But perhaps you well remember Velásquez's picture, 'The Surrender of Breda'; how Spinola, the conquering general, bends forward to accept the tender of the city's key from the conquered Dutchman. I venture to assert that not one man in a hundred thousand knows or cares about the surrender of that little city, but that Spinola's attitude leaves its influence on every visitor to the Prado. A whole philosophy of life is delineated in that gracious portrayal of respect and sympathy. The picture represents not merely the Castilian conception of a gentleman in the days when Spanish gentlemen were the first in Europe, but one that existed, as I have said, from the time of Homer until yesterday.

Burke says: 'Nothing is more certain, than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners, and with civilization, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles; I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion.' To the spirit of religion I shall refer later, but in passing I may suggest that Burke's coupling these two sentiments together was in no wise fortuitous, for the two work together, and in their essence are closely united. Neither is necessary to the other, but each is an aid. It may be said that manners, in part, are the superficial expression of religion. And the biographies of men greatly religious show that where there is holiness within there is courtesy without. There may be good manners without holiness, but there is no record of holiness without good manners.

Emerson said: 'In every sense the subject of manners has a constant interest to thoughtful persons. Who does not delight in fine manners? Their charm cannot be predicted or overstated. 'T is perpetual promise of more than can be fulfilled. It is music and sculpture and picture to many who do not pretend to appreciation of those arts. It is even true that grace is more beautiful than beauty. Yet how impossible to overcome the obstacle of an unlucky temperament, and acquire good manners, unless by living with the well bred from the start.'

Tennyson, too, said, — I cite him not as a poet but as a witness to contemporary beliefs, —

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

And, indeed, it is very difficult to treat manners, the outward bearing of a man, and his character as two distinct and separate things. Rather they are the convex and the concave sides of his personality. Function shapes the organ, habitual behavior determines habitual thoughts, the outward shape begins to cast a beam on the essence within, and fine manners, good manners, gracious manners, gradually construct royal roads for action running from the brain to the members, convert them into lines of least resistance, and gradually render the human spirit within fine and good and gracious.

Cardinal Newman, who was no mean psychologist, draws this picture of a gentleman, and you can see how completely such behavior would mould the personality within: 'It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined, and as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather

than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in expelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is

irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny.' And more.

Almost all of this picture of a gentleman is composed of his manners. What pleasantness there would be in life if there were many men of such manners, and is it not strange that our lovers of equality should be so blinded by humanitarian passions as not to see what a loss they inflict upon society by pooh-poohing the importance of manners, by their preaching and their practice in derision of manners?

Style

The second note is style. This quality is similar to that of manners, but it has a different shade of meaning, a different emphasis. Let me take the analogy of architecture. Style in architecture may signify the consistent application of a certain theory of building to the construction of an edifice, as the Greek style, the Gothic, the Renaissance, or the baroque style; but also, when an edifice, in addition to its utilitarian uses, delights the eye, whether by a combination of mass and void, by interplay of light and shade, by proportion and balance, by a union of strength and delicacy, by detail and ornament, we say colloquially that it has style and we mean that its exterior has an æsthetic value, that it gives us pleasure to look at it. This accomplishment is based on form. Whatever is noble, grand, rhythmical, subtle, whatever possesses measure or elegance, is the result of form. Form, when it is successful, has style. And let me take other analogies, as Shakespeare's description of a horse: —

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.

This horse had style; and so of a dog.
You remember Theseus's eulogy upon
his hounds:—

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bulls;
Slow in pursuit; but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each unto each.

These hounds had style. And in like manner plants are selected and bred with the greatest solicitude in order to produce flowers of admired shape, color, and odor; they are grown for their style. If style, then, is desirable in flower, dog, horse, and architecture, can it be discarded in man, without thereby making the world a poorer place, and life a less worth-while experience?

In literature, style used to be considered not merely the good manners of a book, nor merely a species of courtliness, but flesh of the flesh, bone of the bone, of sentence, paragraph, and chapter, no more separable from the substance than the good points of a cocker spaniel are separable from him. But now, in America, under the influence of democracy, style is regarded not as an integral part of literature, but as an appendage, a badge of class, artificial finery, a relic of the old régime, an impediment to that equality which should be common to all men. This notion is, of course, a mere humanitarian illusion. Style is not an appendage, but an integral part of whatever it belongs to. Nevertheless, believers in equality are quite right to regard style as appurtenant to the aristocratical view of life.

In French prose, style continues, although but haltingly, partly because the French are a people upon whom nature has conferred taste, and partly because French prose is not handed over to the judgment of the masses; it has been kept in the aristocratic

tradition by the French Academy, by the national system of literary education, by an organized respect for the French classics. In England, too, many books and some newspapers still possess style. The great heritage of English prose, bequeathed from Hooker to Jeremy Taylor, from Taylor to Clarendon, from Clarendon to Addison, from him to Burke, from Burke to Cardinal Newman, from Newman to Stevenson, and to sundry writers still living, men bred upon this heritage, or on the Greek and Latin classics, at Oxford and Cambridge—this great heritage, with its momentum, cannot lose its authority all at once. But we in America, a people who look forward and not back, do not find this badge of class distinction to our taste. Our democratic belief in equality induces us to think that one man writes as well as another, or that anyhow writing is a practical matter, not an art. Our vocabulary has shrunk from the amplitude of the masters to the more convenient dimensions suitable to convey in the daily press the information that the multitude desires. Grammatical niceties are the hobby of the whimsical few. Dependent clauses, subjunctives, subtleties that enabled a writer to be both clear and exact, to express what critics of painting call *sfumatura*, many-faceted gradations of thought, have been sloughed off; they are undemocratical, alien to that comfortable ease of ready comprehension to which the humblest citizen is entitled.

However, democracy will use all the words it needs. Science, with its limited audience, will continue to employ scientific terms. The mechanical arts will continue to have their own terminology, and they, too, have a restricted class of readers. As to newspapers and ordinary books, editors and publishers, in their ambition to reach the greatest possible numbers of persons, find that ambition furthered by a disregard of

grammar, as well as by a limitation of vocabulary, so that no citizen shall be put to the inconvenience of consulting a dictionary. Besides, grammar, with its insistence upon the order of words, upon the subordination of sentences, is plainly a product of the old régime, as one may also see by such statements as that the noun *governs* the verb, whereas all words are and of right ought to be on a perfect equality. What advocates of the old system fear is that restriction upon expression, limitation upon grammatical niceties, will cramp thought. Under the old régime an author addressed himself to the educated few, and acknowledged no duty other than the exact expression of his thought, whether following observation or imagination, but to-day his business is to cast thought into a standard mould.

Taste

Another note is that of taste. In a democracy where plebiscites decide such matters, taste fares badly. This delicate handiwork of long processes of selection, this child of privilege and slow time, over which experience, thought, logic, sensitiveness, and art have spent themselves, is so much a part and parcel of the old order that the new order, with its contempt for whatever is old, is inclined to turn up its nose and relegate it, with the humanities and suchlike, to the dust bin. But perhaps the lovers of equality are overhasty. Taste is the nurse of beauty; and love of beauty is the main distinction between man and brute. Animals eat, drink, sleep, propagate their kind, quarrel and fight very much as men do, but they do not recognize beauty — unless it be a factor in the mating season. Love of beauty is the achievement of intelligence, sensitiveness, and emotion; and as high intelligence, delicate sensitiveness, and passionate emotion are rare, so both

creators of beauty and connoisseurs of beauty are rare. In old days, when quality was valued more than quantity, when the cult of beauty was both a privilege and a duty, taste was the finger post to what the aristocracy regarded as the mind's most permanent pleasure, the love of beauty. Now all this is changed. The world lists toward democracy, equality, humanitarianism; it hardly notices the pleasures of the gifted few, and devotes itself to the satisfactions of the many, to housing, feeding, beer, ball games, the cinema — its favorite axiom is that the needs of belly and back come before the delicacies of the mind and the fastidiousness of the soul.

This solicitude for the human belly and the human back is idolatry. And the Church, or rather, I should say, the Protestant churches share in it; their ministers cross themselves, and drop into papistical genuflections, when they pass the altar of humanitarianism, they chant hymns to the proletariat, they bustle about inquiring if the dear people in the East End — where wage earners spend their wages on beer, and their wives bring forth new objects of human solicitude as fast as slow-working nature will allow — find their dear bodies comfortable, and their dear babies on the way to becoming as free, as enlightened, as forward-looking, as their parents. The centre of human gravity has shifted. The old spiritual values — contemplation, meditation, the commandments of self-control and self-improvement — are cast aside, the humanities, with their exaltation of the cardinal virtues, Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence, and Justice, thrown overboard; and if this be so, — and it is so, — if the humanities are neglected for scientific specialization, religion neglected for gratification of the humanitarian herd instinct, the Guild of Gentlemen metaphorically hurried *à la lanterne*, who then will maintain the

sacred cult of beauty, who uphold the nobler values of life?

Beauty must not be left to chance; it requires a body of guardians devoted to its service. *Æsthetes* are not to be trusted, for *æsthetes* seek to detach beauty from the general stuff of human experience, to isolate it, and fence it about; they surround it with a priesthood of their own, praise it in an esoteric liturgy, and seek to render the cult exclusively their own. The task is, and always has been, to bring beauty out of its sacred enclosure into ordinary life; its servitors should be in and of this workaday world, and understand the workaday world's need of beauty; they should mix in all the interests of life and take the cult of beauty with them. This task, under the old order, the Guild of Gentlemen assumed and, in a not inadequate measure, performed. Even in the full flood of popular enthusiasm for democracy, James Russell Lowell said: 'I see as clearly as any man possibly can, and rate as highly, the value of wealth, and of hereditary wealth, as the security of refinement, the feeder of all those arts that ennoble and beautify life, and as making a country worth living in' (1884). And, speaking of England, Lecky says: 'In addition to many statesmen, orators or soldiers — in addition to many men who have exhibited an admirable administrative skill in the management of vast properties and the improvement of numerous dependents, the English aristocracy has been extremely rich in men who, as poets, historians, art critics, linguists, philologists, antiquaries or men of science, have attained a great or, at least, a respectable eminence.'

This testimony as to the artistic activity of the aristocracy is but one half of the matter; it is the other half that I lay emphasis on — not upon the activities of gentlemen in service of things of the mind and of the spirit,

but upon their receptivity, their appreciation, their service as disseminators. This body of gentlemen — bred upon privilege, segregated from their fellows by possession of property, each going his own way, but all coöperating in the common task by exchange of ideas, by emulation, by mutual encouragement, by a sense of moral obligation — this body of gentlemen prepared a spiritual home, wherein they received, welcomed, and applauded men of genius, men of talent, creators of beauty, whatever their origin, like the landlord of an old-fashioned hostelry. They regarded beauty as a royal element in nature, bringing its own authority, approved by reason, justified by experience, subservient to life as a whole, and holding out to poor humanity the best hope of a brighter day in some to-morrow. They, — I am speaking of ideal gentlemen, — having been disciplined to these ends in youth, were ready to hail all the arts, to take delight in beauty of sound, from a Mozart or a Brahms; delight in beauty of line and color, in pictures by Simone Martini, Poussin, Watteau, and Gainsborough; delight in beauty of plane and contour in Praxiteles and Scopas, in Donatello, Falconet, or Mestrovic; in builded beauty of stone, or brick, or wood, or steel, whatever displayed the strength, the repose, the elegance of harmony, measure, proportion, ornament.

Such appreciation was passed along from gentleman to gentleman, modified by this one, enhanced by that, all the time acquiring authority from general acceptance, and so, become a dogma, like that of the value of courage, of good breeding, of manly sports, affected daily life in the most common things at every turn. In Homeric times gentlemen delighted in the decoration of a shield, reminiscent, if it might be, of that which Hephaistos wrought for Achilles, in the carving on the prow of

a galley, in the ornamentation of a chariot, in the art and embroidery of garments; and so it has been in all subsequent generations; gentlemen have called upon artists to enrich the material in all familiar things, — statues, pictures, tapestries, furniture, vases, goblets, dishes, — teaching the eye that beauty lurks in curve and contour, in texture and color, in proportion and contrast. And not in little things only. There were cathedrals; William of Sens, l'Abbé Suger, Évrard de Fouilloi, and a long line of prelates, princes, lords and ladies, took infinite pains with architectural plans and projects, with vault and apse and radiating chapels, with images, *entrelacs*, zigzags, lozenges, flowers and leaves; they studied Christian sarcophagi, Byzantine ivories, or Persian textiles. There were châteaux, — François Premier is described as an artist to his finger tips, — castles, mansions, manor houses; there were pleasure domes and pleasaunces; there were parks and gardens.

You remember how Bacon describes a princelike garden: 'For Gardens, the contents ought not well to be under Thirty Acres of Ground; and to be divided into three parts; a Greene in the entrance; a Heath or Desart in the Going forth; and the Maine Garden in the midst; Besides Alleys on both sides. And I like well, that Foure Acres of Ground, be assigned to the Greene; Six to the Heath; Foure and Foure to either Side; and Twelve to the Maine Garden. The Greene hath two pleasures; The one because nothing is more Pleasant to the Eye than Greene Grasse kept finely shorne; the other, because it will give you a faire Alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a Stately Hedge, which is to inclose the Garden.' And so on; and the lists of flowers, following in turn the sequence of the seasons, fill the air with their

imagined sweetness; they constitute, as he says, a *Ver Perpetuum*. Such princelike gardens, the châteaux of the Loire, the cathedrals of the Ile-de-France, do not spring from the proletariat, but from the desires of the Guild of Gentlemen.

All sorts of things, great and small, inherited from the past testify that the creation of beauty and the appreciation of beauty have been appurtenances of privilege.

Privacy

Another note of the Guild I am describing is a love of privacy. Nothing, perhaps, is less sympathetic to democracy, to lovers of equality and fraternity, than the liberty of a man to live by himself. Equality loves company and is exasperated by any aristocratic aloofness. The old notion, whether concerning things physical or things moral, of a walled garden, of 'sporting your oak,' of seclusion, retirement, solitude, has gone. What used to be considered the inalienable right of a man to keep himself and his affairs to himself is his no longer. It has not only ceased to be a right, but it has become a wrong done to the public. If an *aggressive* editor drops but a hint, on the instant his reporters and photographers leap over walls, peek through keyholes, push doors open, scramble in windows, creep, intrude, and climb into anything that is creepable, intrudable, or climbable, rush into bedrooms, crawl under beds, try the plumbing in the bathroom, tip the dirty-clothes basket upside down, and all because it is alleged that the sovereign people would be amused to know what a quiet, shy, retiring man may chance to busy himself about; for the public regards a quiet, shy, retiring man as it does some beast in the zoo, which has been tracked with infinite pains and pulled out of its hole by curators of natural history museums,

in lands beyond strange seas. Publicity is the cry. A youth who aims to be of note is hurried to the housetops, given a loud speaker, and bidden to bawl out his qualifications; and universities give prizes for what they call *results* in the arts of advertising. Perhaps no factor at work in the transformation of our civilization is so potent as publicity; it acts like a surging tide upon a shelving beach that rubs and smooths and rounds off the many-faceted pebbles into the similarity of boys' marbles.

This all-pervasive force acts everywhere; it acts upon religion. I am told that Professor Whitehead and Dean Inge believe that 'religion is what the individual does with his own solitude . . . (that) if you are never solitary you are never religious.' Thomas à Kempis, in his chapter on the love of silence and solitude, says: 'The greatest Saints avoided the company of men, when they could, and chose to live in privacy with God. . . . He that means to attain to the inner life and things of the spirit, let him imitate Jesus and turn aside from the multitude. . . . If thou wishest the prick of repentance in thy heart enter thy closet and shut out the noises of the world, as it is written, Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still (Psalms IV. 4).' If this be so, then the loss of privacy, which means the loss of solitude, is a hard blow at religion — not merely revealed religion, but what the two distinguished men whom I referred to call real religion, or the essence of religion. It is natural enough, therefore, and quite excusable, that ministers and deacons and such, expelled as it were from their natural

abode, should become humanitarians, and what not. There even exists, I am told, a sect of people who hold 'house parties . . . where spontaneous disclosures of the most private experiences of the spiritual [*sic*] life could occur quite naturally . . . where retreats and informal intimate discussions for sharing personal discoveries are commonplace features of religious [*sic*] work.'

And as it is with privacy and solitude, so it is with reserve. The true democrat lives in a glass house, wears his heart on his sleeve, turns his wallet of experiences inside out, publishes his daily doings, his triumphs, his hopes, the incidents of his amorous life, and feels defrauded whenever an old-fashioned man refuses to do the same. If your heart were in the right place, would you keep your curtains down and your front door shut? The old adage that a man's house is his castle bears all the marks of the old régime. A castle, to be sure! The very emblem of aristocracy, pride, privilege, privacy, and inequality.

And so, privacy, once regarded as the basis of civilization, of religion, of man's comradeship with God, is shown the door, together with manners, taste, style, and modesty. And there remain these three, Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, and the greatest of these is Equality. I said thoughtlessly that Liberty remains, but so limited, so gnawed and nibbled and curtailed, so subjected to the caprices of the masses, that the writers in the *Federalist*, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the framers of our Constitution, would suggest the propriety of using some other word in its place.

(‘The Vanishing Gentleman,’ by Mr. Sedgwick, will appear in the next issue)

PROTESTANT OR CATHOLIC?

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND EDWARD L. PARSONS

I

THAT ardent Protestant before Protestantism, Saint Francis of Assisi, standing humbly before the great Pope Innocent, defended his wandering brothers, preaching without license, bringing souls to God although possessed of no grace of ordination. 'The King of Kings,' said he, 'has told me that He will provide for all the sons which He may have of me, for, if He sustains bastards, how much more His legitimate sons.' In other words, these liberty-loving troubadours of God were lawful sons of the Gospel. They challenged the clergy — nay, even the Pope himself — to question their claim. They were as typical of what Protestantism means as was Luther in that more famous scene when, at the Diet of Worms, he challenged the world of his day.

For Protestantism, like Catholicism, is far more an attitude than a system, far more a way of approaching fundamental realities than a formulated doctrine. It is tied up to-day in our popular view with those movements for the reformation of the Church which took shape in the sixteenth century. Something of its meaning has been crystallized in them. Something of its spirit has, as must always happen, been lost in the process.

But the thing itself, the attitude toward God, and what we call, vaguely, spiritual values, is vital and imperishable. It lives in Saint Paul; it with-

draws from the world in monasticism; it refreshes the world in Saint Francis; it breaks the cultural unity of Europe in Luther and Calvin and the other reformers. And when to-day it is challenged as having done its work or lost its power, it flames again. Indeed, it is astonishing, in view of the generally easygoing tolerance toward religious differences, how hot the flame can burn.

England was surprised six years ago at the outburst in Parliament over the proposed new Prayer Book. And so (to come to the occasion of this paper) I take it many good American Episcopalians were surprised at the reaction when the proposal was made at their recent General Convention to drop the word 'Protestant' from the official title of their Church, known for a century and a half as the Protestant Episcopal Church. There was an unsuspected depth of conviction on the part of those who opposed the change. It seemed a small matter. The word was rarely used in the popular designation of the Church. Why trouble about it?

The reason cannot be clear without some suggestion of the historic backgrounds and some attempt to catch the meaning of these elusive and ill-defined attitudes which we know as Catholic and Protestant. It is their meaning which gives this small denominational matter some claim to

general interest. Let me begin by pointing the contrast.

The Catholic sees religion as a collective social matter. He is an institutionalist. He lays great stress on order, regularity, and tradition. He feels the importance of the outward and visible instruments and agencies of religion and easily becomes a sacramentalist. The importance of the institution creates faith in its authority. The visible Church, the organ of authority, is the sign and pledge of all spiritual growth. It is easy for him to hand over his life into the keeping of the Church and accept a director of his conscience. The institutional Church becomes the very centre of his religious outlook. He dare not separate himself from it. He is in matters ecclesiastical a conservative. His watchword is authority.

The Protestant approaches the whole matter in another way. Religion is his own individual concern. He has found direct personal access to God. Often he cares little for order and regularity and less for tradition. He sets store by personal inspiration and guidance. The Church is the fellowship of believers, but its authority is moral. It guides but does not rule. Its sacraments are symbols that touch and fire faith; not inevitable channels of grace. To be in the communion of the Church is a part of the Christian inheritance; but if the Church starves the soul, it can no longer claim allegiance. Personal access to God is the very centre of the Protestant's religious outlook. He is in matters ecclesiastical a liberal. His watchword is freedom.

Contrasts of this kind never tell the whole truth. The Christian world is not divided into two kinds of people sharply distinguished. These two attitudes slip over one into the other. In the memorable conference on the Faith and Order of the Church held at

Lausanne in 1927, at which every great Church save the Roman Catholic was represented, the contrast was vivid. The Catholic mind seemed embodied in the dignified Easterners whose theology was as traditional as their garments; the Protestant mind in the restless Americans in their business suits urging prompt action. But no one could say where one type ended and the other began. Orthodox and Anglicans, Lutherans and Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists and Disciples and Baptists — it was a great multicolored gathering drawn from all the world. One could classify historically this or that group as Protestant or Catholic, but Catholic Anglicans found Scotch Presbyterians or High Church Lutherans closer to them than many of their own colleagues, and the 'notes' of Catholicism or Protestantism were found in unexpected quarters.

That is really inevitable. Authority and freedom are the two foci of all social evolution. Neither has its full value without the other. Even were it possible to draw a line of cleavage, one could not wish it drawn. Spiritual impulses, like all other springs of action, embody themselves in institutions; but institutions need the perpetual revivifying power of new impulses. Otherwise they go dead.

II

Now the Reformation which gave us the word 'Protestant' had multitudinous aspects, but essentially one underlying principle. It purposed to reform religion as religion was then known in Europe, but that meant to bring back to the individual his own responsibility for himself. The superstitions which were attacked, the miracles which became objects of jest, the sacramental doctrines which were swept away, were essentially all meth-

ods by which the Church — not exempt from the temptations of all institutions, although perhaps rarely conscious of the direction it was taking — had increased its control of the individual life and thereby its prestige and power. In the sacramental system, in the miracles which healed and the petty superstitions which ensured progress toward salvation, it was reaching out, surrounding but ultimately submerging the individual. Its wealth and power grew — until at last came the revolt, and modern Protestantism was born. Souls which sought freedom, souls which knew the direct access to God, souls set on fire by the Spirit, would no longer endure the shackles put upon them.

The Protestant Reformation might have ended as did many an effort of monasticism for reform. It might have made, like Saint Francis and the friars, a real impression upon the life of the Church without breaking its unity. It might have suffered the disastrous fate of the Lollards in England. Another destiny might have been that of Luther and Calvin and the rest, had it not been that Europe was already swept by a great tide of individualism. New learning, new continents, new industries, new nations, made a world as bewildering as that of to-day. Traditions and customs were changing. The rock-like bases of mediæval life were being shaken. Men were thrown upon themselves. They found a sudden and vast enthusiasm as they contemplated their own powers and saw their own achievements. It was a marvelous age. It broke up the unity of European culture — a great loss; but it found freedom — a great gain, and essential for the centuries to come.

The religious reformation was part of this larger movement of the human soul. It was reënforced by it, and the result was that the two age-long atti-

tudes toward the Christian faith, instead of continuing their real though precarious and uneasy relationship within the one body separated in great areas of Christendom, crystallized and came into antagonism. The separation made official Catholicism more Catholic. It made official Protestantism more Protestant. It made it harder for a Francis and a John Woolman to understand one another. It led on the one hand to the logical conclusion of Papal Infallibility and on the other to the notion that any man's religion is as good as any other's, because any man has direct access to God and is quite capable of reading the Scriptures and understanding God's purposes.

The latter, by the way, is a perfect reflection in the religious sphere of the naïve assumptions of early American democracy concerning everyman's capacity for government.

It is at this point that we 'Anglicans' (members of the Church of England or her daughter churches) come forward, I hope with due modesty, but with a very definite faith that we have a real contribution to make to the tangled and divided Christian world. 'By the greatest of all misfortunes,' says Professor Menegoz, 'the Church was overestimated in Catholicism and underestimated by the Protestants; and that without anyone on either side having succeeded up to the present in restoring that fine balance of forces which in the earliest Christian society had made of the Church the body of the spirit of Christ at once one and multiple.' Perhaps, say we Anglicans, we have not succeeded in perfect adjustment of the balance, but that, at any rate, is what we are striving to do.

The Church of England during the terrific struggles of the Reformation period became ardently Protestant, but never surrendered or intended to

surrender its full Catholic heritage. It cleansed itself of those developments of worship and doctrine which hampered the free access to God. It repudiated the alien authority of the Pope. It associated itself frankly with the Reformed movements on the continent of Europe. But it preserved its Catholic orders or polity, its Catholic liturgy, and its recognition of the 'authority' of the Universal Church acting in council. It set its Protestant position against a Catholic background; but it was none the less Protestant, standing for freedom, for spontaneity, for the prophet's place in the life of the Church, and, as the centuries have gone on, for a democratic Church in which laymen as well as clergy have a voice.

The Anglican Communion has never thought of this as a compromise, although again and again, as in the first English Prayer Books, compromises have been necessary to give free play to both movements in the Church.

It is rather a synthesis. It brings both together under the larger category of the fundamental faith. Or, to put it in another way, it is an experiment in the interests of a larger conception of Catholicism. The Church has succeeded, with fine lack of consistency, in somehow or other repudiating any 'sect idea' which would carry with it the attempt to restrict Christian experience to one particular type. In the long story of four centuries there have been, I know, many failures. The worst was the failure to understand John Wesley. The Methodist schism was the sad result. But it stands to-day upon the principle which guided the early post-Reformation settlements, and with clearer vision than ever before moves along its difficult path trying to keep the balance, or, using the other figure, to preserve the synthesis.

III

What, then, in the light of the foregoing story, was the meaning of the debate in Atlantic City on the name of the Church? It is quite apparent that any such question, even though it concerns directly only one comparatively small Christian Communion, has, as I suggested above, a wide significance. It is a symbol of the struggle which, as we have seen, has brought tension through all the centuries of the Christian Church. It is not the first time that a proposal to change the name of the Episcopal Church has been urged. A hundred years ago the Oxford Movement, of which Newman, who later became a Roman Catholic, was the most distinguished leader, started new currents of life in the somewhat staid and stationary Church of England. Its leaders had a profound conviction of the primary place of the Church in Christian life. They began to bring out into the open the Catholic elements in the standards of the Church of England. They emphasized, as over against the Evangelical or Low Church position, worship, order, the importance of the Sacraments, and the continuity of the Church with the past. They brought the mediæval Church back into view. They helped men to understand better the meaning of that noble word 'Catholic,' and to appreciate the value in the life of Christianity of the things it connotes.

They were children, I suppose, of the Romantic movement; but the steady growth of what has come to be called Anglo-Catholicism is obviously closely bound up with the whole economic development of the past century.

As we have seen, the Catholic attitude tends to make religion objective. It sets store by the 'outward and visible.' It is at home with vast organ-

ization, with mass production, and with the increasing emphasis upon the historic and the beautiful.

Thus for a century the movement which has grown most steadily and moulded most effectively the Church of England has been this vigorous revival of Catholicism. In America, because the Episcopal Church is relatively so much smaller, and I think perhaps especially because this formulated Catholic view of religion has little appeal for the frontier democracy nurtured upon itinerant preaching and the technique of the revival, it has not taken so dominant a place.

But (and here I come to the name again), as was natural, those who have felt so deeply the Catholic heritage have constantly striven to associate the Episcopal Church more and more closely with the Catholic side of Christendom and to separate it more definitely from organized Protestantism. Many of them, it is true, have been leaders in Church Unity movements. I am not referring to brotherly sympathy and interest, but to official relations. Under the guidance of such leaders we have come joyfully and successfully nearer to the great Catholic Churches of the East. We have been of service to scattered groups of Catholic inheritance and have made provision for closer affiliation.

But still to the Catholic-minded Episcopalian that word 'Protestant' in our title has seemed a misnomer. It seems to identify us with great groups of Christians who have no Catholic tradition. It seems to say that any man's view in religion is as good as any other man's; that any minister's commission, though it come only from a little local congregation, is as good as any other's, though it come from a line reaching back to the Apostles.

And so, from time to time, proposals to get rid of 'Protestant' have

been made. At first it was hoped that some name including 'Catholic' might be found acceptable as a substitute; but there are too many contenders for the title in America. There are Roman Catholics and American Catholics and Liberal Catholics, and I know not how many others. 'Catholic' would not do; and this year, as once before twenty-four years ago, the effort was made merely to drop the obnoxious word.

But the trouble is that more than half the Church does not think it is obnoxious at all. There is much to be said in favor of dropping it. It is true that it is often misunderstood. It emphasizes in the name only one element of the synthesis, Episcopal not being equivalent to Catholic. It creates a certain suspicion among the Christian bodies of Catholic tradition with which we have to work. It is an obstacle in some of the missionary fields overseas. It perpetuates an old controversy which, if it exists to-day, has taken on quite new forms. It irks a great number of good Church members. After all, it is only a word. We want to forget the past and go forward together. It was in that spirit, perhaps, that many rather earnest Protestants twenty-four years ago and again this year stood ready to vote a change.

There is (if I may again modestly eulogize my own Church) a fine spirit of brotherliness, of mutual consideration and readiness to see the other's point of view, among us. We hold views almost as divergent as can be found in Christianity. But we live together and work together and get on remarkably well. We have made a little progress, at any rate, in Christian love; and most of us do know that uniformity of thought is an impossible and undesirable ideal.

But what some of those who favored change overlooked is that considera-

tions of this kind work both ways. To drop the word would be to bring very real and devastating sorrow to the hearts of many. Those who do not like the word have nevertheless managed to live with it. The word is misunderstood; but so is every characterization of this kind. If I call myself 'Catholic,' nine out of every ten Americans who do not know me will think that I have leanings toward Rome. We are still proud to be called Americans in spite of the hundred-per-centers and the reputation which banditry and vile movies and a parochially-minded Senate give us abroad. There is not much choice between being identified with 'Bible-belt' Fundamentalists and with the numerous and rather weird groups who claim the Catholic name and are often represented by picturesque but somewhat unreliable *Episcopi vagrantes*. One cannot avoid misunderstanding.

The presence of the word has not prevented and does not prevent our growing relations with the Catholic Communions. If to drop the word is desirable in some missionary fields, it would not be in others.

The opponents of change took pains to emphasize the fact that we were not dealing with the question of a new name. The proposal was to drop a name in use officially for a century and a half, a name which at the time it was chosen was the accepted term for describing the ecclesiastical position of the Church of England and had been for a century or more. And as for 'Protestant,' even Archbishop Laud had proclaimed his faith in 'the true Protestant religion established in the Church of England.'

IV

But after all, these various considerations did not reach the heart of the matter. 'Protestant' is only a word,

but it connotes historically a very definite religious attitude. It stands historically, as we have seen, for freedom and the rights of the individual and the simplicity of the Gospel. Did the effort to get rid of the word also include the effort to get rid of the thing? *

The answer seemed to be that it did. The proponents of change represented a movement in the Church which had consistently striven to repudiate its Protestant character. They did not want the word because they did not want the thing. A word can be a safeguard. A symbol is never only a symbol. It has real power, and those who believe in the reality which it expresses do well to cherish it.

That is unmistakably true, I think, in this case. The Anglo-Catholic movement tends, with the inevitableness of all social groups, to its logical conclusions. It tends more and more toward a religion of authority. It becomes increasingly sacramental. In doctrine and practice it approximates constantly those communions which, like the Roman Catholic, are frankly not Protestant. That does not mean that all Anglo-Catholics are in sympathy with these tendencies. Many are not; but they are caught and swept forward in the current. If the Episcopal Church in America or the Anglican Communion permits itself to be caught in that same current, if it repudiates its Protestant heritage, if confession and the Mass and authority come to be the substance of its ecclesiastical language, it has no more significance for the Christian world. Its experiment, daring, far-visioned, and difficult, has failed. It becomes one of the lesser Catholic groups. It set out (not deliberately and with no heroic gesture advertising its purpose) to show the Christian world that Catholic and Protestant are not antitheses, but are

susceptible of a larger synthesis. The two factors in the synthesis must always be difficult of adjustment. There must always be tension. Keeping the balance is never easy. But it must be kept.

In this uneasy and tense situation the advantage always rests with the Catholic movement. The Protestant churches all have the same problem. They all tend to become institutionalized, and when they do, freedom suffers. The constituted authorities even in a government dedicated to freedom move toward repression when any crisis threatens, or when, as today, there is much revolutionary talk in the air.

That being the case, even a word, a mere symbol, becomes important. There is no danger to the essential Catholic order of the Episcopal Church. Not even its most radical Protestant member wants to give up bishops and the carefully guarded ordinations of its priests, or to surrender the Prayer Book with its eminently Catholic liturgical forms, or its belief in its responsibility toward universal Christianity. There is no great danger in that direction. There is in the other. Freedom in Church or State is always in peril, authority only in crises.

But it was not only as a symbol of its position as reformed and Protestant that the Church retained the word. We have made great progress in our closer relations with the Catholic bodies, but, except in the growing friendliness of feeling, little progress toward unity in our relations with the frankly Protestant world; and yet that world is our world. Our view of life, of the function of religion and the relation of religion to public affairs, is essentially the same as that of all our nearer Protestant neighbors. Our culture is a distinctly Protestant culture. We belong to what a recent writer

has called 'the Protestant Garrison' of America. The Catholic conception of Church and State, as illustrated in the greatest of Catholic communions, is quite alien to our familiar and everyday attitude. The problem of reunion with these other Protestant churches is forced upon us daily. We coöperate with them in many important undertakings. We are affiliated with the Federal Council of Churches, although not a full member. We work together as full members in great numbers of local federations and associations. All intelligent Protestant leaders understand that we have not only ardent Catholic-minded members but a definite Catholic order; but, if our friendly coöperation is to move on to unity, they must be likewise assured that we mean a Catholicism which is definitely Protestant.

To have dropped the word 'Protestant' would not necessarily have included surrendering our Protestant heritage; but for the cause of unity it was of vital importance that there should be no doubt of our position. It is another case where symbols count.

V

One more consideration seems worth mentioning. It takes one rather far afield from ecclesiastical matters, but the interaction of religion and social life makes it important. Current literature is full of comment on the decline of democracy. The totalitarian State and the rise of dictatorships seem to have made an end of it. They have not. There is really no danger of its ultimate extinction. It arose through the recognition of the worth of the individual, and as long as men believe in themselves they will fight for freedom.

Christianity means, or ought to mean, exactly that. It is a religion of the spirit, a religion of freedom, but it

is Protestantism which has kept that alive and made the spiritual background for American as well as English democracy.

American and English Catholics, whether Anglican or Roman, do not, I am sure, for the most part want a totalitarian state. They too want freedom. But an authoritative Church, particularly if it has become an absolutist Church, is ultimately incompatible with free democracy. It cannot release and nurture those springs of action which issue in political and economic freedom. The absolutist Church is congruous only with the absolutist State, a proposition which will seem eminently debatable to some, but which lies beyond the scope of this paper. Whether or not that proposition be true, it is certainly true that the background of our freedom is Protestant. If our liberties are menaced (and they are), it behooves us to

keep alive and fresh and powerful their spiritual sources.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Is it that the need at this moment of vigorous Protestantism in Church and State means that we must choose one alternative of the question posed at the beginning of this paper and exclude the other?

The Episcopal Church answers, 'By no means!' In the words of one of the reports presented at the Lambeth Conference of 1930, 'We humbly believe that when in God's good providence the Church Universal now divided is finally brought together in the unity which is His will, the foundation of this unity will be the freedom based upon common fundamental beliefs which has ever been our heritage.'

The answer to the question, 'Protestant or Catholic?' is neither Protestant nor Catholic, but both.

SNOWBOUND IN FIJI

BY GLANVILLE SMITH

I

ARE you an expert on Fiji? No? I thought not. Nor am I. But I am no longer quite the whole-hided jackass who a month ago first set his ignorant hoof on King's Wharf, Suva. My braying now has some authority.

During that month, like a conjuring trick about me, Fiji has expanded from a dot on the map to hundreds of mountainous isles, ranging in bigness from the Connecticut size down to ones made for a hermit or honeymoon. It has been clothed in the unfamiliar greenery of huge gnarled *vutus*, *nakanakas* that stream in the wind, and pale reeds in endless miles of naked upland country. It has been filled with the songs of new strange birds, pigeons that bark and doves that grunt, and babbler wrens that repeat the shadow of the bush darkness and the brilliance of its leaf-wavering sun in a cry half sad, half merry. It has been enlivened by the flight of the firetail finch and black velvet wandering butterflies, and the motion of reef fish like splinters of living sapphire. And it has been peopled for my wonder with new Adams and new Eves.

Now whether malaria, fevers, poison ivy, alligators, and serpents venomous rather than merely untrustworthy in counsel, are assumed to have been created in The Beginning I do not know. It would seem theologically more discreet to ascribe them to blind evolution. However, from both the

creation and the evolution of Fiji they have been omitted. One of the first things I had to learn when I got ashore was that my goings and comings were to be fearless. If sickness overtook me it would be no tropical disorder, but homelike influenza. Of course, if careless, I might be eaten by an unfastidious shark, or in the course of years be blown upside down by a hurricane. But as for being smashed flat by some impatient taxicab while on my way to post a letter, that could happen to me much better at home, and the same can be said of the likelihood of being devoured by cannibals. Indeed, the longer I ponder the people of these unfamiliar islands, the more bashfully aware I am that for the first time in all my life I am in a Christian country.

Another thing I had to learn was that the Fijian tropics are really not very hot. Henry Adams long ago proposed the South Seas as a summer cooling-off place for parboiled Washingtonians; to the Minnesotan just released from his accustomed summer oven, Fiji has sometimes seemed downright chilly. Not many nights ago in latitude 17 degrees I sat hunched over a grate fire and read *Snowbound*. I had by no means fore-imagined any such scene, in fact should have thought it inappropriate to Fiji. But the fire and the book were certainly not inappropriate that night. The wind howled in from the frigid South; for all I knew

I was destined next morning to crawl out the transom on drift-tops, though, of course, no such thing did happen. The azaleas were blossoming as usual. But when I think back to that wintry poem by that welcome fire, in tropical Fiji, it seems an apt symbol of the unexpectedness of the place — of my ignorance concerning it, and how experience has taught me something of the truth.

II

Samoa is another matter. Henry Adams, Stevenson, and especially the lens of the motion-picture photographer, have made the place familiar. My delight in Samoa was that of a man who finds his bright notion of a place verified.

Here was the cockscomb of mountain risen above the driving blue sea, and, when we drew nearer, palm groves, half revealing tawny-hued villages where there was a bit of flat land between the mountain's toes.

Here was Pago Pago, a chasm of luscious greenery, paved with turquoise on which my sleek white ocean-going home, the *Monterey*, rode peacefully at anchor.

And here was the boat-day market. Superb basketry, curiously carved bowls, tapa cloth, fantastic wooden toys, were spread out on the town green. The Samoans, with that stately politeness no writer on the South Seas ever fails to mention, sat among their wares ready to sell, but quietly unimportant. Ten minutes farther, beyond white-man shanties hid in flowers and divided from one another not by wall or hedge, but by swift-flowing brooks, were native huts in a rambling village all along the bay. . . . But it is an impudence to speak of Samoan or Fijian architecture as an architecture of huts. I herewith abandon the practice. Judged by the canons of suitability, craftsmanship, and grace, this

South Seas architecture can be very fine indeed. The Samoans build not huts but pavilions, and by the pebbly terraces on which they build them grow flowering *plumarias* in clouds of white. Samoa was as I had hoped to find it — houses, market, cockscomb mountains and all.

But what did I know of Suva? I had never heard of the place until I was going to Fiji and had perforce to disembark there. People on the *Monterey* told me I should find shops that sold tortoise shell. In the midst of a general blank I pictured such a shop — it was a lonely scrap of information. But once I was ashore the white canvas rapidly began to glow with detail.

I had come to a little island capital, complete with Governor's Mansion, Botanical Gardens, and Victoria Parade. Red roofs and phenomenally flowery terraces enlivened the green of several hills. The principal street, spindlingly arcaded, clean, and here and there overarched by some great tree, wandered back and forth in a sauntering kind of way, now humping over a white bridge, or edging out to follow the sea wall and so to look toward the placid harbor, the chaos of dark Fijian mountains beyond; and the sudden fires of the tropical sunset.

'Prams retyred,' said a sign over one door. I was in a British land again, and here sure enough were my old friends the British, that long-wearing race, with their teapots and blazers and cricket as usual. They never change. As Bernard Shaw has pointed out, they regard the customs of their mother country as the laws of nature. Thus, though I was glad to see them again, they were no novelty. But the Fijians were.

What engines of strength! Where the Hawaiian is built elegantly, the Fijian is built powerfully. He has the appearance of being gigantic. Indeed I felt as if I had hired Goliath for my

porter as I panted along behind his seven-league steps on the way to the hotel. This fellow with the great head of dense bushy hair, neat white shirt and *sulu*, had snatched up my ponderous bags as if they were soap bubbles. The broad wedge of his powerful feet, the smile that could transform his face from a dark mask to a sunburst of infectious gladness, were, like his dress and his physique, typically Fijian: so much I learned hanging out of my window watching the street crowds. The womenfolk, in Mother Hubbards usually freshly clean, with hair dyed a sultry auburn, came striding along too, plump and formidable. They held hands, or fell into one another's arms to laugh the better.

Though before arrival I had no notion what Fijians were like, I certainly expected to learn. But it was a complete surprise when I got here to find that I was not only in Fiji, but in Little India. For every five natives on the islands there are four Asiatic Indians; in Suva there are more Indians than natives: they loom large in any view of the city. Since I have never seen India, to find myself thus unexpectedly in Little India seemed very lucky. The turbans and looped-up trousers, the voluminous sleazy skirts, draped shawls, and clinking burden of bracelets, anklets, necklaces, rings, headbands and nose buttons, the ornate unhappy interminable music winding out of the dark boot-makers' shops, the jewelers' dens lit up heathenly with their crucible fires, or the tailors without number treading their whirring sewing machines with delicate bare black feet forever and ever in caves hung with rainbow-hued dry goods — the restless laborious ant hill of Little India that I found in Suva was a discovery. When I looked into the delicate Indian faces haunted by the miseries of a too long-suffering history, I knew I had indeed come to a far land.

III

To visit some hundreds of islands in a month's time requires a yacht and a navigator half Houdini, half archangel. While waiting for such a skipper to offer his boat and services, I resolved to take a look at Vitilevu, the island on which I had landed. As it fell out I got no farther. I did see the Yasawas like a string of jagged jewels all along the horizon, and Benga of the fire-walkers in a distant storm of rain. But Kandavu, Taveuni, the scattered innocent Laus, and great Vanualevu, I never saw at all. Vitilevu kept me quite busy enough.

First I rode around it as far as roads would take me, in the little rattling buses the Indians so numerous drive. Then from Singatoka, where the road now ends, I completed the circuit on foot with a native boy called Stingaree, who served as carrier, interpreter, and social manager.

You perhaps think that travel in Fiji must be a barbarous adventure. Be disillusioned. The hotel diet, thanks to the British, errs in being too familiar rather than too horrifyingly strange. The plumbing, though spare and in some cases rudimentary, is clean enough. In fact, to a mildly adventurous person like myself, Fiji extends a colonial hospitality very easy to enjoy.

For example, at Nandarivatu in the highlands my path crossed that of a sprightly Danish journalist just by the District Commissioner's cosmopolitan cocktail tray. On the tray were Scotch whiskey, French and Italian vermouth, West Indian bitters; American music direct from Salt Lake City came in by radio. To be sure the music was yesterday's, thanks to the tricks the near-by date line plays in the calendar in these parts. The copy of *Punch* lying on the table was hardly contemporaneous. But I, the brisk-hopping American, was no freshlrier armed

with world news than my island host, perched on his mountain top, nor was the much-traveled Dr. Rosenberg.

In Fiji, you see, the world tumults of month before last are learned about gradually and not very fully. They can be viewed from the larger calm, or twisted to illustrate one's own idea of how the cosmos works without much danger of contrary evidence coming in to spoil the thesis. Perhaps this is one reason why the talk at Nandarivatu (or Singatoka) can be so good. Opinions formed with not quite complete evidence perhaps require some actual wisdom and reasoning in them; whereas a man buried daily under fresh bales of printed matter, and bombarded hourly with news by radio, finds it difficult to come to any conclusions whatever.

If this has troubled you, and you would like to come to some settled thought on Fascism or the modern church, you might try a holiday at Nandarivatu. An obliging Indian skipping about among the kettles and the mosquito nets at the government rest house will supply you with service and a clean bed for fifty cents a day. The mountains abound in turfy park-like bridle paths, there is swimming in a ravine pool, and a view of sea and mountain and green sugar lands far below that is breath-takingly ample and handsome.

Singatoka, on the other hand, is perhaps too easy a place in which to be happily busy to make a fit setting for the philosopher. As Dr. Johnson's friend said, who was trying to be one, cheerfulness is always breaking in. The native villages are too many, too near, and too hospitable; the walks are too long and fascinating. The talk turns to legends and natural history more often than to the problems of politics. As for the sea, that teacher of large truths, its surf, rushing in unhampered from the remote Antarctic, beats on the dunes too violently to allow the bather

time to ponder a syllogism. On the road the Fijians interrupt his reverie with an offer of sugar cane or a coconut to suck. The school children joyously break into song in the visitor's honor, if he peers in at the door. Or there is a wedding, or *yangona* drinking, or a little dancing party at the homelike hotel. Or a plantation overseer up-river will hospitably whisk him away, on a hand car pumped by six brawny natives, to dinner, with coffee afterward in Dresden cups.

On the last leg of the island circuit, the walk down the breezy south coast, I did certainly leave plumbing and Dresden cups behind. But I have absented myself from such fripperies before. Kindliness and good talk I found in as great a measure as ever; I can report that the barbarous hospitality of a Fiji village is a very sweet thing. Nor was I faced with its problems at once; the first night out I spent with the Bucknells of Korolevu.

These isolated settlers had reared a family of thirteen on the shores of that palmy bay. I sat up late to look at photographs of the thirteen and listen to Fijian tales. At Korolevu — I offer the information in the same earnest spirit in which it was offered to me — the whitebait in season roost in the trees at low tide. It is a place of marvels. Marvelously good, certainly, was the heart-of-palm salad I ate there: the life of a grown coconut tree was sacrificed to give the visitor a treat. And I slept, not in a 'hut,' but in a cottage of iron. To be sure, the crabs industriously rasped it all night with their claws, but it was still standing next morning.

Nor at the end of the journey was the transition abrupt, back to Suva's colonial amenities. The last night was spent with the Marist fathers of Lomary, where, as if by magic, my rain-drenched self in dry clothes again was presented with an *omelette aux*

fines herbes, hot tea, and a crusty loaf on whose bottom Father Desbois made the sign of the cross before he cut it. Under his voluminous umbrella we went at nightfall to chat with the nuns; while the rainy tropic night smothered up their formal garden, we talked of Fiji and the Fijians, India and the Indians, on the quiet verandah. Then I went to bed monastically on mats, in a whitewashed room beside the archway of whose door teetered a pair of tall bookcases. The books exhaled a rich leathery smell, redolent of theology and decay; from the case tops nodded carved bishops in kindly benediction on this partisan of error.

Snowbound in Fiji!

IV

Between Korolevu and Lomary are many villages. At Vunaniu we stopped for lunch, Stingaree and I, on Saturday, and somehow the hospitality of that first meal extended on and on, until we had spent the whole week-end at Vunaniu.

Alivate, the Mayor, was our host. Seated cross-legged with him and another elder on the platform in their Wesleyan Church, the power of his great bass voice vibrating the floor so that it tickled me, I remembered him at home rolling on the mats almost sick with the giggles at some drollery or other; perhaps hymns are sung best by those who can laugh most heartily. Alivate also had the power of quiet. I think of him cross-legged and erect, his gentle-handed wife lying beside him, in the early morning before the house doors were opened; they watched for the kettle to boil on the little fire in the corner. And presently, without a word, a basin of hot water was softly set on the mat outside the honored guest's mosquito netting. For a cold bath each day the tall Fijian mayor took his short American friend to a

fresh-water pool in the valley, where they shared a cake of soap.

His household, as if nothing could be more a pleasure, labored to make the visitor comfortable. There was a fan waving over me when I ate, pillows and the best mat wherever I chose to sit. As for the food they cooked, it was no hardship to eat it. Oscar of the Waldorf has imagined, perhaps, but never achieved such a clam broth as I drank from a polished coconut shell in Vunaniu. It was inimitable in richness, strength, and piquancy. Only a shade less memorable was a broth of reef fish and coconut water, tintured with the spice of some native leaf — the very ingredients beyond the great Oscar's powers of assembling. There were fish and taro, yams, and cassava fried and hid away one brown slice at a time to keep hot in a large green leaf, and pawpaw with the abundant juice of the Fijian lemon to squeeze over it.

And since a white man, especially one who stops and tells yarns about that land of wonder America, is a rarity in Vunaniu, the village united in large-scale doings in his honor. There was *yangona*-drinking all afternoon with the men, and a *meke* or dance almost all night with the girls, and on the Sabbath the young folks gathered for an afternoon of hymns in Alivate's house and sang in the organ-like grand natural harmony these people invent and embroider without effort. 'Abide with Me' in Fijian in such a setting, with the sea lapping up at one door and a clean little pig pausing to look in at the other, takes on a sweetness that is very moving.

The *meke* was more in the barbarous style. Good heavens! The responsibilities of an honored guest on so strenuous an occasion!

Like a shah of Persia, I was seated on a dais leaning among pillows. Always I was served the *yangona* first by the kneeling girl, and must remember

(or forget) the full ritual of acceptance, drinking, and returning the coconut cup. At the close of each dance I must make a proper demonstration of approval. At the proper moment a gift of tactful proportion must be made to orchestra, singers, and dancers; in Fiji it is taken for granted that for guest as well as host it is more blessed to give than to receive. And for a finale I must dance the Fijian two-step as best I could over and over again with every girl present.

It was an occasion worth paying for in these various responsible ways. The orchestra was a matter of bamboo drums and hands clapped or beaten on the floor mats in complex rhythms. The songs, come down wild and fresh out of prehistoric island days, began like rounds, the voices entering one at a time, until, with the words for a pulse, they beat in great broad brassy shifting chords. In them I was hearing the legends of the race, the annals of later times, a history of the cession of the islands to Great Britain, and other events, as Stingaree explained. Moreover I was seeing them danced in formal pantomime. Four girls, dressed in red *sulus* and crocheted Wesleyan bodices that yet managed to show a generous portion of oil-polished bosom, with marigolds in their hair and coleus sprigs bound around their arms, were the dancers. They danced not standing, but seated cross-legged in a row with the soles of their bare feet touching. Nor were they facing the honored guest at first, but the orchestra and singers at the far end of the lamp-smoky room. However, after a stanza or two, their rocking motions were elaborated in such a way as to make them revolve first toward the sea, then toward the much excited honored guest, like dark swans effortlessly turning on wind-blown water. I now saw the full grace of their united motion, arms weaving in unison, faces

turning or lifted like shining masks. In the cession *meke*, here they were with hands extended, reading the letter from Queen Victoria, their bodies subtly swaying, their pink fingernails all in a row. It was somehow wistful to see them read that letter. They had put their lives in the hands of the far-away queen, and now in trust read the royal promises she made them.

Then crash! Here was the end of the party. The drummers on the last note of the song smashed their instruments to splinters, and the Sabbath came in.

V

The very sleep in Vunaniu was sweet. I had seen in another village how the Fijians build their houses; sleep in such a dwelling must do the soul good, I think. Certain months are set aside yearly for renewing houses out of repair; the superstructure is torn off, the timber skeleton is strengthened, and the village as a whole sets to work. The young collect reeds from the hills and bamboos and tough vines from the bush, and do the climbing; the old gather in talkative groups beating out fibres to braid into rope, or weaving the roof mats, or splitting bamboos for the coarse floor covering. The man whose family will use the house takes no part in its construction, but provides the food for all who do, and keeps the *yangona* bowl flowing. So the house rises, woven and bound and tied together on its sturdy frame, with deep thatch to keep it cool, soft mats spread on the bamboo floor, and tapa cloth hung on the beams for ornament. Finally coleus and bright cannas are planted about it in the close-cropped lawn common to every village; a table or shelf is put up inside to carry the long-toothed wooden comb, the lantern, and a much-thumbed Bible, and on an earth space in the corner a fire is lighted. The home is made.

But whose is it? Not this man's, nor that, though he habitually closes himself in it at night with his family. It is instead just another room in that greater house, the village as a whole. Like the green, and the bush, and the reef, and the coconut trees, and the songs and laughter and story-telling woven into it when it was made, it is everybody's. There is no thought of installing a doorbell to keep the Joneses at a proper distance.

To an American like myself, who has very often seen houses that cost more than was intended, with a lien slapped on by the plumber, and a court action in which all parties fight for their rights and their profits for the crowning grace, this Fijian method of building seemed downright holy. Even to call the system it typifies by its proper name, communism, fails to make it appear very dreadful.

As for talk, there was a good deal of it — cumbrous, of course, since I spoke no Fijian. But Stingaree loved the rôle of interpreter.

Two deaf girls came forward on one occasion to ask me to tell them about the deaf and blind people in America. I was surprised to find how much there was to tell. Stingaree was soon relaying to them, in a roar that they could hear, news of the deaf-and-dumb congregation in New York that repeats the hymns in the sign language without making a sound, and other such items. My watch and camera were the themes of many inquiries, and it was earnestly requested that I take my shoes off and pass them around, whereupon they were pinched and peered into and exclaimed over, for no Fijians wear shoes; even the high chiefs in Suva in evening dress wear *sulus* and go barefoot, and very grand they look. Then, no one ever tired of hearing about the cold at home in America, and when I would tell again that the cold made the rivers harden so that you could skate

on them with knives on your shoes, they clucked in wonder. If water behaved like that, I was asked, how did we get ships through the Panama Canal?

There were many questions about schools in America. Which, for example, was the largest? Columbia, I told them; then, to make the information impressive, explained that at Columbia there was a building larger than the South Sea Company's warehouses at Suva, just to keep books in, and how a man going there could learn the answer to any question and find out everything he wanted to know. Stingaree translated this news to my listeners, then relayed back to me the comment of one grinning old man: 'It must be the place where they tell you what the dog says when he is howling.'

This was a very subtle thrust. Alas for the white man and his proud libraries! The Fijian, in one witty phrase, pricked our system where it is thinnest. As a matter of fact, it would seem that the Fijian, while making no pretense of knowing what the dog says when he howls, has solved the very problems that tease and agonize the white man most cruelly. Unassisted by Epicurus or by whiskey, he yet knows how to be happy. He is quite superior to needing a job or money; usually he has neither and gets along very well, whereas the white man, as we are learning, in a like fix must go either to the government or to his eternal reward. Columbia Library seems to offer no intermediate solution.

Even the religion the white man has brought him the Fijian seems to understand with more simplicity than the bringer does. Certainly it is a commonplace that the white man with no little library research interprets the Scriptures in a marvelous way. 'Lay not up treasures on earth' becomes 'Lay up spiritual treasure in heaven, but on earth something more substantial, just in case there is some emer-

gency like old age or football tickets, and of course we should be glad to give to charity if these welfare organizations were not so riddled with graft,' and so forth. But the Fijian accepts Scripture as meaning what it so obviously says.

I had never before been among a people of this kind. At first it gave me the creeps, since the isolated samples of such thinking at home invariably brand their thinkers as quite, quite daffy. But my creeps subsided. I was ready to applaud when Stingaree, a Catholic, not only taught the young Wesleyans of Vunaniu what he called 'a love song to Jesus,' but helped them to perform it as an anthem in their Wesleyan Church at vespers. Critics of the Fijians complain that they never grow up, but remain children all their lives; but, if we are to believe what we read, that innocent quality is obligatory in any of us if we are to scrape through the Pearly Gates. How well prepared the Fijian is for that gateway! It is no needle's eye for him to drive his camel at. His soul comes to it in just the right child size, after a life of sharing, modesty, prayer, joyful praise, and unhypocrisy. Indeed, so far as I am acquainted with these matters, the only cause for denying the Fijians admittance might be that they are not ardent enough in spreading the Master's kingdom. Do not Philadelphia and Paris ache for the gospel? Are there no souls to be saved on Wall Street? While there are sugar refiners walking in darkness shall the good light be hid under a palm-leaf bushel?

Upon hearing such reproaches from Saint Peter the Fijians will think he is joking. They are rather fond of leg-pulling themselves, and so will laugh in infectious gayety; whereupon the venerable Saint, seeing that the newcomers are indeed innocent, will distribute harps and let them in.

VI

Now let us take a look at Little India; for instance, go to the Indian movies in Lautoka, its chief town, and sit upstairs with its more substantial citizens.

At the two ends of the balcony are King George and Queen Mary looking down calmly on their beloved subjects. The view from their gilt frames is not very restful. The beloved subjects seem to be in a frenzy. Turbans and shawls heave and toss in the 'pit' below; the noise is terrific. The centre of the battle is the management, which frequently forces its way down among the benches to exhort, supplicate, upbraid, and denounce somebody or other: it would seem he had got in without paying. Each brawl is a signal for the gentlemen in the balcony to rush forward to the rail to watch, and then to sink back into the more expensive front seats from which, with the utmost difficulty, they are pried loose again by the sweating usher. Such a waving of hands, so many outraged bellows, such tenacity in fighting for what has not been paid for, make a very lively picture.

But now let us examine the movie these people have come to see. It is a puzzle. But one impression stands out above all others — the ostentatious wealth of the principal characters in it. They are so decked in feathers and jewels that it is hard to distinguish one from another. They live in a palace that is a positive morass of luxury.

For a supplementary study here is an Indian home in the cane fields. It is a corrugated iron hovel, or an abandoned Fijian house which has been patched into some kind of repair with bits of tin and ragged sugar-tops. There is no grass. A few marigolds do their best to look bright in the dirt. As for the inhabitants, they are wonderfully picturesque. What draperies of yolk yellow and mulberry red! As

the women go shuffling with bare feet through the corn that dries spread out on the matting, to turn it in the sun, they make a fit subject for the color photographer. But it would seem an improvement in the picture if some of the family earnings could go, not into the savings bank of jewelry every Indian woman is doomed to carry, but into soap to bring those skirts or looped-up trousers back toward their original color.

For a contrast here are the Indians of the government offices, the shops, or the hotels. They are tireless, suave, watchful, admirably at your service. Charley, our young waiter at the Metropole, is a servant so alert and perfect that a cult has grown up about him. His service is that of a sympathetic magician.

But the longer I look about me in Little India the more I dread its influence and effect on Fiji. The Fijian, who 'loves everybody,' as Stingaree said, gets along well enough with the Indian who, with tireless pressure and industry, comes creeping into his world. But between the two is a profound incompatibility. The ideals of the one or the other must triumph; they are too fundamentally antagonistic ever to merge. Personally, I hold the Fijian ideal more precious, more worthy of cherishing. I am on his side. But the distracted British governors, from the Olympian heights of their tea tables, must look on the slow struggle impartially if they can; it is their own manufacture; they are responsible for the welfare of both armies.

The 'governors of the subject races' in such places as Fiji are faced by three duties: the duty to the 'subject race' whose affairs they administer in trust, the duty to themselves as 'governors,' and the duty to the abstract real estate they hold in common.

The first duty is one the British are famed for keeping in remembrance. It

is the bright star in the Imperial Crown. The letter that the Queen wrote to the Fijians, read again in pantomime for me by the girls of Vunaniu, I am sure was a promise of that kind. 'Fiji for the Fijians,' until very recent years, has been the guiding principle in island rule. The governing British have learned Fijian instead of forcing the Fijians to learn English, have strengthened rather than weakened the communal system, have encouraged harmless *yangona* drinking while relentlessly banning the vastly more profitable trade in alcohol, have educated native physicians to bring gradual health reforms each to his own district instead of bewildering a simple people with a sudden right-about-face in those matters, and, while teaching them to read and to do sums in shillings and pence, have not bedeviled them with -ologies, -isms, and other educational -itises. Fiji 'for the Fijians' has been unique among all the islands in the Pacific in that its native population has increased rather than diminished under white-man dominion.

Meanwhile it has not been possible for the governors to forget their duty to themselves. A colony should be self-supporting, and toward this end white-man enterprise has been encouraged to enter Fiji. The Fijians themselves, who lay up their treasure inaccessibly in heaven, make very poor taxpayers. They will work out their taxes in trail clearing and other supervised short-term labor, but in ready cash they are notoriously shy.

Then there is the third duty, that to abstract island real estate. To me it is not at present obvious why a hill is better for having the minerals in it dug out, but it is the white man's ingrained conviction that he has not done his duty by a hill until he has extracted from it everything on which he can make a profit. To the Fijian, content to let a thousand acres yield

him a few yams and thatch for his house, this point of view is very foreign. Out of nature's bounty he takes what he needs, no more, and ignores the surplus. Let the white man have it.

This all seems very simple. But when the three duties are merged into a Policy, out goes simplicity through the nearest window.

The British governors of Fiji can be pardoned for their perplexity, I think. Though the land is potentially rich, the natives are wealthless Christian communists. Their childlike ways, until the League of Nations can guarantee safety to political children in the streets of this wicked world, require a guardian. The guardian deserves to be paid for his services. White-man exploitation of island resources will do this. But exploitation requires labor, and a Christian communist in a land where the food grows on trees is the world's least useful long-term employee. He is not interested in money. A dateless history of sharing, and a plane of class equality so nearly level that the very chiefs (though they be kowtowed to and died for) eat the same food, wear the same *sulu*, and walk the same common in their bare feet, make him a very poor servant. The thrift that unchristianly takes thought of the morrow, the servility that springs from wide class inequalities, are not found in the Fijian. If you want a man to serve you year in and year out for pay, do not hire him. On Wednesday next, after having done his best, he will have a headache to soften the surprise to you of his departure. That evening in the hills there will be a feast at his expense with *yangona* and many songs. And on Thursday, after a dreamless sleep, he will resume his village existence as moneyless and content as ever.

It does not take much imagination to see how the bringing in of the Indian helped first to solve, and then to complicate, the problem. No one on earth

comes from a land where the difference between rich and poor is more spectacularly emphasized. The Fiji Little Indian, living in dirt and a hovel, loading his wife with jewelry, sneaking into and fighting to retain theatre seats for which he has not paid, gloating over scenes of fabulous wealth, is ready and eager for any slavery that will bring him money. Oh, perfect employee, that dotes on his wages! As for subservience, he has been schooled in it a thousand years; in cleverness too; his civilization is old and cynically experienced.

With such a servant, white-man enterprise can prosper, pay taxes, and heap up profits. The scraping servant, too, begins to have money. Of course it is a pleasure to see new (if not very willing) taxpayers sprouting in every cane field; but the new taxpayer, for his taxes, wants more privileges, more lands open to him, and a voice in the government to use in his own behalf. And what reasoning can be resorted to, to deny him? The lowly servant is the prop that supports everything.

It is all very progressive. Real estate is developed. Along the highways blossoms Little India's deplorable hovel architecture. Trade is brisk — as brisk, that is, as our hard times will permit, when copra is valueless, bananas are shut out of Sister Australia by sisterly excise duties, and sugar is a matter of prayer. The courts bulge richly with quarrelsome Indian litigation.

The duty of the governors to themselves is meanwhile fulfilled as a matter of course. Salaries are paid on the dot. Unfortunately, however, the governing white man's sons must look beyond Fiji for their careers. The places they might be expected to fill are taken by ambitious young Indians at salaries insufficient for a white man's pride.

And what of the first duty, to the native race which in trust put its lives and lands in the hands of the good Queen? It seems to have been a little

obscured. Of course it can be said that it is Indian industry that supports Fiji for the Fijians. Tammany Hall, too, sweetens a year's robberies with a Christmas basket. If Fiji is to be maintained for the Fijians by gradually *taking it from them*, it would seem that the cost of British rule were high, and as if the slogan were being interpreted by the white man as he interprets Scripture, most perversely. Nor is it heartening in the dilemma to see an attempt being made to convert the Fijian into an individual capitalist capable of meeting the Indian on his own ground. Judging by the history of our own red men and Hawaiians, a people steeped in the communal life urged into the rôle of farmers and traders, each man for himself, makes a wretched failure of it. The spirit of competition is not in him. Give a crowd of Fijian boys a football and they will not divide into two teams, one to win, one to lose, but join in one big jovial game of tag in which old and young and any number of players can take part. Such people, forced into a game of life whose elaborate rules are made to suit our long-civilized selves, generally lose. We grow rich — they die.

VII

Now, for a finale, let me tell you a story.

In Civil War times Fiji, then an independent chieftom, was a busy place. The cotton which our South could no longer supply to the English spinners was fetched instead from these distant but fertile islands. American influence was strong in Fiji then; it would seem that perhaps a few patriotic Americans were not at home fighting, but safe at the antipodes making money. In fact the American consul was in so strong a position that one Fourth of July, when he had the misfortune to burn down his house as

the last item in a grand display of fireworks, he sent the High Chief a bill for damages. This masterpiece of impudence quite stunned the chief. He had long since learned to regard the white man as inscrutable, and was ready to shed his political responsibilities on any one of the Superior Nations that would take it. Britain at first refused the offer; he now wrote to Washington proposing to cede the islands to the United States to wipe out this mysterious and galling debt. Lincoln, busy with a war, did not reply.

What if he had? What if the girls of Vunaniu had pantomimed reading a letter from the great Lincoln rather than the great Victoria? We should have acquired title to two hundred and fifty South Sea Islands at a cost of \$160 apiece, but what then? The consul would have made a good first governor, I think. He would have kept Fiji for the Fijians very devotedly, eh?

Meanwhile, here is one traveler grateful to have found the Fijians still admirable in these much-troubled times. Their lives, where not yet broken into by mischievous alien civilizations, are still lived out in simple sharing of work and goods, in singing, yarn-telling, and laughter. You need not catch the next boat to find beauty in Fiji yet unspoiled. But do not wait too long. And when you see the cannas blossoming under the thatch eaves, and hear the fishermen joyously singing as they wade in from the reef, perhaps you will wonder, as I did, what Fiji would be like if Lincoln had answered that letter.

Or, for another last thought, suppose Satan had not been so clever and overplayed himself by tempting Christ with dominion over the whole world, but had shown Him instead one small green Pacific isle . . . But no. It is an idle, though delicious, fancy. He is a brave God, and still would have started His work where it was hardest.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH CONGRESS?

'Our government is a government by party, and the absence of a strong and coherent opposition to the party in power, if long continued, is sure to develop all the worst features of oligarchic or despotic misrule.'

— RICHARD OLNEY

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

ON a February day of 1931, I had occasion to visit the Library of Congress. As I climbed the steps my attention was caught by the movement of hundreds of men, many of them in khaki, who filled the great steps and portico of the House of Representatives just opposite. I inquired of an elderly bystander the meaning of this semi-military display. 'That,' he replied, 'is the charge of the bonus brigade; and,' he added, 'it is the only charge that many of those boys ever made.' A charge on the House of Representatives seemed so interesting that I followed in the wake of the column. The occasion of the charge, as one of the legionaries explained to me, was 'to put the fear of God into the Congressmen' so that they would pass the bill, coming up that morning, which provided for immediate cash payments of the present values of the adjusted-service certificates. The charge was highly successful. Without debate the measure was passed by a vote of 363 yeas to 39 nays. Ten days later the bill was passed over the President's veto by a vote of 328 to 79. There was no doubt that the fear of God had been put into the hearts of the members of the House!

Probably none of these joyous young legionaries realized that he was engaged in overturning our form of gov-

ernment. But this is precisely what happens when the pressure of group lobbies supplants orderly parliamentary discussion and action. It was by this process that the legionaries of Rome started their government on the way of destruction. For no way has yet been found by which the liberties of a people can be preserved except through a free parliament chosen by the people; and no parliament can remain free if it is subservient to a dictator or to a militant group. For English-speaking peoples the question of a dictator over parliament was settled at Marston Moor and Naseby. The threat of dictation by an organized group still lurks in the shadows of some houses of parliament. On that February day of 1931, the threat was made good against the Congress of the United States.

I

The word 'government' derives from the Latin verb meaning to steer a ship. The significance of this origin is worth remembering. For no matter how many passengers the ship of state carries, the steering must be in the hands of a responsible body — whether consisting of an individual, or of a few, or of a group — whose decisions the whole body of citizens must accept.

The simplest solution is to turn the job over to one man.

This solution became unpopular about three hundred years ago. Parliaments, made up of representatives chosen by the people, constitute to-day the accepted method for enabling the whole people to have a part in choosing the course of the ship of state and in naming the steersman.

The nineteenth century witnessed a notable spread of the ideal of parliamentary government. As a result, control of government was in large measure taken out of the hands of autocratic monarchs and lodged in parliaments, to whom the executives, whether hereditary monarchs or elective presidents, were subject.

The twentieth century is only a third spent, yet it has seen an extraordinary reversal of this movement. The reins of government are being transferred from the parliaments back to the hands of autocratic rulers, or rather the autocrats have, with the acquiescence of their various peoples, taken the reins of government into their own hands. True, in most countries, parliaments remain, but in many, as in Italy, they are shorn of their powers.

On the whole our instrument of government set up a hundred and fifty years ago has worked well. It has survived the shock of civil war, the disintegrating tendencies of diverse economic interests, and the pressure upon its machinery due to the transformation of a small nation of farmers into one of a hundred and twenty-five millions. It is to-day one of the oldest governments in existence, and during its century and a half of life the people who live under it have enjoyed to as great an extent as any other people both civil liberty and material prosperity. Moreover, they have shared these advantages generously with all the peoples of the earth by welcoming to their shores the oppressed and dis-

contented of every nation. It was assumed that these streams of humanity would merge peacefully into the broad current of American life under the beneficent influence of our free institutions, of which a free press is one of the most important.

In great measure this result has also been attained.

But to-day thoughtful men and women are troubled over the tremendous growth of the mass lobby and the part it plays in the enactment of legislation.

Many social, economic, and political factors have affected the functioning of the Congress. But these same complexities have confronted all parliamentary governments, — for example, that of Great Britain and of our neighbor Canada, — without such consequences as have befallen our legislative body. No lobby hangs about Westminster such as invades the halls of our Congress. No organization of Veterans threatens the British Member of Parliament with loss of his seat if he refuses to hand out billions for 'adjusted compensation.' Why have these things come about in our Republic?

In partial explanation of our legislative decadence, four reasons are evident — two due to the Congress and two to the people themselves.

First is the breakdown of the two-party system, due to the absence of competent politicians. Second is the growing timidity of the Congress in the face of group lobbies, due in part to the increased compensation and perquisites the Congress has voted to its members since the Spanish War, and to the adjustment of Congressional life to the convenience of a single professional group — the lawyers.

On the other hand, the Congress has been subjected in the Veterans' lobby to a pressure more subversive of good government than any agency of legislative intimidation ever set up in any

other country. The people themselves are responsible for the existence of such an agency of legislative intimidation.

Finally, the voters of the United States have exhibited, to a greater extent than those in other English-speaking commonwealths, that apathy and neglect of political duty which have been the weakness of all government of the people by the people.

II

Hitherto only the English-speaking peoples have learned to make the compromises necessary to bring their politics into two parties.

No better example of the futility of seeking to conduct a republic on a multiple-party basis can be found than in the history of the short-lived German Republic whose collapse opened the way for the Hitler autocracy. The Weimar Constitution, modeled on those of England and the United States, broke down because the German politicians lacked the political judgment to compromise on a two-party plan. Some thirty parties sprang up, and, although by gradual elimination these had been reduced in 1932 to eighteen, the situation was hopeless. Election after election was held and no party had a majority. It was a pathetic sight to see the earnestness with which German men and women went to the polls in the effort to work impossible governmental machinery.

The American Republic was inaugurated by a group of men who early in our history learned the fundamental rôle of party government. And, no matter what the names have been, the two parties represented the only fundamental cleavage upon which a party system can be built — one a party seeking to conserve the governmental régime, the other to change it. In the evolution of causes the party called conservative will sometimes favor a

change and the liberal party will oppose it. But the people under a two-party system have the opportunity to decide who may govern, which they cannot have under any system of blocs.

Ever since the so-called 'progressive' campaign of 1912 there have remained in the Senate a group or bloc calling themselves 'progressives' but claiming at the same time the privileges of party membership.

When a man calls himself a 'progressive' or an 'independent' there is a natural tendency among forward-looking people to regard him as a defender of the rights of the people in a sense that the loyal party man is not. Nothing could be more illusory than this naïve assumption. An incident in recent history well illustrates it.

The greatest legislative injustice ever inflicted upon American voters was the passage of legislation by the Congress that threw billions of dollars to the men drafted in the Great War. No country had treated its soldiers in that war with more generosity than had the United States, and no country provided so generously for those who suffered injury. But the Armistice was barely signed before there began, among the politically-minded of the enlisted men, an organization to repeat the history of the G. A. R. The American Legion, organized in Paris and chartered in 1919 by the Congress, stipulates in its charter that it shall be 'non-political, and as an organization shall not promote the candidacy of any person seeking public office.' This was an empty gesture. A lobby, the most powerful and grasping ever known in any country, was let loose upon the Congress.

The aim of the lobby was to enable every drafted man to dip his hand into the nation's treasury. Not one in ten of these men had been under fire. The proposal was an outrage upon the nation and a reflection upon its former

soldiers, many of whom were thoroughly ashamed of it. The war-worn veterans of the Great War in other nations had for it only contempt.

The reaction of our government to this selfish demand illustrates why the country has more faith in its Presidents than in its Congress, and throws light as well on the practical meaning of the word 'progressive' in politics.

Every President from Harding to Roosevelt has stood up like a man against the bonus outrage and in defense of the country's honor, the Legion's honor, and the interest of all the people. The reaction of the Congress makes a sorry contrast.

President Harding's veto of the 'Adjusted Compensation Act' was sustained by the Congress. The bill was reintroduced at the next session with a more powerful lobby behind it. It was promptly passed in both houses. President Coolidge vetoed it on May 16, 1924, in a message that left it not a leg to stand on. A two-thirds vote in both houses is required to enact a measure over the presidential veto. The next day, under the threat of the lobby, both houses voted to override the veto. Twenty-six members of the House, who had voted for the bill when it passed, changed their votes on May 17 and supported the President's veto. Nevertheless the veto was overridden in the House by the overwhelming majority of 313 to 78, with 15 absent and not voting. The House simply stampeded like a flock of frightened sheep.

There was a different situation in the Senate. The more thoughtful men of both parties realized the gravity of the question and voted to sustain the veto. The vote was close. The decision lay in the hands of the 'progressive' and 'farmer labor' groups, who are loudest in the claim that they are, in a special sense, defenders of the interests of the people. Of the men usually recognized as belonging to the 'progressive'

group, Senator Borah voted to sustain the veto. Senator Hiram Johnson and Senator Norris, two of the most vocal of the 'progressives,' voted to override their President's veto. That militant reformer, Senator La Follette, played a still sorrier rôle. He ducked by being absent without pairing, which was equivalent to a vote for the bonus. So close was the decision that the votes of Senators Johnson, La Follette, and Norris, if cast in favor of the veto, would have sustained it. Never have a group of professed reformers had a greater opportunity to serve their country, and never have such champions made a more cowardly showing.

The part played by the 'progressives' in breaking down party loyalty has been a blow at good government, however well-meaning the movement may have been. A clear-thinking man will make his fight inside his party councils (if his party ever holds councils), and if his difference is deep and irreconcilable he will give his allegiance to the party that expresses his conviction. A guerrilla sometimes makes a good shot, but guerrilla practice as a permanent rôle is not politics.

Party effectiveness has also been impaired by certain well-meant devices intended to circumvent the wily office-seeker, but which have played into his hands. Among these the direct primary is the most demoralizing.

When sincere and well-meaning members of the Congress are confronted with these facts they reply that, since the organization of the Legion, members of the Congress have been subjected to a pressure more ruthless than any other legislative body has had to meet. How large a proportion of the four millions of drafted men approve of the action of the Legion administration in bringing this pressure upon the Congress there is no way of knowing. Probably two things are true — the average legionnaire did not realize the nature of the

blow his leaders were dealing against the fundamental principles of our government, and a minority in control were allowed to speak for the whole body. Like the three tailors of Tooley Street, who began their address, 'We, the people of England,' so the Legion managers based their campaign on the claim that they represented four million voters. The fact is they represented a greedy minority, while the great majority of legionnaires did not bestir themselves on behalf of their country and of their own honor. Milton's line, 'They also serve who only stand and wait,' may apply to selfish causes as well as noble ones. The legionnaire who stood by and did nothing was counted as a supporter of the treasury raiders.

The plain fact is that the integrity of our government is threatened by a group lobby claiming to speak for millions of ex-soldiers. Unless the voters of the various states will give serious thought to this matter and live up to the responsibilities of the ballot, the corruption of our political life in the next four decades will be beyond anything which any country has experienced with its soldiery since the days when Rome entered upon its decline.

III

It may seem trivial to mention in this connection the increase of compensation to members of the Congress as a factor affecting the morale of legislators. It will not seem trivial to those who have had long contact with public business, or who have themselves been members of the Congress.

For many years five thousand dollars was considered the limit of salary in Congress and among bureau chiefs. But in 1873 Congress passed a bill which came to be known as the 'Salary Grab.' The act, besides providing for increases in the salaries of the President and of the Justices of the Supreme

Court, raised the pay of Senators and Representatives from five thousand to seventy-five hundred dollars. The people approved of the increases of salary for the executive and for the justices, but the proposal to increase the pay of Congressmen (including back pay for two years at the increased figure) caused a popular explosion that sent many Congressmen back to private life and brought about a prompt repeal of the bill (so far as increases of Congressional pay were concerned). In 1873 the voters still assumed some responsibility for the behavior of their representatives in the Congress and kept an eye on their pay and perquisites.

After the Spanish War, there began a quiet but systematic boosting of the Congressman's income and perquisites. To-day the governmental income of a Congressman consists partly of salary and partly of other emoluments whose exact money equivalent varies with individual practice. A member of our national parliament gets ten thousand dollars as pay, a mileage allowance, and from two to four personal clerks paid by the government. He franks his mail, and is furnished with an office which he uses mainly for his personal business. The pay for clerks, or at least a great part of it, is 'kept in the family' in many cases by appointing members of the Congressman's family to these places. A considerable number of Congressmen appoint their wives chief clerk, thus enabling them to corral a salary from Uncle Sam. Altogether a Congressman's compensation amounts to an equivalent of somewhere between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars, depending on the individual thrift. He spends on the average about six months a year in Washington.

The rise in Congressional compensation, direct and indirect, is closely related to the fact that the American Congress, in striking contrast to the parliaments of other nations, is made

up from a single professional group. Two thirds of the members of the Congress are lawyers.

As a rule American lawyers do not leave an active practice to enter politics. Most of these gentlemen in Congress have come from legal positions in their state or county government — prosecuting attorneys, assistant attorneys-general, and the like. When the prosecuting attorney at a county seat compares his own meagre salary with the pay and emoluments of a Congressman, these seem to him to constitute an income beyond the dreams of avarice. He begins to lay plans to go to Congress. The rise in the Congressional pay and perquisites has brought down upon the holder of a seat in Congress a far fiercer competition than existed in former days. As long as a Congressman lived on a pay comparable to that of a college professor, it did not make so much difference if he did go back to practise law. When the emoluments were increased, the desire to hold on to his place grew, and the competition for it became fiercer. Men became correspondingly timid and afraid.

The most unfortunate and far-reaching in its effects of these emoluments presented to Congressmen by their own votes was the acquisition of a private office and a staff of personal clerks at government expense.

When Mr. Cannon introduced a bill to erect an office building for the use of members of the House, he had not the faintest notion that the Senate would demand an office building also. Senators were fairly well supplied with committee rooms. Their numbers could never grow and an office building for the use of Senators was not thought necessary. But the Senate had no intention of giving the House an office building unless the Senate had one also. A long wrangle followed. It was resolved in the usual way when there comes a tug of war between

House and Senate — both got what they demanded. Enormous office buildings were erected, connected with the two chambers by a costly underground passage. The consequences of this lavish expenditure have been more destructive of legislative morale than any other single measure.

In the first place, it has helped to clear the halls of members. Men speak to empty benches. A real debate on the floor has almost ceased to be. Congressmen pass their days in their private offices, and the whole process of Congressional life and the ideals of Congressional duty have been affected thereby. Honest debate in Congress on real questions has almost disappeared. Even the men who voted against the bonus did not get on their feet and set forth its injustice to the people whose money was being misused.

The huge private offices have also been a factor in the growth of lobbies. The ordinary lobbyist has no desire to crash the gates of Congress after the manner of the Legion. It is far more to his taste to make a quiet call on the Congressman in his private office than to hunt him down at his committee room. The sensibilities of the Congressman are also greatly relieved by this arrangement.

These two things, the decadence of party loyalty and the steady increase of pay and privilege, lie at the doors of the Congressmen themselves. But not once have the voters objected as in 1873.

IV

The situation which constitutional government faces in twentieth-century America is not wholly unlike that which confronted our English forefathers in the sixteenth century. The nations of Europe were moving away from the absolutism of the mediæval state and were seeking new sanctions for the conduct of national life. In our own

country the provisions of the Constitution which sought to regulate the relations of citizens in the body politic do not protect the whole people against new forces that have arisen in our national life.

No student of politics in this country during the last thirty-five years can doubt that a distinct deterioration has taken place in our legislative morale. The fact that Congress is made up of lawyers of a certain type is no accident. Nor is it accidental that the emoluments added to the Congressman's pay have become a source of demoralization. These emoluments — huge office buildings, a staff of clerks paid for by the government, the mail frank, unlimited ability to print and distribute mail at government expense — are precisely those that fit the vocational needs of a lawyer. In another generation, if these tendencies continue, the Congress will be made up of this type of professional Congressman taken from a single calling.

The forefathers, when they framed our Constitution, were thinking in terms of a small nation dwelling along the Atlantic littoral. They could not look into the future far enough to visualize a nation of a hundred million people occupying the whole continent, and with time and space practically obliterated. Their memories harked back to Charles Stuart. The fear of the interference of the executive with the legislative branch of the government was always present. They limited the presidential term to four years. They could not foresee that the invasion of the independence of the Congress would come, not from the executive, but from organized groups bringing pressure to bear upon the Congress for their own ends. Had they anticipated such an outcome, they would no

doubt have made one of the houses of the Congress independent of such pressure by some such provisions as these: —

1. The President shall be elected for a term of six years and shall be ineligible for reelection.
2. Members of the Senate shall be elected for a term of twelve years and shall be ineligible for reelection.
3. Members of the House of Representatives shall be elected for a term of three years and the alternate Congressional elections shall synchronize with presidential elections.

We, their successors, with the experience of one hundred and fifty years behind us, may well ponder the wisdom of these changes, for legislative independence cannot permanently survive the onslaught of organized groups like that of the American Legion. Inspired by their success, other groups in the body politic are already preparing to follow the unfortunate example set by the Legion.

However devoted to his government an American may be, he is apprehensive, as he looks back upon parliamentary history, over two outstanding facts — the disappearance of leadership among our politicians, and the absence of the sense of responsibility in our composite citizenship. Once in four years, under the spur of a presidential campaign, American voters go to the polls. They take no interest in the choice of their legislators. Congressmen are chosen by the votes of small minorities.

If these are permanent habits of our democracy, it is difficult to see how government of the people through its elected representatives can endure. To the question, 'What's Wrong with Congress?' the real answer is, 'The People!'

YOUTH AND CATASTROPHE

BY EDWARD CARRINGTON VENABLE

'But,' the grown woman protested, 'I remember it as if it were yesterday.'

She did not, of course, do anything of the sort. Really, she hardly remembered it at all. Instead, she only remembered what other people remembered and what she had been told she would never forget. But, after a great many discussions, finally there did come back to her vividly and completely her own sensations during those tumultuous twenty-four hours and the true sequence in which the events of those hours had presented themselves to her childish consciousness. These exhumed realities were very different from the acquired memories that had for thirty years represented them. That was to be expected. She was slightly chagrined by such imperfections. Quite sincerely she had believed that she 'remembered it all as if it were yesterday.'

But she was much more than chagrined by the sensations themselves. She was shocked by them, even a little horrified. Had she really felt like that? Undeniably she had. Whereupon she referred to herself as a little beast.

This violence was because the memories concerned a catastrophe, and a very real one, a fire which had destroyed the most valuable part of a great city, bringing with it the usual consequences of ruin and death and misery. And she had lived all the

while as close to it as one could get and live, and she had behaved as follows.

I

The fire had started — this is the beginning of the revised sequence, of course — when she was in church. She and her sister, with a Mama prudently placed between them, were seated in the same pew, a pew from which there was singularly little of interest to be seen. The clergyman was busy with the first lesson. He was wearing a gray and beautifully embroidered stole and was reading about Jeroboam and Rehoboam when suddenly there came a tremendous 'boom!' It seemed to start very far away and roll on enormous rollers up into the church and over it and beyond. But some of it seemed to get inside and roamed round under the vaulted stone roof as if it were trying to get out again. Everything in the church shook, even the flowers on the altar and the long book markers hanging down from the lectern — everything, that is, except the voice of the clergyman. That went on evenly about Jeroboam and Rehoboam. And the reader never even looked up from the page. But every other man in the church got up and went out except one gentleman who was so religious that he would never even get married.

Both the little girls tried to get out with the gentlemen, but the Mama

between held their arms and said, 'Sh-sh!'

They said, 'What is it?'

She whispered, 'It's nothing.'

This from so great an authority profoundly discouraged both the little girls. They had had high hopes that it might be a great deal because the noise was so prolonged and so heavy. Indeed, this particular one of the two, whose recollections these are, had cherished giddy anticipations of the Day of Judgment. Church seemed an appropriate setting for that event. But her mother went on steadily looking up at the Rector and he went on steadily with Rehoboam and Jeroboam, and hopes faded. It was only the first lesson; barring the Judgment Day, no intervention seemed possible.

And none came. The very religious gentleman took up the collection all alone. The choir filed out as slowly as usual. The last verse of the Recessional rolled back into the church. The little girl, she says, had almost forgotten about the 'boom!' It was only another one of these splendid opportunities missed by a sodden, incomprehensible humanity. She never even mentioned it to her sister as they followed their guide down the aisle toward the sunlight in the opened doors. They were habituated to these disappointments. Many even finer promises they had seen languish and die without fulfillment. Instead, they conversed about Huckleberry Finn, whose history was being read aloud to them by all at home who could be persuaded.

Outside, however, there came an unexpected recrudescence of the almost-forgotten 'nothing.' On the sidewalk, people were talking about 'fire,' and there was an interesting smell in the air. They did n't listen to the conversation very much, but they smelled a good deal — so much so that their mother looked around once and directed an imperative glance at their pocket hand-

kerchiefs. And there was a strangely large number of people in the street. Usually, at that hour of Sunday, there was nobody in the street except the congregation and a few policemen. These happy people were plainly going to the fire. They themselves were not going. It was utterly useless to ask. On the whole it was a dreary walk back from church to the house.

II

At home, however, things changed for the better. This was due to the efforts of Duncan, who opened the door. He was full of the spirit of the occasion. He had seen the fire. Anybody could see it from the third story back. It looked, he thought, 'like the whole world was going to burn up.' This promise, the little girls thought from what they could see when they got up to the third floor back, was rather extravagant. There was nothing but a black cloud of smoke downtown. Fortunately Duncan had come upstairs too and he explained that this cloud hid flames of enormous height and uncomfortable redness. In a little while they would see — if, of course, it did n't rain; and there was no sign, he pointed out, of rain, no cloud anywhere except the smoke cloud. Under a bright blue February sky the great city lay helplessly burning to ashes. Duncan was so confident of good weather, so certain of the immensity of the conflagration, that their pessimistic conviction that Mama could prevent any calamity was shaken. And, some current of air blowing on the smoke, they did for an instant see the flames triumphantly waving in the sky. Duncan's eyes looked entirely white in his black face and he went downstairs to start his lunch.

Up to that day of their lives the relations of the two little girls with Duncan had apparently not been of the best.

They had found him cross and stingy and unreliable as an ally. But that day he revealed himself as both a sympathetic spirit and a gay companion. They followed him downstairs and he described to them, while he set the table, some of the great fires of the world as viewed by his friends and relatives. And during lunch itself he condescended once, when there came another explosion like the one in church, to wink at them.

There was an unusually large number of people at lunch that day; other people who were not at lunch actually came into the dining room and sat about on chairs. And the telephone rang frequently and people had to get up from the table, and there was perfectly plain understandable talk about what would happen if the fire got into the block below. The Preventer of Calamities, sitting at the head of the table, looked thoughtful and did n't count helpings.

On the whole it was one of the pleasantest Sunday lunches they had ever known. Afterward they went to the nursery and settled down to *Huckleberry Finn*, read aloud by Margaret. The fire was visible out of the windows. It was a little blacker, a little nearer, but it was so slow. They counted on finishing *Huckleberry Finn* 'first.'

Asked what, exactly, that 'first' meant, the lady whose recollections these are said she did n't know. It was the way she had felt at the time. Something immense was going to happen presently, but it was necessary to while away the interval and there seemed to be just enough *Huck* left for that. It is pretty poor stuff, that part of *Huckleberry*, and they yawned a good deal and looked several times out of the windows, where the fire seemed to be getting on pretty well. Their mother came into the room twice, but always went out without saying any-

thing. The Preventer of Calamities was obviously 'on the job' as usual, but they had not observed any effects on the fire so far. It seemed to resist her splendidly; you could even smell smoke in the room a little — not coal smoke, but outdoors smoke. And General Shafter, the bullfinch, began to scratch his dinner out on to the floor. Margaret finished *Huck Finn*, muffled General Shafter, brushed their hair, and sent them downstairs to tea.

III

That hour, tea hour, in February, was probably the most dramatic of the twenty-four. Not the pleasantest, but the most dramatic. The house was more than full; it was crowded. And almost all the people were strange and some of them looked dirty, which, the day being Sunday, seemed almost impossible. To get and remain dirty on Sunday had always seemed, somehow, an impossible achievement for anyone. And out of this foreign, restless, smoke-stained crowd the great fact leaped at them. No one person spoke it, no single sentences expressed it. It came through the air, out of the crowd. They had got into the library, where the tea table usually stood, and were looking curiously at their aunt, who had their mother's place behind the kettle, when simultaneously they both comprehended that the house was going to burn up. Not the city. That fact they had learned from Duncan and accepted hours before. Not only the city, but their own house. That was indeed catastrophe triumphant.

Nobody paid any attention to the two little girls. Duncan had turned cross and unfriendly again. They emptied the cake basket and went into a corner to think it all out together. From that corner they could see into the little sitting room. Their mother was in there, standing on the hearth-

rug facing a man who somebody in some way had informed them was the Mayor.

The two were arguing — disputing some matter, and disputing angrily. The Mayor sometimes made gestures; their mother only shook her head. They knew exactly what the matter in dispute was. It was the fire. The Mayor was standing up for it. The mother was demanding that it be tied up instantly or taken somewhere else or put out entirely. Now you could see the fire out of all the windows. It was still muffled in smoke, but the smoke was on fire, too; and along the street outside, before the light wind that had sprung up since noon, was blown a light snow of red ashes.

The little red sparks blowing softly through the dusk looked like fireflies in the springtime. They ate slowly, looking at the sparks, followed the argument of the two on the hearthrug, and planned.

Duncan came by and began to draw the curtains.

‘Don’t do that,’ they begged. ‘It keeps out the fire.’

‘There ain’t no curtains made kin keep that fire out of this house,’ said Duncan and went rudely on.

‘Do you really think so, Duncan? Do you know much about fires?’ they asked.

He did n’t even answer. He had lost all charm. They went on planning. If the Mayor won the argument — which he did n’t seem to be doing — they would have to have, of course, an entirely new house. That was something they had never even imagined coming to pass. An entirely new house! And entirely new furniture, and carpets and pictures and china. The Preventer of Calamities would, of course, save something, but not much. How much? They tried to calculate, starting from the fact that it took her a month to pack up for Bar Harbor. That was four

trunks. Perhaps she would save one trunkful if she hurried. And all the rest of their worldly goods would have to be new.

The Mayor raised his arm and his voice: ‘I give you until seven o’clock, madam, and then we blow up the whole block.’

Then he started to come out. The little girls slipped into the embrasure of the window behind the curtain and watched him pass. He was evidently a great man. Outside, the street was bright and cheerful as it sometimes looked at Christmas. In the cathedral close, a tree was burning softly like a Christmas tree. Even as they looked, a priest came out and climbed up it and began to beat out the smouldering branches with a rug. A priest up a tree! It was so funny it was awe-inspiring, and it was prophetic, too, of other immense combinations the immediate future probably held. They stared, enthralled, at the symbolic figure.

He was, like their mother, against the fire, because he was putting it out, but he was somehow, too, an incarnation of the fire. He was all that the fire held of the bold and the joyous and the untrammelled. They pulled the curtains tight behind them so that nobody in the library could see him and go out and make him come down.

In the end the priest got down by himself and disappeared. They crept cautiously out of the curtains. There were more people than ever in the library and more talk. And an old gentleman came up and put his arms around them. They knew him intimately and hated him. He was the doctor.

‘Do you know what is going to happen to two little girls to-night?’ he asked. ‘You are going to spend the night with Granny. Won’t that be fun?’

‘We would rather stay,’ they ex-

plained, 'and watch them blow up the house.'

'Blow up the house!' said the doctor. 'Nonsense. Nobody is going to blow up little girls' houses. Who ever heard of such a thing! You are going to your dear grandmother's because there is smoke around here and smoke is very bad for little girls.'

They looked at each other in silence until they remembered that the doctor was the biggest liar they knew. He practically never told the truth. And this time, too, he was true to type. He had hardly finished that sentence about smoke when Duncan came in and, going up to their mother, announced in his regular party voice:—

'Miss Harriet, the gentleman with the dynamite.'

They were standing too near the door when they heard that, and Margaret's arm caught them from the hall. They went unprotestingly because they, too, had to pack.

For there were things, after all, which should not be left to be burned up or even blown up, things without which life would be too intolerably dull.

As they followed Margaret up the stairs they made the inventory of these spiritual and physical necessities. First was General Shafter. He was a remarkable bird, anyway, and then he had been caught wild by a man they knew, which made him incomparable. General Shafter, and a china cow. And a picture of Joan of Arc with short hair and pants on, and a horse—an incarnation of human felicity. That was a good deal of luggage, fully as much as they could be sure of getting away with. The silver hairbrushes which, being Christmas presents, still had the charm of novelty were to be sacrificed until they thought of hiding them in General Shafter's cage. That was wrapped up for the night and so was a perfectly safe place. There were other

pleasant things, but they were not necessities, or at least they were not irreplaceable necessities. No house, however new, was worth the sacrifice of the necessities. They walked very carefully down the stairs carrying these things which a misstep would have imperiled, and held them tight while they waited in the hall for the carriage.

It was very gay and lively in the hall—except for one grown-up young lady who, at the sight of them thus equipped, burst into tears. Questioned, she said it was General Shafter that made her cry. They would have unwrapped the General to let her see he was really all right if they had not remembered the hairbrushes in the nick of time. It was only then, when the carriage came, that they learned that their mother was not coming too. Until that moment they had believed it was all arranged. Everybody was going to Granny's and at seven o'clock precisely the house was going to blow up just as the Mayor had promised. Now, it seemed, the affair was not so certain. It was not yet seven, and Mama had not by any means surrendered. She had a full hour yet to prevent things in, and they knew from the expression of her face that she was in her most invincibly preventive humor. She might still succeed. The result was that in the end they left their childhood home in rather low spirits.

IV

The drive to their place of refuge was magnificent. There were fire engines everywhere, and more policemen than they had ever seen at one time in their lives. They had to drive right past the fire engines, close enough to feel the heat, and sometimes firemen in helmets swore at them and policemen took hold of the horses. They stood up in the carriage all the way, and, although

Margaret stopped their bowing, she could not prevent their feeling that they were at last in a circus parade, because she did n't know how they felt.

At their grandmother's things were mixed. The start was good. The very first thing they were asked if they were hungry. But they only got bread and jam and they had to eat that in bed. Then their grandfather was discouraging about the Mayor. He said the Mayor was a Republican. They had put great confidence in the Mayor's promise: he was so big and had talked so loud. Now to find out he was a Republican — that is, a man who never did what he promised — was a shock. Then their grandmother, who was always exacting in such matters, suggested they add to prayers a petition for the 'safety' of their house. That was a difficult situation — even worse than the one of their hairbrushes. Fortunately the grandfather asked, 'What about other people's houses?' and in the ensuing argument the petition of special dispensation was gladly overlooked by everybody.

After so much dispute it was pleasant to lie quietly in bed and imagine what a brand-new house would look like. That made the night rather like Christmas Eve and they were a long time getting to sleep. But it had been a long day full of ups and downs, and suddenly they did, just exactly as always happened on Christmas Eve.

V

Alas, the awakening was not in the least like Christmas.

Their mother was already in the room. They asked what had happened. She said the wind had changed. She was come to take them back home.

'What home?'

Their home. It was safe. She said it was a miracle. They remembered the

forgotten prayer and shook their heads. It could n't be a miracle. No, it was fate, and possibly the incurable Republicanism of the Mayor. But chiefly it was fate. In the bottom of their hearts they had known all along how it would end. She would always win. With their clothes they put on the sad conviction of her utter invincibility.

After breakfast, with no carriages and horses, no fire engines, no policemen, with only Margaret walking stolidly between them, they returned through empty streets among everyday people to the well-known front steps. And the steps had been washed!

It was almost incredible how little had happened. The front hall rug was up, but that often happened anyway. What was slightly more interesting, somebody had emptied a sugar bowl into the card tray on the hall table. There it was, empty of cards, and piled up with lumps. They asked who had done it. Nobody seemed to know. It had just happened 'in the confusion.'

What 'confusion'? A few rugs up, a few pictures down, a few tables out of place — in all not as much as happened every June anyway. It was obviously just one more victory for Mama.

They climbed the stairs, undid General Shafter, got out the brushes, put in the General's bathtub. It was a crushing victory. They had n't the heart even to rehang Joan of Arc, but laid her sadly face-down on the bureau. When somebody knocked on the door they knew what it was. They did n't answer.

It was Duncan, evidently in his most unfriendly mood. His voice oozed a vicious enjoyment as he announced through the panels, 'Young ladies, Miss McGuire is awaiting in the liberry.'

'The old devil,' someone muttered.

The butler was that? Or the governor?

Neither. That simple expression of despite was directed at no human being, man or woman, white or black. It was aimed straight at the immutability of the Universe. And it was at the time the worst word they knew.

However, there at the very end something had happened, though they did not anticipate it when informed of Miss McGuire's presence below. They sat on awhile—to watch General Shafter bathe. Generally this was a sudden joyous ceremony. But that morning it did not begin at all. The General looked at the tub and climbed to the roof of his cage, as if he were scared. They poked the tub, and sprinkled the bird, but he only shivered and clung to the roof. Fascinated by such inexplicable and unanticipated novelty, they forgot Miss McGuire.

They forgot the conflagration still burning fiercely a half mile away. They forgot the devilish immutability of the Universe.

VI

The grown woman shook her head. She had rather the look of a medium after an unusually successful séance. Yes, that was how it had really been. She admitted it. The discovery seemed to give her pain. The bird, she explained, never bathed again. He became in time famous for the peculiarity, a sort of monument to the Catastrophe—alas, the only one. The bird, as she expressed it, had that much heart.

'Could I,' she demanded, 'have been really such a little beast?'

'But you were such a very little girl.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'but I was older than the bird.'

ALCESTE

*φιλα μὲν ὅτ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν,
φιλα δὲ καὶ θανούσ' ἔτ' ἔσται.*

BECAUSE he had no thought of her
Nor found the time without her long,
Her coming was a perfect gift,
Her singing in his heart a song.

'T was not as though she gave herself,
Rather, it seemed, she went his way,
To show him through the darkened years
A passage to the day.

The night he learned that she was dead
He had no need to shed a tear,
Since she, now grown a part of him,
Was with him everywhere.

He drew the blinds and lit the fire,
Knowing all things were garnered there:
A chorus of Euripides,
Her step upon the stair.

H. S. V. JONES

LITERATURE AND THE LIVELY SCIENCES

BY HARRY LEVIN

*Mais toujours faut-il demeurer d'accord que, sur cette
matière, les médecins en savent plus que les autres.*

— *Le Malade Imaginaire*

I

IF we are told any oftener that ours is a scientific age, we shall soon believe it. There is a feeling that, since we are enjoying the material benefits conferred by science, we should gratefully accept the reflections on life in general, or on art and other excrescences of life, which scientists are good enough to formulate for us in their spare moments. Our way of justifying a thing is to show that it is scientific, or at least capable of scientific treatment. The arts, long under suspicion, seem to have been put upon probation. If there was a quarrel between art and science in the past, it is over; art has been surrounded and outnumbered. To-day, more than the downright hostility of science, the artist should beware the scientist bearing gifts, promising quarter, willing to make liberal concessions, anxious to end all differences.

Those who saw the November issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* will have no difficulty in remembering Dr. Hans Zinsser's vivid article, 'The Deadly Arts.' Dr. Zinsser adroitly intercepted the criticism of 'the professionally literary' by calling their attention to 'a prejudice in America that specialists should not trespass beyond their own paddocks, however interestedly they may look over the rails.' He then pro-

ceeded to vault nimbly over the barbed-wire fence that separates science from literature, to make himself perfectly at home within the restricted areas of the neighboring enclosure, and finally to depart in utter dissatisfaction, inveighing loudly against its present occupants and scattering the litter of his picnic lunch.

It will be gathered from this unduly prolonged metaphor that Dr. Zinsser recognizes no qualitative distinction between the arts and the sciences. This, from a scientist, can only be construed as a gracious compliment to the arts. Instead of the old dichotomy, he would marshal them both, with all their departments, in a linear formation, graduating from 'an infra-emotional to an ultra-reason range.' The ensuing spectrum, into which the scientists drop neatly side by side, does not appear to be extensive enough for all the artists, and, indeed, a number of modern writers get shoved 'off the deep end.' To be explicit, science has trained a spectroscope on certain of our contemporaries and discovered that they are invisible.

The phenomenon is even more curious when we learn that the same spectroscopic analysis has seen Shelley plain, without the faintest aura of haze, and found a place in the sun for Baud-

laire, for Hart Crane, and, presumably, for Dr. Zinsser's potboiling friend. One would like to examine the collimator of this remarkable instrument. At this distance one fears that the spectroscopist might now and then find it convenient to be color-blind, even as Pantaloon in the comedy is subject to spells of temporary deafness at the mention of uncongenial topics. Until the limits of visibility can be fixed for one and all, the analogy seems more ornamental than useful.

Are Miss Stein, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Joyce, Professor Whitehead, and Alice Gray from the McLean Hospital — is this exclusive assemblage too scientific or not scientific enough for Dr. Zinsser? Shall we, adopting his well-tried categories, condemn them for their excessive intellectuality or for their excessive emotionality? By all means, let us condemn them. If they are guilty on both counts, we can cavil at the excess, although it has always been the privilege of the man of genius, so Keats claimed, to 'surprise by a fine excess.' If we are unable to make up our minds whether they are too intellectual or too emotional, we may find ourselves in an embarrassing position — 'like Voltaire [1694-1778] between Madame de Staël [1766-1817] and Madame Récamier [1777-1849].' The parentheses are mine.

There would be no disagreement as to which side of the scale we should relegate Alice Gray of the McLean Hospital and Gertrude Stein, now at large in this country. They, my lords, are on the side of the apes, and it cannot be denied that Miss Stein's advocacy has done much to jeopardize a number of causes in modern literature and art. Yet occasionally, within human memory, Miss Stein has been known to deviate into sense; not quite everything she touched has turned to dross. The Matisse and Picassos still glitter in the *atelier* of the Rue de

Fleurus, thanks to the solicitude of the American public, which habitually comes to scoff and remains to pay.

To quote from a poet who himself has quoted as much and as often as T. S. Eliot is only poetic justice, but Eliot depends so uniquely on his contexts that it is hardly just to isolate the fragments he has shored against his ruins. If it suits his purposes, Dr. Zinsser has a perfect right to point out one or two of the least interesting of these fragments, but not to misquote them. Until we all believe — as Dr. Zinsser already does — that Eliot has no reason for employing any one expression rather than any other, we should insist that no critic is at liberty to garble the phrasing or spelling of a quotation.

It would be quite as uncritical to defend the cause of these oddly assorted contemporaries with exaggerated enthusiasm as to serve them with a blanket indictment. To have great poets, Whitman announced, we must have great audiences; to have comprehensible writers, one might add, we must have a widely accepted set of clear-cut conventions. Caged monkeys — to which Dr. Zinsser strikingly compares our writers — are reduced to their state of frustrated self-expression because society has denied them intercourse with their fellow creatures. Thus the lack of a determining tradition in English literature to-day has led James Joyce to annex the entire corpus of classical and Christian culture in a Promethean effort to give his work a synthetic backbone.

One wonders, incidentally, if Dr. Zinsser is accusing Joyce of being un-intellectual and unscientific. In the 'stream-of-consciousness' passages of *Ulysses* and in the continuous stream of unconsciousness that constitutes his *Work in Progress*, Joyce abandons the 'naïve realism' of ordinary literary technique and, by refusing to accept

those clear and distinct ideas which are also rash and inaccurate ones and by focusing his interest on the connections between things rather than on the things themselves, he approximates the attitude of Whitehead. And Dr. Zinsser is not, we assume, accusing Dr. Whitehead of being unintellectual and unscientific.

Many will sympathize with Dr. Zinsser's contempt for 'popular science.' The prime source of his irritation is not, one gathers, that this class of books has found so many readers, although it is significant, in a democracy, that the word 'popular' should almost invariably be used in a pejorative sense. Possibly he distrusts, as do many scientists whose reputations are untainted with the breath of popularity, the unholy alliance between science and philosophy sponsored by such writers as Eddington and Jeans. Is it not true, however, that the average scientist, in so far as he has any philosophical notions at all, derives them implicitly from the 'popular science' of a few generations ago — from Spencer and Comte, not to mention more archaic brands of mechanism and positivism?

Dr. Zinsser is very likely, in the phrase of Rabelais, *ung abysme de science*; to examine his scientific opinions would be sheer presumption. But if he expects the literary opinions he has voiced to prove caviar to the general, perhaps he may be disappointed. Since the days of Aristophanes and Euripides, anyone with a whim to gird at newfangled and highfalutin tendencies in the literature of his own time has been able to count upon the applause of hordes of gentle readers, ever willing to wound and yet afraid to strike. One can only regret that Dr. Zinsser has not applied his acumen and his impressive repertory of interests in assisting us to a sympathetic understanding of the minds of our contem-

poraries, rather than in deliberately trying to *épater l'intellectuel*. From the glimpse at his first chapter which the *Atlantic Monthly* has offered its readers, one may confidently venture to predict that Dr. Zinsser's forthcoming scientific work, *Rats, Lice, and History*, will be popular.

II

'What's the essential difference between art and science anyway?' Not all scientists would be willing to entertain such a question; the more advanced might even dismiss it as meaningless. In a sense, it begs the question by assuming that there is a metaphysical plane on which art and science preëxist in some intrinsic relationship, and that speculation will ultimately reveal some handy and epigrammatic formula for it. Necessarily, as phases of human activity, art and science can be related, but an exact statement of that relationship may turn out to be too general and far-fetched to be of much use. The common ground between two specialized and highly disciplined pursuits is often that of platitude.

This much seems fairly clear — that both must be comprised within some broader frame of reference. Nothing to-day is more depressing than professional attempts to develop a whole way of life out of some particular method for dealing, under selective circumstances, with a portion of the materials of life. We can no longer trust certain critics of the nineteenth century when they expound the doctrine that cultivation of a literary taste by the individual will supply all the deficiencies of modern ethics, politics, and religion. On the other hand, even in the twentieth century, there are those who cannot look forward with any degree of enthusiasm to the time when science will usurp the functions of Church and State.

It would be simpler to limit the problem and to argue, as Arnold and Huxley did, the respective benefits of literary and scientific culture. Dr. Zinsser has certainly demonstrated that the two are not mutually exclusive. If we embark upon a discussion of the proper study of mankind, however, we are bound to lose sight of literature as one of the arts and to be taken up with incidental values. Perhaps it is safest to consider literature and science as conventions, as two techniques of description differing in their respective means and ends. One dare not go farther and assert that the scientific convention is the more precise, for Dr. Zinsser, in his plea for parity, has advanced the disturbing argument that the man of science is every whit as inaccurate as the man of letters.

If the man of science is really any more precise, it is because he finds himself at liberty to frame his own concepts and to coin his own terminology. The man of letters takes his concepts and language as they come, ready-made and often well worn. He must accept uncritically the common sense of daily life. He may admire, but not dissect, the flower in the crannied wall. His not to reason why. *Hypotheses non fingit*. Science, having deliberately fabricated its conventions, is equipped with a unique set of standards and can well afford to be objective. Literature, having inherited its conventions *a priori*, is forced to borrow its criteria from life itself and to rely on experience as its only measuring rod.

Scientific method, as Newman pointed out, does not appeal to experience; it only accounts, and that by hypothesis, for the absence of experience. It has perfected a technique of collective experience, so that it is more than half true to say that one scientist can start where another has left off. No writer

can get very far beyond the individual experience of the reader, through which his work is both communicated and verified. As an imitator of life, his effects hinge upon our recognition of similarities in our own experience. He is conceded no hypothesis to enable him to penetrate farther. The assertion, all too frequent in the cant of indolent reviewers, that such-and-such a book 'enlarges our experience' is a contradiction in terms. Your writer may recombine continually the more and less familiar aspects of experience, but, 'maker' though he be, he cannot create *ex nihilo*.

Here there is a temptation to ask which point of view — the literary or the scientific — comes nearer the absolute truth. One does not propose such a question unless, like jesting Pilate, he can count on a quick getaway. We are too readily disposed to take it for granted that the man of science lives in peculiar intimacy with fact itself, with ultimate actuality, while the man of letters, blinded by the burthen of the mystery, occupies himself with the childish task of keeping up his illusions and ours. Most of us, in superstitiously swallowing the conclusions of science without ever having been initiated into its premises, are hardly less benighted than the savage whose *Weltanschauung* follows the caprice of a witch doctor. It is no more real and true for us to assume that space is curved than to believe that the moon is made of green cheese. The kind of reality which literature represents is, at least, a matter of universal observation, whereas the world has not appeared to very many in the shape of 'some colorless movement of atoms, some spectral woof of impalpable abstractions, or unearthly ballet of bloodless categories.'

This stringent view is doubtless a source of intense intellectual satisfaction to the few who are duly qualified to

hold it, but it has no bearing upon the lower, more pragmatic levels of life, and hence no significance for literature. It is difficult to dramatize the eternal silence of infinite spaces. Scientific thought, to be sure, is constantly filtering down to literary levels. One recalls Chaucer's habit of beginning a story by stating the circumstances in the most exact scientific terminology of his day. Ben Jonson's doctrinaire method of characterization was infected by the sixteenth-century behaviorism of Huarte. The Cartesian theory of the passions is responsible for many of the extravagances of Restoration tragedy. Ptolemaic cosmology, taken out of storage, furnished an admirable *mise en scène* for *Paradise Lost*. Nay, the problem of knowledge was broached in the very Garden of Eden, for when Dryden converted Milton's epic into an opera the first words that he put into Adam's mouth were: —

What am I? or from whence? For that I am
(Rising)
 I know because I think . . .

It would be easy, if not amusing, to multiply examples, to chronicle the degrees of kinship between Lucretius and Epicurus, Molière and Gassendi, Coleridge and Hartley, or Mr. Eugene O'Neill and Dr. Sigmund Freud. These names are far-flung enough to suggest that literature to-day is not essentially more scientific than it has been in the past, except — and this may be a monstrous exception — to the extent that our general preoccupations are more scientific. But, to the extent that our general preoccupations are so, the less scientific science. The student of our pseudo-culture should turn to the surprising adventures of Buck Rogers on the comic page, or behold at the cinema those awe-inspiring laboratories where flames leap impetuously from one apparatus to another and the

canonical hour for important experiments is midnight, preferably during a thunderstorm. Our empirics, heroes of fiction and oracles of fact, are well revenged for the gibes of Jonson and Molière.

Science has been blamed for the experimental tendency of much modern literature, but this derivation is misleading, for literary experiment has precedents of its own. It cannot be an accident that the books of writers who seem most thoroughly indoctrinated with scientific principles — Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, or, in a vein more tolerable to the present generation, Mr. Aldous Huxley — should be flattest and least interesting technically. If we were to examine a work more worthy of representing the modern mind, *À la recherche du temps perdu*, we should find it, despite a tincture of M. Bergson's ideas, overwhelmingly traditional. Proust's style is full of *symboliste* echoes; he has adapted to his needs the naturalistic novel of Balzac, Stendhal, and Flaubert; his subject matter allies him to Sévigné, Saint-Simon, and the noble line of French memorialists, while the range and depth of his *obiter dicta* belong in the introspective tradition of Montaigne, Pascal, and La Rochefoucauld. It is this accumulation of literary tradition, rather than any superficially scientific trait, that characterizes the more distinguished writing of our time.

Experimental science has wielded its influence on literature indirectly, by first affecting our general beliefs. It is not as comfortably reconciled to a literary outlook as the closed systems of an earlier, more anthropocentric science. Sensationalism, although it exploded those assumptions, left a foothold for romantic poetry (*pace* Dr. Zinsser) in its emphasis on perception. Darwinism, by wrenching away the last barriers between the individual and his environment, abandoned the Vic-

torian poets to a state of bewilderment and trembling before a concept of 'nature red in tooth and claw.' The spectacle of Thomas Hardy, brooding over the lack of coöperation between man and nature, may well illustrate the revulsion which was bound to come after. Whether literature itself can survive when the unit of literary experience, the individual life, has been dethroned, degraded, and stripped of dignity by our habit of thinking in totalitarian and materialistic terms — that is the question.

In order to resolve the question we should have to know more than is yet known about those *Grenzwissenschaften* which call themselves, perhaps wishfully, 'the social sciences.' Already our popular literature is branching off in that direction; witness the current output of *romans expérimentaux*, 'social documents,' psychological novels, family histories, county surveys, and notebooks of unassimilated observation from ex-convicts and telegraph line-men. When free will, the *sine qua non* of tragedy, has been replaced by an anatomy of the cerebral cortex, when sociology and economics have, between them, efficiently wound up the problem of evil, when the bourgeois idealism, on which so much art apparently depended, has been purged away, it is hard to see, from this coign of vantage, what need or excuse for literature will be left. With more than curiosity one awaits the great instauration.

III

In the meanwhile, a more immediate and technical problem intrudes itself — the influence of scientific method on literary studies. One need not go so far as to reproach science for the disintegration of *litterae humaniores* during the past fifty years. One need only observe how the teacher of the liberal arts has taken on the protective color-

ing of his colleagues in the laboratory, how he has come to look upon his narrowing task as an arcane mystery, and how he begins to speak with blatant assurance of facts and methods and the search for the truth. Doggedly determined to go through the motions of scientific research, he will not pause to adjust his borrowed instruments to his unique material or to ask himself whither, if anywhere, his investigations are tending.

As an instance of the confusion which results when criticism draws upon science for its phrases and ideas, consider the genetic fallacy. This is the assumption, indispensable to literary historians, that the culture of a people may be treated organically. They are thus enabled to speak of periods of growth, efflorescence, and decline, and, from their limited acquaintance with the literatures of the past, to construct a curve which our own literature is expected to follow. Postulating, as it does, that the mind of each generation inherits the characteristics acquired by the last, the theory is open to all the objections which beset Lamarck. If we take their metaphor seriously, we must reconcile ourselves to the prospect of decadence, but what we know of language and of politics allows us to hope that — if there is any literature at all in the predicable future — it will be in some dialect of English.

What is the literary scholar's vaunted contribution to knowledge? It would never do to subject his findings to the crass criterion of utility. Nor does his work reach any conclusions; rather, it starts from the conclusions of the critic, supplementing and substantiating them. Here is indeed the purest of pure knowledge, admittedly of no use to anyone and incapable of generalization. Less resourceful than the genuine scientist in his observation and description, the scholar has been forced to adopt the categories of his-

tory, instead of fashioning his own. He knows no approach but the chronological and thinks entirely in terms of dates, periods, sources, and influences. The Rolls Series and the Calendar of State Papers have befuddled him until he no longer realizes that not every fact out of the past is relevant or significant.

A great deal of recent research in English literature is based on the axiom that writers have always helped themselves freely and literally to the events and people of their day. Scholars have combed the fragmentary documents of various periods to find resemblances between an author's characters and his contemporaries. If a similar name presents itself on some legal record or census roll, and there are no serious discrepancies, it is seized upon and identified with its literary namesake. The scholar then steps back and marvels at the skill with which his author has caught the likeness of the original. In such a contingency, the evidence is obviously incomplete, the probabilities are stacked against the scholar, and little room is left for the author's imagination. A splendid specimen of this form of the *petitio principii* is Professor J. M. Manly's *Some New Light on Chaucer*.

New light! Sudden illumination is not an uncommon experience for the readers of learned publications. The scientist isolates another element, develops a needed serum, or splits an atom with novel and startling effects. The scholar discovers, through his researches, that Spenser had a second wife, Wordsworth an illegitimate daughter, or that a certain anonymous alliterative poem of the fourteenth century may plausibly be attributed to Huchown of the Awle Ryale. Let no one say that scholarship has not its *trouvailles*. It is the ambition of every right-minded apprentice to discredit a portion of the work of his predeces-

sors. Each graduate student in English burns, with fine enthusiasm and intense objectivity, to encounter some hitherto unobserved detail and to strain it as far as it will go, to set foot upon some peak in Darien and then to rush headlong into print. Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* possess, in their files, a characteristic article by one of our most incessant criers of 'Eureka,' Mr. Leslie Hotson, entitled, in all humility, 'A Great Shakespeare Discovery.'

But this is not the time or place to settle Hotson's business. Nor would it be pertinent to discuss, except as it typifies the best that can be done under the present régime, Professor Lowes's study of the origins of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*. *The Road to Xanadu* belongs on a very special shelf, with *The Anatomy of Melancholy* on one side and *The Golden Bough* on the other. It is not a book that can be safely imitated. Men who do not know so much and who do not write so well as Professor Lowes have been ensnared by his methods ere now. What used to be known as 'source hunting' has become 'delving into the ways of the creative imagination.' Those who were heretofore content to be the hero of a footnote or to have an emendation ratified are setting themselves up for associationist psychologists.

The Cambridge History of English Literature (1907-1916), by virtue of its bulk alone, will serve as a landmark, commemorating the fact that the outlines of literary history have been established and the principal texts made available. Subsequent scholarship, pursued in an increasingly rarefied atmosphere, devotes itself to filling in the outlines, exhuming the more mildewed texts, and, in general, supplying a few slips of *errata*. All this time, the index of production continues to mount and doctoral dissertations

pile up in college libraries, waiting to be sorted and digested and used — by those who are planning to write dissertations on kindred subjects. The candidates share our national reverence for statistics of any kind, regardless of their bearing. A tabulation of — let us say — the number of lines to the page in the first editions of Thackeray's novels would involve much painstaking investigation; it could be accurate and thorough; there is no reason why it should not earn a doctor's degree for somebody.

A favorite ruse is the application of metrical and stylistic tests to determine the authorship of a work. The scholar assumes that certain features of an author's vocabulary, syntax, and rhythm are regularly recurrent. He proceeds to take a statistical average of them, and this becomes the canon for all works of questionable authenticity. He is also able, on the biological hypothesis that his author's style progresses from the simple to the complex, to date a work by internal evidence. The emphasis on problems of authentication and attribution in the scholar's trade journals reminds us that literary study is still obsessed by the biographical. Still, in spite of its devious methods of inference and its morbid interest in causation, it centres around the stock figures and standard judgments of criticism. To be consistent, it would disregard merely æsthetic distinctions and treat all literature as a uniform mass of anthropological data.

One cavils not because literary studies have gone too far, but because they have not gone far enough. A discipline of philology, bibliography, and antiquarianism is a necessary, but not a sufficient, condition for productive scholarship. At its most successful, it is only the handmaid of intellectual history. Our professors pride themselves upon accomplishments that would be required as a matter of

course from any bookseller's assistant in England. They stake out their 'fields' and squat on them, and woe to him who trespasses! By means of a far-reaching network of academic cartels, such as the notorious Chaucer trust, they have industrialized the training of their successors and organized sweatshops where their research is done for them by graduate students. A hope for the teaching of English literature in America, which Samuel Daniel expressed three hundred years ago, echoes ironically today: —

And who in time knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange
shores
This gaine of our best glorie shal be sent,
T' inrich vnknowing Nations with our stores?
What world in th' yet vnformed Occident
May come refin'd with th' accents that are
ours?

English culture has never had a central authority. English education, by concentrating on the classics to the exclusion of all else, abandoned its own literature to the humors of curio dealers and country curates who write in to *Notes and Queries*. An Englishman can still get through public school and university unscathed by any contact, however perfunctory, with the masterpieces of his native language. Literary scholarship in England stems, not from Oxford or Cambridge, but from the University of London, whither it was imported from Germany by Frederick James Furnivall at a time when Francis James Child and Gaston Paris were introducing the product to their respective countries. Now that German scholarship has reduced itself to absurdity, now that *Kulturgeschichte* has granted its favors to whatever political movement happens to be uppermost, it seems a proper time to scrutinize again the principles which our educators were then embracing with such eagerness.

It is by no means inevitable that literary studies should smell of the stacks. There is room for a really positive — one hesitates to say 'scientific' — method. The critic, in spite of his verbalism and subjectivity, is still an empiricist. Because he works with tractable materials which the mind itself has shaped, he faces none of the epistemological difficulties which occasionally sidetrack the scientist. His definitions are operational — that is to say, a book to him is not an independent abstraction, but a series of effects upon a reader's consciousness. Some day he may realize the power of generalization he has at his command; he may be able to utilize his subject matter for a more precise description of the patterns and processes of human thought. Even now, newer and more fruitful approaches are being adumbrated in the fields of linguistic theory, semantics, the relation of grammar to logic, the definition of meaning, the analysis of metaphor and imagery, folklore, and the study of traditions and conventions.

One may be pardoned a final doubt, for of scholarship and science there is no end. As libraries and periodicals accumulate, the gap between this collective wisdom and the mind of the individual, between theory and practice, continues to widen. For whom has so much infinite and neatly articulated detail been amassed? For what magniloquent purpose was so much diligence and intelligence expended? Have the results of these investigations an ontological status of their own, or do they exist only as ideas in the mind of God?

Within the Platonic realm which modern learning has created for itself, there may be some semblance of order, but without, in the minds of the individuals who are striving to comprehend, there is disorder, and a divergence of backgrounds that makes communication ever more difficult. We have no reason to look too complacently upon the supreme achievement of thought and scholarship since the Renaissance — the divorce of knowledge and virtue.

THE ROAD TO MUSIC

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

I

It has become an irresistible temptation, with me, to ask musicians by what road they came home. Some, like Henry, achieve music by rebellion; their innate musicality flourishes upon negation; a wall to kick against, far from breaking their shins, only fattens their artistic marrow, strengthens their artistic muscle. Patience, my little Quaker pupil, is like that. Once I abandoned her altogether. 'I cannot teach you, Patience,' I told her, 'because you do not learn anything.' After some months she called me on the telephone to ask if I would object to her playing for assembly, at school? She had, she assured me, been practising; the violin did not sound badly at all, and would I like to hear her play 'Cinquantaine' some day? Tuesday, perhaps, at her old lesson hour?

'Cinquantaine' emerged from under her bow with an actual lilt — the first lilt ever achieved by Patience. She must, in her vacation, have practised her fingers callous; I sat down and pondered, but I knew I should never dare this method with a soul less hardy than Patience. Not every fiddler has a Quaker genius for stubbornness.

Every year, on Cynthia's birthday, Anton Horner comes to play the Brahms Horn Trio with Cynthia and her father. For twenty years Horner played first horn in the Philadelphia Orchestra; it was Cynthia who asked

him how he happened to choose his instrument. 'Oh,' he said, 'for the same reason every German boy in my day wanted to learn the horn. We all had to be soldiers, sometime, and the army brass has a good place in the rear.' But Horner's name tells his true story; his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather were master horners. It is miraculous what Tony can do with a horn; he can sing you to sleep or he can march you to battle, but he says it was not always so. His father had to beat him to make him practise; he used to be locked in his room, first with a violin, then with a horn. 'That's the way to do it,' Tony said, looking benevolently round at our family assortment of young fiddlers. 'Keep 'em at it, whether they like it or no!'

We used to be afraid to 'keep 'em at it,' afraid of our own parental enthusiasm and the possible mistake of overemphasis. How much music could be pushed down a child's throat without fatal indigestion? But we fear this no longer; we have seen our young revolt; around the piano of an evening we have mourned the loss of one child and another from the fiddlers' ranks — and then, eventually, they have come back. All but one, and him we await with confidence.

Even Cynthia tried to desert us — tried passionately, when she was fourteen. She practised with a scowl upon

her face. 'What good does music do me?' she asked me one day in fury, holding her violin at arm's length as if it were a serpent and would bite her. 'Playing the fiddle won't get me into Omega Tau. It won't get me partners at dances. It just interferes with all those things. I *hate* music. What good can music do me?'

Nobody in her senses would try to put off a young and healthy Cynthia with middle-aged comfort, with 'You wait. When you're older, you'll know.' I hesitated, and Cynthia looked full at me.

'You!' she said belligerently. 'Aunt Kay, you play more music than anyone I know, except Father. I suppose you've always been like that? I suppose *you* never wanted to throw your fiddle in the sink?'

I never did, and no possible expediency of auntly compromise could make me say so. I felt suddenly, ridiculously, as passionate as Cynthia. 'You're spoiled,' I said. 'Put your fiddle in the sink and go sing Omega Tau. You're not worthy of a violin.'

II

And then I went home and tried to remember what it was like to be fourteen. . . .

At fourteen, three brothers flooded our house with members of the team (John had by then passed beyond teams). Large, muscular youths eyed my violin with curiosity, requested me to play upon it, and, as I played, lay dreamily upon their stomachs before the fire, smoking their cigarettes. Thus far, good. Song, melody, they could understand — but if I attempted to talk about music they fidgeted. They looked embarrassed and slunk away in search of easier game, of companions less intense, more comfortable. I saw this, — what girl could help seeing it? — and I learned to keep silence

when silence was in order. That I hated this restriction and rebelled against it in my heart made me no less the traitor. This was a decade before the word 'highbrow' had been coined to crown the confusion of those whose blood leads them — flings them, willy-nilly — into embarrassing and lonely passions for Bach fugues. By the time that dread word was born, I was safe in music school.

Many a man who has known himself at ten forgets himself utterly between ten and thirty; I was fortunate in that my years of self-deception were short, my disloyalties brief. The largest of these took place, I remember, at Cynthia's exact age of rebellion — fourteen. There was a choice between playing in a recital at the Acorn Club, in Philadelphia, and going to a home-town affair called the 'Prep Dance.' After weeks of musical preparation I told my mother I could not play well enough for the recital, I told my music teacher I could not endure the Wieniawski Minuet, and I went to the dance. My teacher, who had come up from Philadelphia every Saturday for five years to give me a lesson, shook me from his list, spurned me eloquently in a letter to my parents, and I never saw him again.

Recalling these things, I wondered if all adolescents rebel against art, as they rebel against everything of parental instigation. If there were some way they could discover music for themselves, and not be pulled to it, sulking under the harness! Never to mention music, never to urge one's son to the piano — and then to have him come, suddenly and alone, upon beauty! Impossible; by the time his emotional apparatus was ready for music, his muscles would have grown too old to train.

Horner was right; we have to keep them at it. I have seen children pass through months of violent rebel-

lion against music and months of warm devotion to it; the bridging periods of lukewarm tolerance are due, I think, to habit. Once in a while fortune aids the despairing parent by presenting the child with a new desk-mate or roommate who can or cannot play, but who loves music. In the very nick, the very crack and needlepoint of time, Cynthia acquired a beau — transient as summer, but as welcome — who thought a violin more engaging even than curls, and said so.

I know not how it may be with genius; I have had no traffic with genius or even with superior talent; my children and my nieces and nephews are intelligent and ambitious, but without musical gift. No perfect pitch, no golden voice, no limber wrist of magic is ours for the showing; we exist merely as examples of how far the normal person may come into possession of music. Perhaps 'average' is a word less offensive to the gods — do they, having created us in their image, look upon perfect pitch as the norm? However that may be, here upon earth I have found but one key to a child's heart, musically speaking, but one bait to which he will rise eagerly, repeatedly: active participation in ensemble performance.

III

How many mothers have said to me, 'My little Freddy is only two years old,' — or five or six, — 'but I am sure he is going to be very musical because he will sit for *hours* listening to really *good* music on the radio' — or the victrola or whatever. With difficulty I suppress the reply, 'Yes, my dear madam, and I have seen cretins in the asylum do the same for even longer hours, with the identical expression of sleepy wonderment displayed upon the face of your Freddy. And cretin and Freddy would enjoy the same sensa-

tion if stroked gently on either side of the backbone.'

And this raises the question of cheap music, jazz, the radio, and all the competitions and comparisons that good music meets to-day. It is of no use to outlaw cheap mechanical music from the home; it is, indeed, dangerous. If the age decree jazz, let our defense lie not in prohibition but in education; let us teach the young to differentiate, to know that 'Hello, Beautiful,' however tickling to the palate, bears no more relationship to music than does soda pop to vintage wine. Verbal persuasion is unwise; exposure, repetitive exposure, to good music is what turns the trick; but the exposure must include more than listening. Children — I cannot say it too often — cannot prove things in the abstract; they think with their bodies. Do not ask them, therefore, to listen to Haydn; ask them to play Haydn, no matter how unskillfully. Children are savages — more difficult still, they are savages thrust by us into a sophisticated society, and they have prepared for themselves defenses against this society. Tell a modern child that Beethoven is beautiful and he will not believe you — until he has proved it by the repeated testimony of his own finger tips.

Cynthia has a victrola in her room; often, passing her door, I have heard her caroling to the tune of 'A Dream Walking,' or the most recent and appealing torch song. She invites me to listen. 'Is n't that tune,' she will demand, 'simply divine?' But invite her to play the divine tune on her fiddle and she will turn up her nose. 'Too thin,' she told me once. 'Those tunes, they're boring to play.' Cynthia still thinks Handel is boring to play, too. 'It's too *smooth*. Father, let's do the Horn Trio. There's some *excitement* to Brahms.'

I never saw a child that was not

bored by soloism — his own performance as well as somebody else's. What boy wants to sit on a piano stool and play pieces for mother's visitors? He is shy and uncomfortable, and his resentment has a solid psychological foundation. A child detects instantly a false situation; in the name of music or culture or the acquisition of poise, he is being sacrificed to his mother's vanity; is it any wonder he only bides his time before flinging off music forever?

Once I had a violin pupil, a little girl of eleven whose talent was equaled only by her powers of resistance to pedagogy. A fond mother had set up a flourishing case of musical hatred ('Mother says music is beautiful as prayer, but I only practise because I get a dollar an hour for it'). One day I asked Mary if she would care to come to our house next Sunday evening. She eyed me suspiciously and asked if there would be music. I said that there would be some children her age and we might sing a little. 'There will be,' I said, 'a string quartet and you can double with Cynthia on second fiddle if you think you can keep the place. But nobody has to play. We just do it for fun.'

At home the bets were five to one against Mary's arrival, but on Sunday the stroke of six announced her — silent, very much on the defensive. She refused to take part in the singing and wandered about the room with a fine show of indifference, but from the corner of my eye I saw her pause by the fire and reach up a furtive hand to touch the old French horn on the mantel, saw her pause again to pluck a string on the cello in the corner. When we stopped singing she had come to anchor by the cupboard which holds the fiddles. 'Is this the Maggini violin?' she asked. 'That boy,' nodding coldly toward John Junior, 'sang off key.'

Quickly, before John Junior could pick up this gauntlet, I replied that yes, it was the Maggini and we were going to play a Haydn quartet. I told her I was sure she would be wanting to go home before we began. Avoiding that sharp childish eye, 'Will you please,' I said rapidly, 'get the Maggini ready for me while I answer the telephone?'

I left the room. The telephone had not rung and my lie had emerged from the larynx in a silly falsetto; did Mary know I was playing my last card? When I came back she was sitting comfortably before one of the quartet stands, John's Maggini on her knee. 'I tuned it,' she said, 'and I dusted off the rosin. It sounds fine on the G string. I'll stay if you'll let me play it.'

Even very small children love to handle a violin; its glossy smooth surface, the vibration of its plucked strings, exercise the fascination — but in superlative degree — of a perfect conch shell found upon the seashore. I honestly believe the privilege of dusting the Maggini has won more childish converts to music than many an endured symphony concert. All the radios in the world playing 'Cock-a-Doodle-Do,' all the tickets for all the Youth Symphonies, would not have availed against Mary's rebellion. . . . Perhaps it is not so complicated as this. Perhaps any two-legged, deep-hearted creature fashioned by the Lord, if he held a fiddle in his hands, would know beneath his chin a cold emptiness, would itch to unfurl his right elbow in the balance of a long, strong bow.

This exercise of musical participation cannot begin too early. Let the child sing nursery rhymes with his mother, turn pages for the pianist as soon as he can read music, or sound A for the visiting fiddler to tune. Also, it can do no harm to leave the nursery

door open when there is music. Music that drifts upstairs to a child's dark bedroom possesses a peculiar potency. Going to sleep to music at night, waking to music in the morning — absurdly enough, these experiences are, in some unaccountable way, musical participation; they define music, for the child, as a thing natural and homely, as much a part of the day as breakfast, dinner, and supper.

IV

There are people who hate radios, and people — I say it with regret — who hate pianos and violins. Most families possess a well-rounded example of each species, and this is something we melomaniacs must acknowledge or see our family music crash dissonantly into family dispute. We who practise upon the flute are so taken up with making a wrong noise into a right one that we forget the persons to whom even a right noise upon the flute is maddeningly wrong. But there is a way to solve this problem.

When my brother John built his new house the architect said, 'I understand the main feature of this residence is to be the music room? That is why you are building the house?'

John shook his head. 'I want a room big enough for two pianos and at least a hundred people in comfortable chairs singing Bach. That will be the music room. But that is not at all what you call the main feature of the residence, and it is not at all the reason' — he turned to me and grinned — 'why we are building the house.'

Over his blueprints the architect raised the patient inevitable eyebrows of architects in conference with clients. 'We had a music room in the other house,' I explained, 'and in the house before that, too.'

Impossible for me to speak of John's houses in any but the possessive case, although I have never actually lived in any of them. A house in which one's fiddle and one's children's fiddles repose under the piano can be spoken of in no other case than the possessive.

'In all of the houses,' John was saying with a large gesture of impatience, 'in all the houses we had music rooms. Pianos, fiddles, flutes — Lord, yes. But what good did it do us?' He turned to me again. 'There was no place to sit downstairs except the music room and a library that opened off it with double doors. Every time we wanted to play, the family had to stop talking or roll those sticky doors shut or go somewhere else. When we had people for dinner we could n't play or sing because the Browns did n't like music. Wasted evenings,' — his voice grew indignant, — 'wasted Saturday afternoons. And as likely as not a batch of newly published trios just arrived from Breitkopf and Hartel's.'

John's eye was gloomy with remembered wrongs.

'So what we want,' I began helpfully . . .

'Is a retreat,' finished the architect, 'for musicians.'

'Nothing of the kind!' John shouted. 'We are n't going to retreat. We're going to play music. It's the audience that's going to retreat. The people that don't play. . . . Look here!' John's finger was on the blueprint. 'You see those steps? Well, they lead up from the music room to the hall. I want that hall a mile long. I don't care how it looks. It can look like a public school or a hospital or a lunatic asylum — I don't care. Then away down here at the end of the hall I want a room, nice and cheerful, with books in it, and a fireplace. Card tables, easy-chairs — *anything* in it,' said John, 'as long as it has a door that will stay shut.'

'With a keyhole,' interrupted the architect, suddenly inspired, 'on the outside?'

'That's it,' John said, in his voice a rich and eager satisfaction. 'That's why we are building this house.'

Speaking practically, I know of nothing more fatal to the musical progress of a growing family than a piano in the common sitting room. Particularly if grandparents live in the house, or a husband who, however sweet-tempered, is not sufficiently interested in music to endure those loud bleating sounds produced by a piano under striving small fingers. Sounds even more excruciating can be achieved by beginning violinists. I myself battled with such a situation until so lately as a year ago, when, against vigorous protest, I had the piano moved upstairs. I put it — hideous but well-used upright — into one of those rooms possessed by every sizable family and known by such titles as the sewing room, Aunt Eliza's (deceased) room, or Uncle Jim's (deceased) study. I did this in secret, when the children were at school and their grandparents taking their afternoon siesta. Three large, grimy, pleasant men appeared at my door and with astonishing rapidity took the piano apart and flourished it up the stairs. In husky Irish whispers they requested a duster and delicately dusted its insides until the sewing room was dim with dust, after which they put the instrument together again and, with no more disturbance than three sneezes, took their pay, grinned, and disappeared.

I may call this one of the two major strategic musical victories of my life. The other was achieved when I moved the radio into the kitchen. Radios in the right place are as welcome as pianos in the right place, but in the wrong place, radios are . . . Let me tell a story.

On a boat going from Philadelphia to

Boston I met a large genial man of middle age. He was the kind of man who carries a heavy elaborate camera and takes pictures of everyone on the boat — the very person I should have thought would love a radio. Upon the second evening of our voyage, a warm, soft summer night, I put my children to bed and went forward to enjoy the stars. As I hurried along the lighted deck a spirited raffle was taking place in the main saloon, with three radios as prizes. No one was on the bow deck; I stood alone by the rail thinking with satisfaction of my children tucked into starboard bunks and my automobile tucked into cavernous places below deck. Broken water slipped gently, monotonously past our bows; a mild contented revery possessed me, and I wondered why all the people who must go from Philadelphia to Boston in summer, instead of screaming through the night on heated wheels, do not tread thus softly upon the starlit wave.

A voice at my side said, 'What more could anybody want?' — and I recognized the camera man. 'Why,' he continued, 'don't people who have to go places remember about boats — and why are n't you down there buying chances on radios?'

I inquired if the gentleman so much wanted to win a radio, and he replied with gusto that he certainly did. To which I asked a little wearily *why* he wanted to win a radio.

He turned on me quite ferociously and said with a bitter, startling distinctness, 'So I can carry it up here and drop it over the bow.' His voice was exultant. 'So I can watch myself drop a radio, brand-new and shiny, over this rail — splash! — into that black, irrecoverable grave. Into that bourn,' he continued with a large gesture, and with magnificent disregard of the triteness of the quotation, 'from which no traveler . . .'

'Returns,' I finished, and extended my hand. He shook it gravely, and we resumed our starry watch.

It was that moment which told me Music in the right place is what domestic America needs — and it was that moment which, cherished all summer, inspired me to move our radio from living room to kitchen. The kitchen — is it not the hearth, the altar, the very sanctum of domestic life? Does it not deserve, therefore, as ornament, the very cream of modern invention? Also, is it not the room farthest from fiddledom and the piano bench? Since that night, peace has graced our home.

V

To revert to the fascinating query, 'By what road do men come to music?' I advise against asking this question of a singer. The answer lies too wide of the mark. Fate, or God, or the circumstances of heredity shaped Fiorella's vocal chords with a beautiful physiological exactitude of proportion: Fiorella opens her mouth and a lark flies forth. But, we may ask, what has this to do with music? Seven toes on each foot would lead home as surely. Many a Fiorella have I met with throat of bird, brain of wax, and heart of putty.

On the other hand, I have seen more converts made, more unbelievers brought to Jordan, by singing than by any other blandishment of the muse. I have watched Sarah lead in the baptized by the dozens, and I have admired her technique, which is compounded less of enthusiasm than of an unshakable conviction that anybody in the world, if he will open his mouth wide enough, can sing — more important still, that he will like it. Sarah herself learned singing long ago — wise Sarah, who would have been drowned, deafened, lost completely in

the vociferation of husbandly *arpeggios*, the urgent fiddle strings of her progeny. She had no voice; she could not, indeed, stay on the tune; but ten years ago an idea seized her, and with Sarah an idea is *fait accompli* no matter how long the way. At that time, no one in the family sang; John went about in trains and buses with Magnificats and B Minor Masses under his arm, but he never sang. It had not occurred to him.

Sarah sat down and trained — not her voice, but her ear. She began with 'Three Blind Mice.' Eventually she induced seven other women to sing with her once a week, on Wednesday morning. After a decent interval they procured a professional leader; the chorus now numbers ninety members, few of whom ever miss a Wednesday. The chorus does not sing in public; its aim is to read the literature of choral music. Sarah is herself astonished at the direction in which the wind of music has blown her straws; John,¹ whom one would surely never think of as a straw, has become as enthusiastic a singer as his wife. Sarah and he hold Sunday-night singing parties; sometimes twenty people come, sometimes a hundred and twenty. John takes off his coat and leads the chorus; Sarah sits in the front row, singing, and somehow her very presence seems to balance the affair.

John has a very useful loud voice; while he conducts, he sings bass or tenor, whichever seems to need support at the moment. He does not know if the room is hot or cold; half of us could faint from exhaustion and John would notice nothing save an annoyingly reduced volume of sound. It is Sarah to whom we turn in ex-

¹ If any readers remember an article by my brother, Henry S. Drinker, Jr., called 'A Neglected Language,' which the *Atlantic* published in February 1934, they may be interested to know that he is the John of this paper. — AUTHOR

tremity. 'We have sung enough,' she tells John. 'We must rest awhile. It is time for supper.'

Sarah and John are themselves surprised at the choice of persons who elect to sing with them. Professional instrumentalists of the first water, not to speak of singers. Magic flautists from the Philadelphia Orchestra, harp pluckers, fiddlers, and pianists of glittering fame sit modestly sharing a Brahms Gypsy Song, a Palestrina Mass, with a red-cheeked, golf-playing importer of sisal hemp, a singing grandmother, or somebody's nephew who happens to be home from school for the holidays. . . .

We sing from six to seven-thirty; then, conversing in whispers, — only the professional singers seem to know how to use a voice without losing it, — we have supper. After supper some hardy soloist entertains us until we are recovered sufficiently to sing again. Names of these soloists — no matter how renowned — never appear on the invitations, but only the music to be sung and the names of the composers. This leads to occasional misunderstanding. One day Sarah, hurriedly preparing invitations, instead of writing out Beethoven, Opus 132, wrote at the end of the programme, 'An early and a late Beethoven quartet' — phrases as familiar to musicians as 'three-minute egg' to a cook. A group of people, arriving at nine, said they had come late because they were especially fond of Beethoven and understood it was to be played *later*.

To us it is a matter of enormous pleasure that our one persistent rebel-to-music, my nephew David, the real musical talent in the family, who in his teens did fling his cello, so to speak, down the sink — David sometimes sings with us at these parties. He never talks about music; like my brother's friends when I was young, he would strangle rather than admit he likes it,

but, an infallibly correct sight reader, he sits with the basses and breathes deep, and we pretend not to know he is there.

Sarah's peculiar method of learning to sing is, I think, what fascinates everybody; perhaps I had rather say, her very individual outlook upon the arts. Sarah was not reared, as were the rest of us, in a school which lets go, which roars its enthusiasm, turns red in the face, and pounds its feet when pleased. Sarah takes art for granted in the same calm, extremely practical way that she takes life and dinner time.

One Sunday we were singing a Handel duet with the children, and Sarah read the alto part at sight. John was playing our accompaniment; he turned and stared at his wife. 'Got that D natural, by heaven, did n't you? Where did you learn to sing fourths? I never heard you practise them.'

Sarah replied easily that she had learned them driving the automobile. 'Every time I turn a right-hand corner I sing a fourth, and every time I turn a left-hand corner I sing a fifth. I've been doing it for months.'

Not a child in the room, upon hearing this, but wanted to try the vocal leap of one-to-four, with all its variations. Perhaps it is not art, that kind of effort, perhaps it is not even music. But it is a game, and a good game.

One winter afternoon another fiddler and I were playing sonatas with Pamela at her house in Bryn Mawr — old sonatas for two violins and piano. Tea was laid before the fire; between movements we snatched at buttered toast and conversation. Pamela was at that time a candidate for the state senate; present was an enthusiastic young man who had called to discuss political matters with her. His enthusiasm concerned not music, but the autumn elections, and what he wanted

was *talk*; it was obvious he neither knew music nor cared to know it. As I played I could see him where he crouched by the fire, a look upon his face half exasperation, half puzzlement. What, he was wondering, is Pamela up to now? Why do these people fling themselves so violently from the attainable concrete to the unattainable abstract?

After an hour he got up and, walking over to us, stood watching closely until we played the last chord. We played it — bang! — with a ring and a smash, and all three rose laughing — I do not know exactly why — from our seats. The young man laughed too. ‘Well, I’m damned!’ he said. ‘It’s *fun*, doing that, is n’t it?’

Fun! I remember one child who played second violin with us at home for years. ‘It’s fun,’ she would say, as she put up her instrument when we were done. ‘Mozart is fun to play. I

had to count sixteen measures rest, and I got back exactly on time. And I’ll bet nobody saw my foot move, either.’ (Like the indignant Briton, this child — who was not Cynthia — belongs to the school which thinks rhythm should be felt, not tapped with the foot. Cynthia herself counts, she says, all *andantes* with her stomach.) ‘Let’s try a new Mozart, next Sunday,’ the child would say — and then one night when she was sixteen she laid her fiddle on her knee and looked at me wide-eyed across the stands. A long adagio cadence trembled on the air; the child’s eyes were bright, bewildered. ‘It’s beautiful,’ she said softly. ‘That Mozart — why, it’s beautiful.’

The long road or the short, the straight or the crooked, — as æsthete, poacher, or as sportsman, — I care not how nor by what road men come home to music. I care only that they come.

A LODGING IN THE BAYSWATER ROAD

BY DOROTHY TYLER

I

VISITING the graves of great men is an odd recreation, perhaps, but a common one, as a trip to any Old World cemetery will make plain. Look for Albrecht Dürer in the big, thickly sown cemetery far out in Nuremberg; the grave of De Quincey in the heart of Edinburgh; the grave of Karl Marx, eclipsing the English bones of Faraday, George Eliot, and Herbert Spencer in Highgate Cemetery, London; the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Florence—you will have little difficulty in finding them. Note how well worn is the path leading to them and you will have a subtle index to the ebb and flow of the day's intellectual tides. Often a legion has been there before you, has asked the way and been directed. It is not only that a grave is a shrine, a place where one can pay homage to the heroes closest to one's heart and head. Such is the state of being human that it is often there, rather than in their former dwelling places, that one seems to gather most telling proof that these dead once actually lived, and, what is more, were mortal, and died.

Nevertheless, the amount of toil and trouble one must take to find this last lodging varies. It is easy to come upon the Divine Sarah; it is less so to run down that wearer of one of the strangest faces in English literature, Laurence Sterne. In a great city of the dead like Père-Lachaise the guard will

direct you to the tomb of Sarah Bernhardt as easily as the gendarme on the corner would have pointed out her Paris apartment to an inquirer. He will give you street and number. Moreover, you will be able to visit other notables on the way. But with a man like Sterne, whose friends buried him in a place where they order these matters worse than they do in France, you will have to find your own devious way. And unless you have campaigned with Uncle Toby and followed the Shandean divagations that ultimately led to the breeching of Tristram, this is a sentimental journey you will hardly make. But if you have, and if you do, you will find to your astonishment that even in this improbable place there have been others before you.

It was a day in November when I myself set out on this pilgrimage—one of those chill yet mellow days when the flowers still bloom in the public gardens and the English walk out to admire them, much as the Japanese make viewing pilgrimages to Fujiyama, and with something of the same reverence; when the leaves are still whirling around the windows where Victoria woke to be told she was Queen and to promise that she would be good, and the large canine population of the largest city of the world is still walked briskly past; but the boys who in summer sail their miniature craft on the Round Pond in

the Gardens or walk in quartets toward the Serpentine, tight rolls of towels and swimming suits under their arms, have vanished from the scene. On such a day the thoughts turn like a weather vane toward tea and all its pleasant concomitants. If tea had not existed, the English would doubtless have invented it for such days as these.

I had mine on Oxford Street, called 'stony-hearted stepmother' by De Quincey and belittled by writers before and since. From the window, as I sat thinking about Sterne's near-by lodgings in Old Bond Street and his grave, which was no farther away, I watched the deliberate British workingman putting the finishing touches on the new Marble Arch Hotel. Resisting the temptation to linger in this agreeable atmosphere of fragrant warmth and low voices, I stepped out at length and threaded my way cautiously through the relentless traffic at the Marble Arch, almost as dangerous to the innocent pedestrian of to-day as Tyburn Tree, which once stood here, was to the malefactors formerly dragged here to die. On the other side, before the high barriers of Hyde Park, I paused to catch my breath and to look skeptically across at what the guidebook pointed out as my destination — skeptically because the old burial ground is one of those soft retreats within a minute of the Juggernaut of to-day's traffic which only London knows how to keep. It pleased me to remember suddenly that it was here, in the Bayswater Road, that Walter de la Mare's Midget had found lodgings, like many a full-sized Londoner before and since. Sterne, it appeared, had done the same, and taken a permanent lease.

II

Behind its iron fence and stretch of green grass stood the red brick Chapel

of the Ascension, built on the site of the old mortuary chapel of St. George's. Under the cornice, as I went in, I read the evangelical inscriptions: 'Is it nothing to all ye who pass by? Come and rest awhile. Jesus Christ, yesterday, to-day, and forever.' It seemed a strange façade for a clergyman of the Church of England to lie behind. A few people, I found, had obeyed the injunction and were wandering about inside, looking at the Biblical scenes and the prophets and disciples painted by Frederic Shields. Through the arched passageway that divides the chapel from the living quarters of the portress I could see a garden. When I made inquiry the portress directed me through with a practised sweep of the arm and instructions which, mumbled without benefit of teeth, were none too clear. Even so, I gathered from her quick understanding of what I wanted that many had preceded me on the same errand.

Emerging into the garden, I looked about me, more incredulous than before. The great area of ground that was once laid out as the burial place of the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, in which Sterne died, was such a medley of tennis courts and other facilities for sports, stray graves, cabbages and dahlias, chrysanthemums and benches for meditative sitting in the sun, as must be seen to be believed. I had seen a few other London cemeteries turned into recreation grounds, — Stepney, where old men discuss life on the dole while the graves of their equally impecunious forbears moulder behind their backs, and the little court near Bunhill Fields where boys chase footballs around the graves of a few famous Quakers, — but nothing to equal this.

The gruesome history of the burial ground, as I learned later, does much to explain this astonishing sight. In the failing light I made my way toward

the west wall, where an old gardener was bent double over one of the garden plots, weeding and harvesting. He raised his head and looked at me for a moment, then resumed his task. We two seemed the only living creatures there. Along the wall behind him stood rows of ancient tombstones, wrenched from their proper graves, their lettering obliterated — the memorials of forgotten men and women. These were neither courtiers, nor politicians, nor lawyers, nor great buyers of land, it appears, but poor people, and it is not to consider too curiously to see that their dust, though far from noble, now grows flowers and fruit for their countrymen.

In this useful jungle it was fairly easy to find Sterne's grave, for it is one of the few still kept in good order. *Arbor vitæ* grows green upon it and a neat iron railing bounds it. Two as Shandean spirits as ever drew breath are responsible for the placing of the headstone, which, whatever its shortcomings, begins with an inspired comment: 'Alas, poor Yorick!' They were mistaken in the date of Sterne's death and caused to be cut on the stone a set of inept and eminently unsuitable verses, but the heart warms toward them as one reads the inscription. 'Two Brother Masons,' they called themselves, who, finding Sterne still unhonored with a tombstone about the year 1780, erected one at their own expense, being of the opinion that the Reverend Laurence Sterne, A.M., had all the qualities of the good Freemason and acted, as it were, 'by Rule and Square,' and in short was one of them in everything but membership. At the foot is another stone, placed a century later by the 'owner of the Sterne property,' correct and dignified in all details. But it is the Brothers of the headstone who hold the imagination. My mind conjured up images of these two, — 'W & S,' they signed them-

selves, — hearty, Dogberrian, pink-faced, a little slow in the wit they appreciated in Sterne, with a fine faith in the divine origin of Freemasonry. Though they knew the 'incomparable Performances' of Sterne in literature, it seems improbable that they knew the man himself — the 'perpetual curacy' in Coxwold, the incompatible wife who went mad, the life that appears drab, lonely, even tragic, despite the mitigations of sentimental journeys, London lionizing, and those 'small, quiet attentions' he paid all his life to other ladies than his wife. Had they known him better, I thought, W and S might have served his memory better by adding a single line under their elegiac 'Alas, poor Yorick!' — the Euripidean line of whose effect on the Abderans he wrote so feelingly: 'O Cupid, prince of gods and men.'

III

As the sun disappeared and dark began to fall over the garden, I recalled the grim stories about Sterne's fate after burial — stories the trim, well-ordered grave seems to belie. Yet in the big, darkening, silent place, where the heart of London seemed as remote as it had actually been in Sterne's day, the stories took on a vivid probability. It was a scene, even now, for ghosts and body snatchers. As ancient Egyptian tombs had to be guarded against those who rifled them for plunder, those of the eighteenth century needed protection against those who rifled for the anatomist. If the story of Sterne's body being carried off a day or two after his burial and sold to Cambridge was true, what irony there was in this sequel to his whimsical idea of himself as lineal descendant of Yorick, the King's Jester, inheritor of infinite jest and excellent fancy — this coincidence of fate by which he in turn was knocked

about the mazzard with a body snatcher's spade! What irony that the self-same skull that once gathered in knowledge at Jesus College and devised wit in company with that boon companion, John Hall-Stevenson, should return there as part of the University's anatomical collection! Here was fine revolution, and it took no trick to see't.

It was the horror occasioned by the story of Sterne's fate,¹ it seems, that led to virtual abandonment of the area as a burial ground and probably explains the bewildering confusion of purposes one finds here to-day. Nevertheless, the grave serves him well, and Shandean pay tribute to him there even now, whether his bones lie here or disappeared long ago in the laboratories at Cambridge.

Taking a hurried look at the grave of Ann Radcliffe as I passed, and thinking that she never wrote so Gothic a Tale as this of Sterne's, I followed

the old gardener down the path and through the arch. The portress was entertaining a crony at tea. I could see them inside, through the windows that looked out on tombstones and cabbages and chrysanthemums. Teacups in hand, they sat one on each side of the grate, their only light the coal fire leaping redly through the dark interior. The portress's big black cat was walking from one window ledge to the next, delicately skirting a half-filled milk bottle which had already done its duty by the tea.

A good landlady, I thought, remembering Sterne's permanent lease. On the Bayswater Road, where the Midget had walked, Londoners were now hurrying home. I hurried with them toward my own light and warmth, feeding, as I went, upon that sense of the past which London keeps for Americans who hunger and thirst for it; but grateful that I should in all probability never die in lodgings in Old Bond Street, or reappear, after the last solemn rites, in the laboratories of my Alma Mater.

¹ For this information and some other facts in the essay I am indebted to *The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne*, by Wilbur L. Cross. — AUTHOR

AN INSTITUTE OF LIVING

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

I HAD come to the place with lines of Jeffers beating in my memory: —

It is likely enough that lions and scorpions
Guard the end: life never was bonded to be
endurable nor the act of dying
Unpainful. . . .

My friend and I had chosen a bench near a group of elms and maples in that corner of the grounds between the conservatories and an outlying area of flower beds. We had chosen the bench because of its view of a border of red cannas and salvia. They reminded us of a university campus we had both known.

More than bright borders recalled the campus. Over the thirty-five grass-covered acres, surprisingly preserved while a century of the drive and unrest of a growing city pressed in on them; over the park with its scattered cottages framed in magnificent tree groups, spread that atmosphere of tranquillity which marked the campus. Familiar pigeons plied between the gables of the older central hospital building, near the truck- and car-traveled street, and the distant cottage roofs. Gray squirrel families were busy with the trees. And a woman, perhaps in her fifties, was picking red salvia from the border near us.

'She is picking the flowers,' I said.

'That's what they're for.'

There seemed to be nothing unusual about her. It was pleasant to me to see

her own pleasure in this action of selecting her bouquet. Then she left the salvia for a stand of dahlia bushes not yet in bloom. Involuntarily my hand moved to stop hers as she snapped off the crown of a bush, a long stalk heavy with tight buds. This she added stiffly to the salvia; then another and another awkward, frustrated stem. And satisfied, she walked quietly away.

I looked at my companion. On his face I read nothing beyond a kind of vicarious satisfaction in that free expression and fulfillment of a desire.

'That's what they're for,' he repeated.

I realized then, and increasingly during the day, that this friend of mine, in whom years of overstrain had shaken the mysteriously delicate nerve balance, disturbed that mechanism 'fussily adjusted to environment like an electroscope' — that he had found relief here. After long suffering in an effort to regain adjustment, he was resting on something represented by the gathering of the bouquet — on something not directly evaluated, but which, after months of the beneficent influence of the new system for treating nervous and mental illness, had been so certainly sensed that it had established an attitude which flowered in a feeling of *bien-être*.

We walked across the lawn toward the freshly painted, peaked cottage

where he lived. Near it was a croquet ground.

'I'm playing croquet — it was my own idea,' he added with emphasis. 'It came to me one day when Morton and I were watching a game. There's Morton now' — an aide had appeared on the cottage porch.

'Would this be a good time for a match?' I asked.

'Yes, but a short one — there's the luncheon food car.' An enclosed truck was beginning the midday distribution of food containers from the kitchen in the central building to the kitchenettes of the cottages. While Morton went to get mallets and balls our eyes followed the course of the highly polished truck, and my friend commented on the success of the household administration of which it formed a part. 'Take my tray. How, even with first-grade dietitians in the kitchen, can food for so many be so good? Always surprises — I look forward to each meal hour. You'll see the girls preparing things in our kitchenette. It's neat, attractive — the china, too.' It was clear that my friend felt not only interest but personal pride in the direction of this establishment which included himself. (I am, I may insert, not recording breaks in the conversation's thread of continuity, but linking point with point.)

I went to the cottage porch, with its bright-covered couch, smoking stand, reading table, and settled in a comfortable chair from which to watch the croquet game. Morton seemed not to be directing it; yet I saw that he was. Later, I found one explanation of what seemed an ideal relationship between aide and patient. I learned that the initial concrete illustration of the desired relationship between those who are ill and those who care for them is a blotting out of the word 'patient.' There might have been endless abstract discussion of such relationship which

would have gotten nowhere; but the simple act of barring one word and substituting for it the word 'guest' immediately registered something in the minds of the personnel. The obligation was placed upon them and the proper start made.

Along paths, across lawns, there was a continuous passing of alert young men and women. 'You will find that staff on tiptoe,' a physician had told me. Some of these aides were on their way to a nurses' hall; some hurried to classes. Others, on duty, accompanied a guest to a treatment room, or shop; to a lecture, a group tea, the library, or perhaps merely on a walk, or to tennis courts or golf course. At times psychiatric aide and guest stopped for a chat with a physician on his rounds. My eye, substituting professor for physician, saw a campus picture repeated. I had the impression that within the park's security moved something young and forward-looking. Life was fluid; not static, hopeless. How immeasurably removed, this atmosphere, from that one of finality which darkens the typical institution that cares for mental illness! Here not even the park is shut in. The open lawns sweep down to a low green picket fence. And along one street there is not so much as the garden fence. Guests driving in and out (frequent automobile excursions are included in the régime), going to the country or to a football game or the theatre, have no impression, on returning, of entering a separated place. So strongly did the scene recall the campus that I was interested, later on, to hear the physician-in-chief call the park by precisely that name, and to learn that his purpose is to convert an 'institution' into an institute of living, which combines hospital and school — a place for education and reëducation under psychiatric guidance based on sound medical practice.

II

When barely eighteen, I was given charge of a school often called 'the asylum school,' because, with few exceptions, the sixty-odd pupils were children of attendants in the sinister buildings, shut in by high brick walls, known as the 'State Insane Asylum.' The school trustees were attendants. Each month I had to go for my pay check to an office in one of these buildings. This took me along a corridor from whose barred windows I looked down on two blank-walled enclosures where the 'dangerous' were taken for exercise and air. The guards in those sealed yards were well armed.

One day, as I was about to pass through a door that divided a corridor into two lengths, a woman darted from somewhere up close behind me, clapped the hooded part of a sunbonnet over my face, and, as she deftly tied the strings at the back of my neck, cried, 'The gate of hell — give up all hope, you who enter!'

After forty years, I can still feel those bonnet strings being tied at the back of my neck, and hear that Dantesque utterance. For it was not the mere crying out of the unbalanced brain that made me shudder then; it was the fact that my own impressions going and coming along those halls of doom gave the utterance a terrible verity. That is why it still rings across my brain.

This early experience was one of the reasons for my interest in the unique, humane work that has been carried on for centuries now in Belgium's northern village, Gheel. There the normal family includes with its own members one or two, or perhaps more, 'innocents,' suffering from various degrees of nervous instability. The townspeople coöperate with directing physicians in the attempt to give these guests as natural an environment as

possible — to the end that the condition of nervous unbalance shall be cured, or at least be so greatly alleviated that the person can be reinstated in society. And to aid in that reinstatement voluntary committees of citizens (the first was formed in Antwerp) offer in their turn to coöperate with Gheel to ensure a successful restoration, it being of course understood that Gheel accepts only those patients whose condition promises a possibility of such improvement that the reëntury into society may be successfully accomplished. It is more than eight years since I wrote a brief account of Gheel for the *Atlantic*, yet again this past year I had requests for further information. These letters so movingly reveal the search for what I felt I had discovered now, in our own country, that I determined to find out all that I could about the institute of living.

This game of croquet, for instance, pursued with a measure of success and unquestionably with pleasure — what had awakened the energy, the desire it represented? During a half-dozen hapless years my friend had been so bereft of both that he had attempted no game of any kind. I found the beginning of the answer in the belief on which the system rests — that is, that we can make no fundamental progress in our care of mental illness until we separate the care of pre-psychotic, acute, recoverable groups from the care of chronic and purely custodial cases.

For not only must the effect of the chronic type of illness on the acute type be considered, but the fact that facilities required for the two groups differ, and that the personnel with the emotional and mental make-up suited to intensive work with recoverable cases is not best suited to the care of chronic cases. Without in any way elevating the service of one of these

personnel groups above the other, the staff of this institute recognizes that they are as incompatible as are the groups they care for, and doubts if both can attain their highest development in the same institution. It has chosen to do most of its work in the field of preventive psychiatry, and with recoverable or partially recoverable cases.

We have heard a great deal about the serious overcrowding of state hospitals, about the necessity of changing the asylums to hospitals. But we have not heard enough about separating the asylum type of case from the hospital type, so that institutions bearing the name of hospital may be that in fact as well as in name. Here already, because of the extent and the quality of physical medicine practised, the standard has been brought up to that of the better general hospitals.

For each guest the clinical laboratory conducts an exhaustive physical assay. For each, experts (some forty universities are represented on the professional staff) make initial and subsequent diagnoses. By installing a night shift in the medical record room, it has been made possible to coördinate within twelve hours all known medical facts regarding an individual case and to place this information promptly at the disposal of those in a position to use it. Thus the medical record is a tool in the daily management of the case. I had the impression of maximum mobility in medical practice.

In the physiotherapy rooms are bewildering activities of rays and waters, muscle training, and corrective exercises. The rooms themselves are so brightly attractive, the attitude of assistants is so keyed to that background, that the mere visit to a therapy hall is helpful.

I saw clearly proved the beneficial effect on my friend of an interesting, varied physical programme, intimately

adjusted to his changing need — a programme which was never allowed to become stale, which, as his tray did, included surprises, and which had led him, by steps that made him feel that he himself had elected it, to the croquet game.

III

When I again visited my friend's cottage, I found him on the porch with Morton, the aide. We pushed open the French doors and entered the living room, to which comfortable furniture, books and papers, a writing desk and radio, gave a homelike attractiveness. Someone was playing a piano.

'That's upstairs. There are two elderly ladies upstairs, one of them a musician. She plays or practises every day. We are really four in this cottage — there's this bedroom off the living room [he showed it] besides my own on the first floor, but for the moment it is n't occupied. So we're three.'

A short corridor led to his own room, bright with chintz and fresh fruits and flowers. From this hall opened, too, the white kitchenette, where two girls in fresh caps and aprons were busy between the electric stove and the cupboard.

'This I know you'll like to see. There are the containers; there, the trays — everything shining. A lot goes on here, and they don't stop at trouble. They're glad to have you stay for lunch. That's more than it seems, because it has to be arranged with the central kitchen. I'd think it difficult, but they don't!' He smiled. 'Only we should n't be late. They have lessons afterward.'

I laughed.

'Oh, yes, Morton keeps a check on them all, don't you, Morton?' he laughed in return. 'Everything going all right to-day?'

Morton nodded 'yes' from the corridor end where he had gone to get a couple of tables.

Inside the bright bedroom I asked, 'Do you enjoy eating as well as looking at these fruits? Does Morton peel them for you?' (My friend has a difficult hand.) And quickly I realized that I had made a mistake. The eyes flashed. 'Oh, you don't understand. Peel them? He dices them to just the convenient size. It's more than peeling!' I had failed to appreciate that 'more' which made him contented in, and proud of, his home.

He took something from a dresser drawer. I noticed its neat arrangement, as I had before observed his own meticulous appearance.

I sat down by a reading table on which were several books. They looked new. 'You may not have seen some of these,' he said. 'Our library has an arrangement with publishers by which we have books before they're reviewed in the newspapers. You'll find the last list in this,' he handed me a little mimeographed magazine that looked like a college daily. 'We publish it here — the cover design and the illustrations are competitive. This is, you see, a kind of college,' he added, as I ran through the pages with their reports of classes, exhibitions, plays, music, excursions, games, tea parties — a multifarious activity. 'Over half the personnel have had some college training and everybody's studying. I go to the library daily, to look over or to choose books. It's convenient, too, because it's near the barber shop! You know we have a street of shops.'

I did know; for en route to the cottage from the charming hall which houses the chiefs of staff I had come along a replica in miniature of an old-world street, with barber shops for men, modiste and beauty shops for women, and a fascinating Dickensian library. The tuckshop, afternoon tea and smoking room, was lower down the lawn slope, more easily accessible to the golf course.

I turned to the little magazine's book section, thinking as I did so of those nondescript novels of forgotten vintage that form the usual stock of institution shelves. I read: —

On our desk is a selected pile of books, widely varying in type, which are to appear in the shops next week. Of first interest is *The Story of My Life*, by Marie, Queen of Rumania. [There followed a brief review.] All who enjoy reading of Imperial Europe will revel in *The Story of My Life*.

Warwick Deeping has written a historical novel — *The Man on the White Horse* [review]. Deeping is taking a turn for the better.

The third volume of Jules Romain's great novel, *Men of Good Will*, has just arrived — its title is *The Proud and the Meek*.

Other new arrivals at Ye Royale Booke:

New Frontiers — Henry Wallace
Best Plays, 1933-34 — Burns Mantle
The Tale of a Shipwreck — James Norman Hall
The Heroic Years — Fletcher Pratt
Reaction and Revolution — Frederick Artz
Brinkley Manor — P. G. Wodehouse
The White Reef — Martha Ostenso

Ye Royale Booke is offering individual programmes for guided reading. If you have an intellectual curiosity about history, Greek mythology, social theory, art, philosophy, and wish to pursue a concentrated study, the librarian will outline a programme of constructive reading for you. The books will be from our own library supplemented by books from the city library.

After lunch, in the office of the directing psychiatrist, I commented on the unusual activities of the library. 'It's only that we've made it a living, functioning thing,' he said. Then he asked, 'What happens when a patient returns home after months, perhaps years, of ill health spent in the typical institution? He finds family and friends talking about books he has n't even heard of. He starts his new life feeling behind the times — with a feeling that is at once a handicap to his

reinstatement. What, on the contrary, do our guests find on returning? That they are not only abreast of the family, but perhaps ahead. You would be astonished to know the total use of this library. It has surprised even me. The range of its use would give you some suggestion of the range of illness we try to relieve.'

'To what degree of mental illness do you limit your acceptances?' I asked.

'The limit is set only by our belief that we cannot help the person who wishes to come here. We have people who, like your friend, are little more than nervously fatigued, and others who are just as ill as they are in any institution; only we don't act strangely about it — it's nothing to get excited about. One ill person is not different from another except as we make or keep him so. A typhoid patient is often delirious — do we set him apart as "different" because of that?'

IV

As we talked, I realized that I was in the presence of a pioneer, dedicated to that group among us about whom our past psychology has been cruelly, seemingly hopelessly, wrong; who was, with a consuming zeal, leading them out of that past darkness across a frontier into a new country. He sees no fundamental progress possible in the care of mental illness until we regard public and private institutions as essentially places for the education and reëducation of each individual patient, and of the personnel; until we regard service in the public and private mental and nervous hospital as a profession equal to, or in advance of, service in any other branch of the educational world; until the psychiatric staff has become a faculty, assiduously at work on a basic curriculum, modified to meet each patient's need, a faculty which furnishes a progressive study course to

accompany the physical-therapy programme.

'You are right,' this director said, 'in noting the seemingly trivial details which have interested you. Our objective rests upon just those little things. They make the pattern.' And again he passionately assailed the old psychology that marked as 'different' the person mentally ill.

'Take these things you've observed in your friend's cottage — the women guests upstairs, the mixed men and women aides — those girls in the kitchenette that he pointed to with pride — all that touches a fundamental. What has been customary past procedure? If a person became mentally ill, the initial step was to destroy that normal human environment in which the sexes mingle. Men and women were set unnaturally apart. Our first step here is to ensure that normal environment in which men and women live and work together. Your friend may not appraise the cause, but that is a major reason for his contentment.

'In recent years we have thought we had made a big advance when we emphasized the need of kindness in our relationships with the mentally ill. But how can kindness suffice? We have to add to it a new attitude of mind, a new type of thinking, a different psychology. In the past, psychiatric hospitals have been poorer in psychology than any others. Kindness does n't get us far if practised within a false environment. You can see what this involves. It is not enough that chiefs of staff find a new mental axis — the whole personnel must; the community must.

'There must be created a normal environment for the aide as well as for the patient. It was the former atmosphere, spreading from a wrong psychology, that made the type of person we need to help us here seek work elsewhere. During our first six months

it was difficult to get assistants. Then the "attendant" type began to leave, and the type we wanted, to apply. The higher the standard, the easier it is to get help. We are not asking for attendants for the insane (the terms "sane" and "insane" we relegate to the legal world); we are asking for psychiatric aides, for teachers in a school of living. Here not only the ill but they themselves will be taught, will learn something about society and intellectual processes. We try to teach a nurse, for instance, to be a coördinator of the forty-odd therapeutic activities in progress here continuously; a coördinator, not a mere companion who watches and protects — not, God forbid, the traditional turnkey! Our psychiatric aide must be a reasonable judge of his patient's mental reactions, play an active and constructive part in his therapeutic programme. He must be an assistant in psychotherapy, which, broadly conceived, is essentially personal guidance. We try to help him to get his own thinking straight, to find a philosophy of life — then all the other things fall into place and become usable. We are trying to develop not only an institute where the art as well as the science of medicine will be practised and taught, but also a home where the new profession of psychiatric nursing can be developed.

'The result, even now, is that over half of our present aides have had some type of college or university training, and our nurses, in addition to being registered, are graduates of the better high schools or colleges. Educational standards for our personnel have advanced to the point where we are truly an institute. And we have made our beginning in postgraduate work for medical men in the field of psychiatry. In the old days, the burden was placed on the patient; we place it on the nurse and aide, on ourselves; that means constant study, constant advance. It

means the substitution, for the terrible old symbols of separateness and hopelessness, of an alert sensitive response to need — an infinitely diversified response. The average age of our personnel is just under thirty years, which safeguards the enthusiasm and vigor of the institution. We have a staff on tiptoe in the battle to maintain for the mentally ill and for themselves an environment as nearly natural as possible. We never depart from the normal except when compelled to, and then for a minimum length of time. It is this opportunity for progress, this challenge to merit, that attracts the assistance we need.'

V

Because of its educational objective, pursued through intimate personal supervision and relationship, the institute and hospital has at any given time no more than two hundred ill persons in residence — for that many the directing physician knows the names, can carry in his mind the daily status. Could resources permit more acceptances, the total number of patients would then be broken up into units, each to include not more than two hundred. For such a number, too, the director can, as he does here, with another doctor personally make the group assignments.

I found fourteen groups, the composition of each determined by the individual need and by the reaction of one within that group upon the other. They shift as experience directs. If in Group I, for instance, tastes prove not congenial, if the graph is moving down instead of up, there is a regrouping. The reaction, too, of each patient to the persons in charge of each of his classes is considered of fundamental importance. Conditions, it is admitted, cannot be perfect, but always they must be moving toward the normal.

No doctor has a vested right in a particular guest; he remains in charge only so long as he is improving the condition of the guest. If he is not succeeding in doing that, another physician is assigned.

I was impressed with the number of visits by staff physicians to my friend's cottage, and discovered one reason why they had so much time to give. They do not spend hours writing out the old type of report. Each morning they meet with the physician-in-chief to review their cases. The time saved from report writing is spent with patients.

Then I discovered a fact of revealing significance. There is here no receiving cottage, no receiving machinery. For a receiving cottage, no matter how kindly, is a tremendous mental insult to a person who already has more problems of adjustment than he can stand up under. When the staff began their work, others warned them that it would not be safe to assign guests directly to their attractive rooms — someone, for instance, might fling a lamp across such a room. 'A lamp smashed — \$1.80 lost!' the director replied. 'Often I've known it would do me a lot of good to smash a lamp. Instead, possessing a car and the liberty to run it, I've rushed out and stepped on the gas — and returned relieved!' So guests continue to be taken directly, as if they were arriving at a country club or hotel, to their rooms. Not to that typical old room with its wire screens, screw bed, untearable sheets — and suicide written all over its walls. No, not to that!

Conditions are made as safe as possible by a system of discipline — which begins with the aide; the more the responsibility rests upon him, the less burdensome it is to the patient. Incidentally, the illuminating result has been that in this institute and hospital the relative loss for damage is

less than in any similar institutions of which I have knowledge.

Then, once a guest has entered in a direct, natural manner, the institute attempts to maintain for him normal surroundings, which calls for the highest degree of sensitive response to individual mental reactions. For, while the impression of naturalness must not be sacrificed, it is at the same time essential to create for the ill person an initial completely protective environment, which, as a progressive set of readjustments is established, must be as progressively, as delicately, withdrawn. In the past, what we have done to a person mentally ill was equivalent to asking a man with a broken arm to hold it out straight, or upright, until it was healed. We have given him something harder to do than we have asked of any other ill person. Here, today, he too is provided with the beneficent bandage.

VI

By this time I found myself back in the area of luminous perspectives, of greenhouses and experimental gardens, where I had started; and considering the subject of occupational therapy, to which they are linked; but, with the eyes of the faculty staff, viewing it from a new angle.

'I had an awful job getting the calico cats out of this place,' the director had confided on the first day of my visit. 'And to outlaw that raffia lamp that nobody on earth wants. If you get anybody into a frame of mind where he is willing to spend his day on those unpurposeful performances, there isn't much hope for him.'

I saw all manner of things being taught. The institute connects, moreover, with extension courses of certain universities. But instead of condemning a woman, say, to making raffia baskets which have no connection with

her past, nor will have with her future activity, the attempt is made to awaken her interest in courses of study which offer, to her, a channel for genuine self-expression. Often the approach is by way of a hobby, by way of the question, 'Have you a hobby?' or, 'If you have n't a hobby, can't you find one?' — which has led some women to the greenhouses, to the making of experimental gardens, to the study of horticulture; which has led others to the study of home economics, of social correspondence, of caterers' service; to various classes in the arts and crafts; to dozens of other tonic, usable pursuits.

I thought illuminating the case of a certain banker, who arrived in a state of nervous instability. He had been encouraged to discover a hobby, and, after several visits to the greenhouses, had found it there. He was engaged in designing and carrying forward a garden. Had he, on his arrival, been arbitrarily assigned to gardening, as part of an occupational-therapy programme, his reaction, in his overwrought condition, might easily have been, 'Gardening? To be a gardener, then, is all that's left for me — I'll cut my throat first!'

While he was looking for, considering, his hobby, the doctor was uncovering the fact that his illness was largely the outgrowth of a feeling of insecurity that had pursued him from the very beginning of a banking career embarked upon without an adequate knowledge of the fundamental system of accounting. Before long this banker was following a university extension course in precisely that troublesome subject of accounting; so that when he returns to his work he will be relieved of the former strain. It is from such an angle that the institute enters the field of occupational therapy.

It permits, moreover, no outside ex-

hibitions and sales of articles made by its guests; nor will it allow them until the community, in its relationships with persons nervously ill, shall have discarded the old false psychology and learned the new — until it will no longer view such an exhibition with a breath-caught 'Is n't it remarkable? Think, made by the insane!' There are, on the other hand, all sorts of stimulating expositions and competitions on the campus itself. We have destroyed the false psychology of our former attitude toward tuberculosis; we can destroy that of our attitude toward mental illness.

When, stiffening my courage with the Jeffers lines, I first went to visit my friend, I little hoped for what I found. Now I go to the institute counting on the solacing effect of the picture of him, following, as he may, the restorative activities with which he feels himself so intimately identified; happy, whether he reads much or little, to have his books about him; pleased to hear the two elderly ladies at their playing overhead; interested to watch from the porch the gardeners preparing other flower borders for their satisfying ends.

And I have come to look on the little apartment I have occupied in the nurses' hall as a place where my own mind has found healing.

Had I wished to trace the grim history of our failure to work out a humane treatment for the vast tragic company of those who, by the fateful gene or by other disastrous forces, have been thrust into the maelstrom of nervous illness, — had I tried to follow that path across long darkness into this light, — certainly I should have wanted not to minimize the importance of each least past effort by persons within and without institutions to break down the old walls. But, despite their isolated victories, there is still, in this country, a lack of any feeling of confidence that an adequate attack upon the problem

of mental and nervous diseases as a whole has been made or will be made through our present type of institutional thinking.

There never has been excuse for our tolerance of unscientific, unsocial practice in the treatment of mental illness. Indeed, our past indifference conspicuously justifies the pessimism of those who see the spectacular advances of science as impotent to affect the intellectual fabric of our civilization; who see, as President Angell does, prejudice, custom, emotion, and instincts of immediate self-interest still largely controlling human conduct, and realize that only by long, slow process of education will the infiltration of scientific thought and method reach the deeper layers of personality.

To-day, in the field of mental illness, there is offered for our education so striking a demonstration of the ameliorating effects of a new psychology that

now less than ever is there excuse for our tolerance of malign methods. It is for the public to demand that the principles embodied in such a private undertaking as this which I have attempted briefly to report shall be adopted by state and other institutions across our country. Whatever the new social order toward which we are moving may bring, who doubts that one of its first aims must be to widen the effort to help men to adjust themselves to life, to their fellow men?

It is for the public so to support each endeavor to effect an enlightened, humane technique for the treatment of nervous unbalance that the field of preventive psychiatry will be swiftly widened; that in the care of recoverable cases the new psychology will operate in its atmosphere of hope; and that even at the end of the forest, where the monarch mind is completely exiled, will be felt its mitigating influence.

LANGUAGE AND LOGIC

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

THE difference between English and American practice in the use of some of our commonest words is an interesting study, on which much has been written. There is one aspect of this subject, however, which seems to have hitherto been overlooked. No one, as far as I am aware, has yet called attention to a certain curious feature of these divergences: the strange fashion in which some of them illustrate the illogicality, or shall we call it the inconsistency, of the human mind. It is beside the mark to discuss whether a particular English or American usage is right or wrong. The dominant authority in such matters is simply the practice of the best writers, and our dictionaries and textbooks of the language do no more than codify the established custom. What one does expect, however, is that, on either side of the Atlantic, those who attach a specific meaning to a word shall use it regularly in this sense. And that is by no means what always happens.

Take, for instance, the word 'dessert.' It is derived from the French *desservir*, which means 'to remove what has been served,' 'to clear the table.' The 'dessert,' accordingly, is what follows the last regular course, and the meaning of the term will therefore depend upon what you consider the last course to be. In England the pies, puddings, or other constituents of what is known as 'the sweet course' are regarded as the final item of the meal

proper, and the name of 'dessert' is reserved for the uncooked fruit, nuts, and so forth, that follow. In America, on the other hand, it includes 'the sweet course' itself. This has been so from early days. I find in the Journal of Senator William Maclay an entry, dated 1789, describing a dinner given by President Washington at the White House at which 'the dessert was, first apple-pies, pudding, etc.; then iced creams, jellies, etc.; then water-melons, apples, peaches, nuts.' Only the third of these groups of dainties would be considered 'dessert' by an Englishman. But the Englishman's idiom in the matter is far from being consistent. For one of the implements he uses at his dinner is what he calls a 'dessert spoon,' and this is of service to him only when he is taking 'dessert' in the American, not the English, sense.

It is well known that the original sense of 'sick,' as illustrated in many passages of the King James Version of the Bible, has long been obsolete in England in what grammarians call the predicative use. It is now restricted to mean 'vomiting,' or 'about to vomit,' and 'ill' has taken its place when the reference is to bodily disorders in general. Thus, 'I'm afraid I'm going to be sick' is the sort of remark you may expect to hear from an Englishman on a Channel steamer during a rough crossing, but that is not what he will say if he is threatened with an attack of influenza or bronchitis. Here, again,

his practice is inconsistent, for there is no suggestion of the modern limitation of meaning in 'sick bed,' 'sick leave,' 'sick nurse,' 'sick pay,' and 'sick room,' to say nothing of 'heartsick,' 'homesick,' and 'lovesick.'

The American use of 'corn' to denote what is called in England 'maize' or 'Indian corn' is liable to cause much international misunderstanding, though not, fortunately, of a nature to disturb friendly diplomatic relations. In his *Our Hundred Days in Europe* Oliver Wendell Holmes pictures an average American and an average Englishman talking together. One of them speaks of the beauty of a field of corn. 'They are thinking,' he remarks, 'of two entirely different objects; one of a billowy level of soft waving wheat, or rye, or barley; the other of a rustling forest of tall, jointed stalks, tossing their plumes and showing their silken epaulettes, as if every stem in the ordered ranks were a soldier in full regimentals.' Here, once more, the international difference is not carried out to its logical conclusions. For when an Englishman speaks of 'corn flour' — I believe it is called in the United States 'corn-starch' — he is referring to a product of the American, not the English, 'corn.'

So, too, an Englishman does not speak of the 'engineer' of a railway train, but of the 'engine driver.' He reserves 'engineer' for a person who follows the profession of engineering — a designer or constructor. But he backslides when he leaves the land for the sea, for he gives the name to the man in the engine room of a vessel who has not planned its machinery but is responsible for the working of its engines. In England, again, only a wholesale trader is nowadays described as a 'merchant.' One could not speak, as W. J. Bryan did in his 'cross of gold' speech, of 'the merchant at the crossroads store.' To this rule, however, there is

one curious exception. For the English 'wine merchant' will not refuse to sell his wares in single bottles. The associations of the word 'saloon' are entirely different in the two countries. Yet, while 'saloon' never has in England the meaning of 'drinking place,' part of the normal equipment of an English 'public house' is a 'saloon bar.'

My illustrations of linguistic inconsistencies have so far been drawn from my own side of the Atlantic. I have noted, in addition, a few examples from current American usage. Their first meal in a restaurant is often enough to make English visitors to America and American visitors to England aware of the fact that 'biscuit' may mean something very different from what they are accustomed to signify by that term. One wonders how the same name — which etymologically is equivalent to 'twice cooked' — came to be applied to two things so widely diverse as the English and the American biscuit. Yet, although the Englishman in the United States must ask for a 'cracker' if he wants what he has hitherto called a 'biscuit,' he finds, to his surprise, that an American firm which manufactures it on a large scale registers itself under the name, not of the National Cracker Company, but of the National Biscuit Company.

One might, perhaps, mention as a further though minor example of verbal inconsistency the fact that, while it is an 'administration' at Washington that corresponds to the 'government' at Westminster, the individuals who compose it are known as 'cabinet members,' not 'cabinet ministers' as they would be called in England.

The most remarkable cases are those in which an inconsistent idiom on one side of the Atlantic is matched by a parallel eccentricity on the other. There is an odd example in connection with the difference between English and American usage in the matter of

'boots' and 'shoes.' Hamlin Garland relates in his autobiography that, when he went to Oakland to find Joaquin Miller, a man said to him: 'Yes, I know Miller. He's a rough old fellow — wears boots.' So, too, the *Dictionary of American Biography* describes the late Senator Pettus, of Alabama, as exhibiting 'a somewhat rustic and old-fashioned style of dress, his feet being clad in the only pair of boots then worn in the Senate.'

Both these passages would puzzle an English reader. Why, he will ask, should the wearing of boots be regarded as a sign of uncouthness or rusticity? His bewilderment will vanish when he learns that in the United States 'boot' is specialized to mean what he calls a 'high boot' or a 'Wellington,' whereas the footwear that he ordinarily calls 'boots' is known there as 'shoes.'

But a mystery that remains to be cleared up is why the Englishman should employ a 'shoeblack' to clean what he calls his 'boots,' while an American employs a 'bootblack' to perform a similar service on his 'shoes.' Thus, there is a passage in *Sartor Resartus* in which Thomas Carlyle asks whether 'the whole finance ministers of modern Europe' will 'undertake to make one shoeblack happy.' And one of the philanthropic activities of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury was the foundation of a Shoeblack (not Boot-

black) Brigade. On the other hand, Dr. Charles A. Beard and William Beard tell us, in *The American Leviathan*, that nearly everyone in America takes part in the election of a President, from the existing holder of the office 'down to bootblacks and garage boys,' and I could quote further examples of the word from other American authors, as diverse as James Truslow Adams and Anita Loos.

Again, take 'visit.' In England nowadays — it was not so in Jane Austen's time — a certain element of duration is ordinarily implied in the use of this word. We 'visit' our friends for a week, or, at the least, overnight. But in America a mere afternoon call lasting no more than half an hour is regarded as sufficient to constitute a 'visit.' (Indeed, a casual meeting, provided that it is utilized for social converse, may be described by this term — as when two friends who have happened to travel together for a few blocks in a street car tell one another, when they separate, that they have much enjoyed 'this pleasant visit.') Now the etiquette of good society requires that on the occasion of such calls, in certain circumstances, a small bit of pasteboard shall be left at the house by the caller. Then, of course, in England the name for this token will be a 'calling card' and in America a 'visiting card.' Not at all; it is precisely the opposite.

LIGHT THE LAMP EARLY

WIDE flocks of narrow birds have fled
The glaze of frost-embittered air.
On burrows where the woodchucks sleep
The curled and colored leaves are deep.
The worm winds in the fallen pear.
The ewe that bore the lamb lies dead.

Light the lamp early. Billow breath
Festoons with fog the chilly pane.
Ladder the lighted hearth with logs,
That, as dreams ruffle sleeping dogs,
Warmth in this room may help maintain
This precious life, this twitch in death.

RAYMOND HOLDEN

WAGES — THE CRUX OF OUR PROBLEM

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

'No question is more important than that of wages — most of the people of the country live on wages. The scale of their living — the rate of their wages — determines the prosperity of the country.'

— HENRY FORD

THE worker cannot view wages objectively: they are all that he gets in return for the time and effort he puts into a job. Whereas the expert economist can enter upon a long disquisition on the relationship of total national wage expenditures to national income and the national return to capital, the worker views labor from one standpoint only: —

How much does he get? What is in the pay envelope? What can he give his wife? How much must he pay to the union in dues? What will remain over the cost of food and lodging for the installment payments? How long will the job last? Must there be savings for a period of unemployment? Is there enough for any savings? Are his wages likely to increase or is he in a rut?

These are the questions which face each individual worker, and from the consequences of which there is no escape.

Wages are money. They are the reward for work. They are the only real reward that the worker gets. He may fight for shorter hours and better conditions and recognition of the union, but what he really wants is money — as much money as he can get out of the job. And money is not to be measured in terms of some face value that a gov-

ernment prints on a piece of paper. The value of money is its purchasing power, and that alone. The value of a five-dollar bill is what five dollars will buy.

Social philosophers have written voluminously upon the beauties of labor and the rewards that come from a knowledge of social service. Before Russia became Communist, idealists gravely hoped for the day when men would produce goods because they were urged by a social impulse to be useful. But as the economic experiment in Russia continues, the rôle of wages becomes increasingly important there — as important as in a capitalist state. Soviet Russia has now adopted all the wage devices of capitalism, and the dream of economic equality passes into literature.

The human race has discovered only two ways of producing goods and services involving human labor: one is slavery — that is, a system in which the worker receives no wages for his labor, but is clothed and fed and housed by his master; the other is a wage system by which the worker receives a direct money compensation from which he cares for himself freely according to his rights and tastes. Slavery guarantees a very large measure of social security, but no freedom;

the wage system affords a large measure of personal freedom, but little security.

As the capitalist system advances, slavery gives way to the wage system. Serfdom, indentureships, unpaid apprenticeships, racial slavery, in time disappear. The worker gets money, some of which he spends, some of which he sometimes saves. When he saves money and invests it in some form that brings him a profit, he becomes *ipso facto* a capitalist. Just as a laborer is one who works for wages, a capitalist is one who makes a profit out of the investment of surplus capital, no matter what the origin of that capital may be. It is obvious that under the American system a man may and often does belong to both categories at the same time. In some industries the workers invest so much of their surplus wages in the industry that they become important capitalistic owners of it. This is true, for instance, of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

It is the practice in this country to qualify an intermediary group — namely, those who work for a salary, the 'white-collared' class, the professional men and women, the management of enterprise. This group may be recruited either from the laborers or from the capitalists, and often enjoy an income both from their work and from investment. Socially the salaried person holds a more favored position than the wage earner and often he enjoys a greater security, but the amount he earns in money need not be greater than the income of the wage earner. Teachers, for instance, earn less than plumbers at times.

It is a characteristic of the capitalist system that no man is inevitably bound to remain in the class in which he originated. If he can come into possession of enough money, he can translate himself to a more advantageous class. Therefore increased income from wages not only serves to make it possible for

the worker to purchase a wider variety of things, but also makes it possible for him to improve his social as well as his economic status. No reward for work other than wages can perform this particular function.

I

In the United States, wages have been steadily on the rise, and the relationship of wages to the aggregate national income has shown a fairly constant increase for the employed worker. (By national income is meant 'the net volume of goods and services produced by a nation within a given period — a year,' according to the Brookings Institution publication, *America's Capacity to Consume*. To this definition must be added the qualification that it is measured in money.)

Between 1900 and 1929, the amount of the national income distributed as wages, salaries, and pensions increased from 53 per cent of the value of goods and services produced to 65.1 per cent. Salaries increased more rapidly after the war than wages, but taken together they show a constant rise.

It is to be noted that, according to the Brookings report, the per capita increase of income from 1900 to 1929 was nearly 38 per cent. During the same period, 'the per capita of human time and energy has decreased something like 12 or 13 per cent. This means that, in addition to the increase in per capita income of goods and services, we have obtained the satisfactions that come with greater leisure.'

Wages can only be increased as the national income increases. That is, there must be a general increase in the total value of goods and services, so that a larger share can be allotted to wages, salaries, farmers' income, and profits. Wages cannot rise when all other subdivisions of national income fall, for the very simple reason that in those circumstances the money does

not exist to underwrite a rise. If the increase is not general, then a group in the country suffers a grievance. For instance, whereas wages, salaries, and profits increased between 1900 and 1929, the farmers' income decreased between 1919 and 1929 from over 9 billion dollars to approximately 5.5 billion, a decline of almost 40 per cent, which the Brookings report says 'is quite out of line with general trends.' Therefore the farmer became a political and economic problem; his purchasing power was curtailed. The disparity between wage earnings and farmers' earnings was a greater factor in prolonging and intensifying the depression than the disparity between profits out of capital or rents and farmers' earnings.

Labor leaders and radical economists often speak of wages as though they were something altogether apart. The policy of the 'New Deal,' in its first and radical phase, was to increase wages and raise prices, without regard to profits. That is, just as the war inflation, increasing indebtedness, and an unscientific tariff threw the farmers' income out of line, and as the depression confused all economic relationships, so the recovery sought to benefit the worker and farmer at the expense of the salaried man and the capitalist. But it soon became evident that unless national income increased beneficially for all groups it would be impossible to achieve a healthy economic picture. The selection of favored economic groups was the initial error of the New Deal, but was an inevitable psychological result of the shock produced by the collapse of the American economy.

Those who constantly point to vast fortunes of a few individuals, to the huge sums made, not earned, in Wall Street by speculators, and to the measly wages of some workers, obscure our understanding of the problem of wages. For it is impossible to be constructively objective if one compares

Mr. Rockefeller with a soft-coal miner and says, 'Behold what the profit system and the wage system have produced!'

That dramatic method is valuable for the soap-box orator; it has no place in any serious study of economic conditions. Unfortunately, for too many of us economics does remain a gloomy science. Too many avoid exact figures and accept the obvious, which only too often is altogether untrue.

Actually, the situation is that wages can become too high. That point is reached when so large a share of the national income goes to wages that capital can no longer continue to operate except by using up its reserves. When the reserves are gone, capital ceases to function. Even so huge an industry as the United States Steel Corporation can only operate without profits as long as its reserves last. After that comes bankruptcy. The laborer then either is on reduced rations, which occurred during the 'spread the work' period of the depression, or is thrown out of work altogether.

The government does not, under our system, take the place of the capitalist in the production of goods and services. For if the government produces at a loss it makes up the difference in taxation, and taxation reduces the real income from wages as it reduces the real income from profits. All social and economic classes in the community pay taxes, and although it is possible to tax the capitalist without taxing the laborer by such a device as the income tax, ultimately the price of the goods and services absorbs a share of the tax, or goods and services are taxed directly, as in the sales tax. Class taxation does not guarantee that the tax will not be paid by all classes.

When the government operates as a capitalist at a loss, even though for a time it pays high wages, it is moving in the direction of high taxes or inflation, and both reduce the net income of the

worker, if not at the moment, then soon enough to make him realize that he has been tricked for political advantage. If the government, as a capitalist, earns a profit from productivity, then the relationship of wages and profits to national income is unchanged, except that the government may be prepared to accept a smaller return for its investment.

II

The problem, then, is to analyze the profits of industry in the United States so that a judgment may be formed as to whether the return on capital has been so large as to be out of line with wages. If it were true, as some say, that 2 or 3 per cent of the population absorb 75 or 80 per cent of the national income, then there would be justification for an attack on the profit system. In fact, such a phenomenon would destroy the capitalist system.

I have before me a table showing the percentage of net income to gross business of all corporations in the United States after taxes had been deducted, taken from the United States Treasury returns:—

PERCENTAGE OF NET INCOME TO GROSS BUSINESS
OF ALL CORPORATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

<i>Year</i>	<i>Per cent</i>
1919	6.25
1920	3.59
1921	-0.27
1922	3.94
1923	4.53
1924	3.76
1925	4.80
1926	4.41
1927	3.73
1928	4.61
1929	4.70
1930	0.61
1931	-3.43
1932*	-7.38

* Preliminary estimate

The fourteen-year average of net income is 2.42 per cent. It may be ob-

jected that, since this table includes all corporations, the average is low because agricultural and small business failures distorted the picture. Therefore I take from the same source and for the same period data covering all manufacturing corporations, and I find that the average for the fourteen-year period is 3.62 per cent. The Treasury computes these data from income-tax returns, which may be a trifle low, because of diverse accounting methods, but analyses of profits worked out by other statistical agencies hover about the same average. It is possible to conclude from all the data available that the average profit of all corporations or of manufacturing corporations alone, in the United States during this century, has been under 5 per cent.

Profits, to be comparable with wages, must come out of earnings. It is true that during the war and the boom, as there was an increase in invested capital and in the volume of business, there was also an increase in the aggregate income, and that some of these sums were put back in the enterprise either in the form of improvements and replacements or to constitute reserves against the rainy day, which actually appeared in 1929. Labor as well as capital benefits by this use of income, as it not only provides more work at better pay and increases the use and variety of goods, but also makes it possible for a large number of corporations to continue to employ labor during the profitless years. The utilization of surplus profits to increase plant and business does not disclose an effort of capital to hide profits; rather it is evidence of a constant and normal development of business. All economic advance has been made by ploughing profits back into productivity.

Wages become too high when participation in industry becomes unprofitable to capital or when they raise the price of goods beyond the con-

sumer's ability to buy. During the boom period, 1925 to 1929, the average profit for all corporations was 4.45 per cent, and that proved adequately attractive to produce a period of exciting economic activity. In 1930, when profits went down to 0.61 per cent, capital disappeared from every market and labor found itself without work and wages. The point at which capital will not function has not been determined, but the phenomenon has been all too apparent during the past four years.

Administration apologists have called the inactivity of capital the 'strike of capital,' implying rather that the New Deal has been sabotaged by capitalists. Any study of economic history would have made it clear to them that it does not matter what individual capitalists may want to do: when profits fall below the point at which economic activity is attractive to capital, economic activity ceases. Even if certain capitalists wanted to sabotage the government, it would make little difference were there a market, for other capitalists in this country or from abroad would enter the market to make a profit. Capital never strikes in the face of a profit.

Soviet Russia's important technological development is partly due to government enterprise out of taxation, but it is also due to trade credits made available in capitalist countries at attractive terms providing an adequate profit to the capitalists. From that standpoint it is possible to say that economic activity does not occur without profits sufficiently large to encourage the use of capital.

III

Wages are low when the worker does not receive in the aggregate, over a period of, say, a year, enough money to provide, for himself and his family, the necessities of life according to the

standard of living usual in his bracket of society. During the war years and the post-war boom period, wages were abnormally high and the standard of living of many workers was shifted upward. If we take the biography of Samuel Gompers as a base, we find descriptions of home and factory conditions, of wages, of working arrangements, which are indicative of a very low standard of living. Take, for instance, this paragraph: —

Any kind of an old loft served as a cigar shop. If there were enough windows, we had sufficient light for our work; if not, it was apparently no concern of the management. There was an entirely different conception of sanitation both in the shop and in the home of those days from now. The toilet facilities were a water-closet and a sink for washing purposes, usually located by the closet. In most cigar shops our towels were the bagging that came around the bales of Havana and other high grades of tobacco. Cigar shops were always dusty from the tobacco stems and powdered leaves. Benches and work tables were not designed to enable the workmen to adjust bodies and arms comfortably to work surface. Each workman supplied his own cutting board of lignum-vitæ and knife blade.

Such conditions have practically passed out of existence in the United States except in the occasional sweatshop. Higher wages have produced a higher standard of living. Mass production has served to increase wages by increasing national income, and the system of installment buying has made it possible for the worker to turn his wages over several times, so that an increasing variety of things are now at his disposal which before the twentieth century were attainable only by capitalists.

The theory of wages has changed. Whereas, before the advent of mass production, capital sought to obtain labor at the lowest possible rate, the worker has since come to be regarded

by capital as a consumer, and his wages have been fixed with a view to increasing his consumptive capacity. Henry Ford, in his biography, *My Life and Work*, states the new theory: —

No manufacturer in his right mind would contend that buying only the cheapest materials is the way to make certain of manufacturing the best article. Then why do we hear so much talk about the 'liquidation of labor' and the benefits that will flow to the country from cutting wages — which means only the cutting of buying power and the curtailing of the home market? What good is industry if it be so unskillfully managed as not to return a living to everyone concerned? No question is more important than that of wages — most of the people of the country live on wages. The scale of their living — the rate of their wages — determines the prosperity of the country.

But Mr. Ford was rationalizing backwards. Actually it was the general prosperity of the country which made higher wages possible; because there was an increased national income, labor got a larger share of that income. It is this which serves as the basis for the New Deal conception that high wages and high prices alone will produce prosperity. But more than that is really required — namely, a profit for capital and a greater security for the worker.

IV

A method of determining wages popular with many capitalists, and generally with labor, involves a wage scale per hour. Under this system capital finds that it can calculate the labor cost of a product and fix the price accordingly; labor is led to believe that it is receiving a very much larger compensation than the facts warrant. Organized labor favors this method because the fixed rate per hour or per day eliminates a graduated scale based upon efficiency of product and equalizes the amount paid to individual union

members. To stimulate efficiency, employers often add to the time wage an incentive wage.

The criticism of the time wage is usually based upon criteria of efficiency, and the assumption is that when the time wage proves expensive — that is, when it either increases the cost of production, and finally the price, or cuts into profits — a labor-saving device is employed. A friend of mine recently gave this example. He wrote: 'An engineer engaged in road building tells me that when common labor went from 20 cents per hour to 40 cents the automatic cement mixer came into use, and that if common labor should return to 20 cents per hour the automatic mixer would pass out of use.' This may be accepted as characteristic of most industries in relationship to high time wages. A labor-saving device is not employed, as a rule, unless its cost is justified either by reduction of the price of an article or by increased wages and profits. It is demonstrable that in the United States the use of improved technological methods has not, over a period like 1900–1929, reduced employment. On the other hand, a period does intervene between the time that men are thrown out of work and the time when they again get wages. No provision is now made to protect them against this inevitable industrial shift of mechanism. Unemployment insurance can overcome the evils of such a wageless period.

Another wage system is to pay by the piece or the job. This often proves unsatisfactory to labor because of the difficulty in fixing the original rate so that it will be 'fair.' The worker on the piece basis does not willingly accept less than the worker on the time basis.

The principal objection to the per-hour or per-day or per-piece wage is that the worker has no way of knowing what his salary actually is. Let us say that a worker gets \$5.00 per day in Mr.

WAGES — THE CRUX OF OUR PROBLEM

Ford's factory. Let us say that he works 150 days during the year. His earnings are actually \$750 a year, or less than \$2.00 a day. I know a house painter who when he works gets \$8.00 per day. He worked 30 days a year — and no more — during the past two years. Actually all that he received is \$240 a year, or less than \$1.00 a day. This man said that he had to pay a 'kick-back' to the labor official to get his job, and he had union dues to pay which further reduced his income.

The worker has to pay his rent monthly, his dues monthly, his installments monthly, for his groceries and meats weekly. By and large, he lives on a month-to-month basis. But he lives not only during the months that he works; he has expenses during the months when he does not work. Such a figure as 69 cents an hour or \$5.00 a day sounds tremendous to him, but a little mathematics ought to convince him that in very few instances does he receive or has he ever received such a sum; because, no matter what the wage scale may be, what he actually receives is an amount of money the value of which is determined by its relationship to prices, and which he has to make go over a specific period of time, say a month or a year. To simplify this statement, his wage is what he can give his wife to buy things with and to save for a rainy day. He has to divide his yearly earnings by 365 and not by the number of days he actually works.

It can matter little to the worker who receives actually \$750 a year whether he gets it for 150 days of work or for 300 days of work. In fact, practical experience has indicated that the laborer spends more money when he does not work than when he does, because he has to consume his leisure time. Therefore the problem is not to keep wage scales moving upward, but to devise an annual wage rate which will be sufficient to maintain the American

standard of living
out of production
all the year round

Actually,
reduction in
where the
but it may mean
the aggregate annual
worker.

For the purposes of illustration, a worker should get only \$2.50 a day instead of \$5.00, but should work 300 days a year instead of 150, then he would break even. In many instances, particularly in service industries, such a reduction would lower the price of the service and therefore increase work, because the price range would be within the reach of a larger group of consumers.

V

Whenever it is suggested that wages be reduced, it is only natural that organized labor leaders and many economists should object. That is because they think in terms of wage scale and not in terms of annual income. Organized labor dislikes to give the appearance of losing ground in its struggle for a higher wage scale. Yet in 1930, 1931, and 1932 more national income was paid out in wages in some industries than was produced. According to figures prepared by the National Industrial Conference Board, labor income in 1929, including wages, salaries, compensation for injuries, pensions, and so forth, formed 63.6 per cent of the national income produced; 69.1 per cent in 1930; 78.8 per cent in 1931; and 80.1 per cent in 1932. Yet the total labor income during that period declined by 40.3 per cent, because the national income declined. In some industries, labor received more than the total income produced. In the construction industry, in 1932, labor received 151.8 per cent of the income produced; in mining, 128.5 per cent;

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

facturing, 118.5 per cent; in 1913, 103.5 per cent. This means a 15 per cent mortality for both capital and labor. Under these circumstances, capitalism continues only as long as it has reserves or can borrow money. After that it closes up. Labor finds itself out of work.

There can be no justification for a refusal to acknowledge that conditions have altered. In the United States, although the rise of wages has been constant, at times that rise has been accelerated without relationship to the rise of productivity or profits. For instance, according to the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, published by the Department of Commerce, the following jumps took place in wages per hour (1913=100, with index numbers exclusive of agriculture): 111 in 1916; 128 in 1917; 162 in 1918; 184 in 1919; 234 in 1920; then the figure fluctuates between 218 in 1921 and 233 in 1929. As long as it was possible to maintain general prices on that level, boom conditions continued. But when agricultural and mineral prices collapsed — that is, when primary prices fell — the depression came upon us.

During the depression, every attempt was made by Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt to maintain a high wage scale against every realistic factor in the situation. Not only did they fail, but 10,000,000 men were thrown out of work and remain out of work. An effort was made to 'spread the work,' to encourage employers to keep up inflated wages while prices were falling and markets were disappearing. The NRA tried the same process. The 'spread the work' idea was fallacious, because, while it maintained a high wage scale during a period of falling national income, the money paid to each individual laborer decreased. For instance, when I investigated the situation at Kohler, Wisconsin, I found that the workers at work after the strike

were getting more money than they got during the period before the strike when Governor Kohler employed the 'spread the work' system.

Every artificial effort to maintain a universal high wage scale unrelated to national income has failed, because it is necessary first to have the market, then to increase prices, — that is, national income, — and finally to increase wages — that is, the labor share of national income. The market will not be restored until prices come within the earning range of the present consumers. That means a lower price than 1929 and therefore a lower wage. It is difficult to make men step back one step so that they can eventually move forward two steps, as Lenin once told Soviet Russia.

After all, what is the principal objective of the worker? Is it not to find economic and social security for himself and his family? It is the terrifying uncertainty rather than the amount of the wage rate which is the underlying cause for unrest.

If the worker knows what he gets annually or even monthly, he has security. He can cut his cloth accordingly. To-day, too large a number of American workers are speculators, hoping that their working season will prolong itself and that obligations during the off periods will somehow be met. As long as wages are based on the time scale per hour or per day and remain high in relation to national income, this condition will continue. When a worker gets a yearly job and works on that basis without regard to fantastically high hourly wage scales, industry will be remodeled to avoid seasonal layoffs. No greater benefit socially can come to labor.

VI

The question often arises as to whether the wage shall be all-inclusive

or whether, out of operations or out of wages, the worker shall be given benefits tending toward social security. In some industries like the Ford Company, the total payment is the wage; in others there are numerous benefits which come either out of operations, out of wages, or out of both. No matter what scheme the bookkeepers employ, the money must come out of income, and affects prices and profits and the continuity of operations.

No system of wages should, under capitalism, be without some incentive factor. For many years American corporations have been experimenting with a bonus system, often called profit sharing. There have been many plans — bonuses, insurance, stock purchases, and so forth. Actually, they all come to the same thing — namely, either an additional sum is set aside under operations for incentive wages, or profits are divided between capital and labor. The first known plan was tried in 1794 by Albert Gallatin in his glass works, and many plans are now at work. Some are successful; many have failed.

The theory of profit sharing as an incentive wage is sound; the practice is difficult, first because the system is unregulated and therefore may be abandoned, leaving the workers without the money they assumed they had already gained; secondly, because there is no universal accountancy law in this country, and therefore employers have the opportunity to be dishonest and laborers often distrust even honest employers; finally, because the worker often accepts the incentive wage as part of his fixed wage and refuses to regard it as something apart, to be taken out of profits. In a word, the psychology of both employer and worker is often against the successful operation of profit sharing. Yet, where it has succeeded, it has increased the

worker's earnings, given him the additional annual sum which provides for the future, and improved the relations between capital and labor.

But there must be absolute honesty in accounting, and absolute understanding that the bonus is not a wage but a profit. Organized labor usually opposes this form of workers' income because it ties the worker to the industry rather than to the union. Yet, is that not nationally more beneficial? Even in Soviet Russia every device has been employed to stimulate workers' interest in particular industries, even in particular shops. Why not here, in the United States? The worker who has an honestly computed interest in the profits of a business, who is assured an annual wage, will not be tricked by inflated wage scales which really do not increase the amount of money that his wife has to spend. He will not argue about yardsticks; he will be interested in what he and his employer can earn out of their joint productivity. This is a surer method for increasing national income than easy solutions which seem to keep wages up for those who are actually employed for a part of a year, but which do not find wages for the millions still unemployed.

When the wage problem is analyzed objectively to find a formula which will make for a more successful operation of our economic system, it becomes evident that justice and efficiency indicate a wage related to prices and so to national income, maintaining the American standard of living, yet not excluding adequate profits — wages to be paid on an annual basis, with an additional incentive wage out of profits when they exist. Here is a balanced system making for activity in the market place; and out of that activity comes increasing money to all gainfully occupied.

THE BREATH OF LIFE

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

FACTS may be said to live in books, but often at a low stage of vitality. From book to brain and from brain to book again they go back and forth without getting to be a part of the real world; and this is likely to be the fate of all so-called obvious facts. They are the very ones that need to be taken out and put through their paces, not because they may be untrue, but simply to discover how much there is about them that has never got into a book.

It is in this attitude of mind that I sometimes turn my back upon the library and make my appearance in the kitchen, escaping at once from the printed page to the realm of actual things. It is a sort of Galilean mood, a frenzy of experiment, and when I am in it I am likely to seize hold of almost anything and set to work. And I usually get excellent results, for it is a fact that the most homely object in a kitchen can be made to reveal the laws of nature.

Recently I was looking over a modern college textbook on physics, and after a little rambling back and forth I settled down to see what it had to say upon the subject of water. It took up Archimedes, and specific gravity, and the hydrostatic paradox in the usual way; and then suddenly a paragraph began to interest me and arouse my imagination. It was a paragraph of only nine lines, and it was separately headed 'Submerged Floating Bodies.'

What it said was quite logical. If an object is lighter than water, bulk for bulk, it will float, and the extent to which it is lighter than water will be seen by the part that stands above the surface. Conversely, if a body is heavier than water it will go to the bottom. But if an object is of exactly the right weight for its size it will float submerged. It will rest at any level where it is placed. Not being different in buoyancy from the water, it will have no tendency to change its place in the water. All this is quite obvious; and I am entirely inclined to accept the obvious if it is well backed by a college textbook. Nevertheless I felt a desire to know this phenomenon at first hand. I wished to watch its actions, to touch and see and handle it.

A one-gallon glass jar, into which I could get my hand, served to hold the water. Then I cast about for a cork, and some nails, staples, and tacks. I took a cork three quarters of an inch in diameter at the larger end and thrust a nail right through it. With this the cork floated high out of the water, so I stuck in two staples by their sharp points and found that the cork was almost ready to go down. I then set to work with some very small tacks. I thrust in one after the other till finally the cork sank. When I took out the last tack the cork would swim on the surface, and when I put the tack in again it would go to the bottom. It

was evident that I was not going to strike a balance by means of the little tacks. From now on I should have to work with a smaller unit.

I took a brass pin out of the pin-cushion. With a pair of sharp tinner's shears I cut off more than half of the pin, and I stuck the remainder into the cork in place of one of the small tacks. As I had judged, the cork still went to the bottom; and here I set to work according to a new plan. With the sharp shears I would make the pin lighter, a little at a time, until the cork came to the point of submerged floating. If I happened to get off too much, and it stayed on the surface, I could cut a very small piece out of the cork, thus decreasing the buoyancy. And if this happened to be too much, causing it to sink, I could again remove a little weight from the pin. This I could do over and over again, working more finely at each step and steadily approaching a balance. After much labor, cutting alternately from brass and cork, I saw that I was not going to have success unless I worked with finer tools. The fact was that the tinner's shears, sharp as they were, would not remove a small enough piece from the pin, and the knife would not take small enough notches out of the cork. Time after time the body would go promptly to the bottom or rise to the top. It was wonderful how so small an amount of material could make so big a difference.

This time I adopted a method which would have to work. From my tool box I got a very small finishing file, almost new, and a printer's knife with a razor edge. Now if the object went to the bottom I could rub the file across the end of the nail and remove any small amount. There are scales so accurate that they will weigh the mark made by the stroke of a pencil on paper, and I was now approaching that standard of accuracy. If I found I had given the file a stroke too many I could set to

work finely on the cork, removing a particle of buoyancy; and if I then found I had gone too far I could work back with a touch or two of the file. All I had to do was to work in this way to finer and finer effect, and finally I should strike the right point and achieve 'submerged floating.'

I did so, religiously. At the end of an hour I had not succeeded in striking the balance. The smallest removal of iron would have one effect; the taking off of a mere speck of cork would have the other. The body belonged either on the top or on the bottom; and it always knew which. I would place it halfway between top and bottom and remove my hand ever so carefully in order to give no impulse in either direction. For a moment the weighted cork would stand practically still or veer about hesitantly as if it could not make up its mind. I would think I had done the trick. And then it would decide definitely that it belonged above or had a summons to go below.

To make the thing more embarrassing, it would start downward at a rate ever so slow. Then it would gather speed as it fell, as an object does when it falls in air. And then it would hit the bottom with a definite rebound — and all because I had removed that ridiculous little speck of cork! Sometimes it would float when I felt sure that it ought to sink; and upon examination I would find that there was a minute bubble on the cork where I had touched it with my finger in cutting out a particle. When this was removed the thing would sink; and so I had to watch out for the little bubble to get the body to act logically.

Why anyone should spend his time on such an experiment it would be hard to say, except that he gains a sort of knowledge. In literature and in science no such *why* exists; one does not ask the question. If the reader is enough of a skeptic to check up on my experiment

with a cork and nail of his own, or if he has enough sporting blood to think he can surpass my skill, let him go ahead without any hope of profit. But the knowledge will stay with him; and the next time he sees a fish in an aquarium floating idly in the water halfway between the top and the bottom he will have something to think about. And it will serve to introduce him to one of the most marvelous automatic devices in nature's workshop.

II

A fish is made up, like our experimental object, of light and heavy. Its flesh and bones will sink in water; moreover, it eats, respire, excretes, and lives a very free life, and yet it floats submerged and keeps itself adjusted always at the right point of buoyancy. This is done by means of the swim bladder.

In the early stages of a fish's growth the swim bladder has communication with the alimentary canal, but later this connection is discarded in most fishes, so that the swim bladder is a completely closed sac. It used to be thought that the swim bladder was made smaller by muscular compression; but this is not so. The swim bladder, in spite of the fact that it is closed, is made larger and smaller by a variation in the actual amount of gas it contains. At one point on its surface there is a fine network of blood vessels, and here the blood gives up oxygen or other gases when more buoyancy is needed. By a like process some of the gas can be put back into the blood stream and got rid of. The fish, of course, derives its oxygen from the water by means of the blood in the gills, and it gets rid of its carbon dioxide by the same route; and it is through this communication with the outer world that the swim bladder increases or lessens in size. Thus it is not

a muscular function which answers the fish's need, but a slow physiological process.

In deep-sea fishes the swim bladder is filled with almost pure oxygen. The pressure within that fine membrane must be sufficient to resist a weight of water several miles deep, and it must be finely regulated to maintain the proper buoyancy. If such a fish is caught in a sunken cage and brought up a considerable distance, it will begin to expand under the lessened pressure, and if it is then released it will come tumbling upward, pell-mell, to the surface. And there it will have burst, or its swim bladder will be protruding from its mouth. Once a fish is greatly out of its normal depth without having had time to change its inner pressure, it is in the clutch of forces difficult to resist. If a surface fish is forced downward the same laws apply, but in reverse. The increasing weight of water will compress it, causing it to lose buoyancy, and it will begin to fall, at an increasing rate, toward the bottom. The greater the pressure, the less bulk to the fish's body; and the less bulk, the less buoyancy. If the fish cannot turn about in time and regain its proper level by swimming, it will be in a desperate plight.

A fish inhabiting waters of moderate depth, and changing its level but a few feet, is subject to the same laws. Owing to the fact that the pressure of water increases with its depth, and that the pressure in the swim bladder can change but slowly, the fish lives under a peculiar set of conditions. If it swims downward, it is compressed more and more, with a tendency to fall. If it swims upward, it expands and has an increased tendency to be pushed to the surface. At any particular pressure in its swim bladder it is fitted for a certain pressure of water, which may be said to be its normal depth; and when it goes above or below this depth it is some-

what out of its element. If it would stand at rest it must return to its position, for there the weight of water compresses it to that exact point where it becomes a submerged floating body.

If a fish descends twenty-three feet there is an increased pressure of ten pounds on each square inch of its body. In a pond thirty-three feet deep, the difference in pressure between bottom and top is nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch. Since air is highly compressible, this is enough to make considerable difference in the bulk of a fish that has air in it. From what we have learned in our experiment with the cork and the nail, we know what a very slight difference in bulk determines the tendency to sink or to swim. If a fish were a little too buoyant it would have to swim constantly downward to avoid being carried to the surface; and if it were not quite buoyant enough it would have to swim constantly upward to keep from sinking to the bottom at an increasing rate of speed.

This effect upon a fish may be shown by experiment. If, by suitable apparatus, the water in an aquarium is subjected to increased pressure, the fish will be forced downward—not upward, as one might think. The pressure upon the sides of the fish will decrease its bulk; in proportion to its weight there will be less buoyancy, and it will naturally sink. The fish will at once point its nose upward in the effort to get back to a level where there will be less pressure of water, and where it will be able to stand at equilibrium. But if the pressure upon the water is lessened, the fish will try to oppose the change by heading downward. If the gas in the swim bladder is removed by means of a hypodermic syringe, the fish will lie flat on the bottom till nature has had time to fill the swim bladder again and build up the requisite pressure. A fish is free, of course, to swim about at different depths of water, and

its swim bladder is capable of adjustment to changed conditions, though not suddenly. But, notwithstanding this freedom, the fish is living always under the above conditions. An extremely fine balance is necessary.

We sometimes hear it said that a heavy object will stop sinking at extreme depths owing to the increased pressure of the water. This is a popular fallacy. The increase of depth or pressure does not increase the buoyancy. An object which will sink at the surface will go to the bottom of the ocean abyss though it be miles deep. We need to bear in mind that the condition which a fish has to contend with is simply a change in its own bulk owing to the greater or less weight of water. It is this that inclines it to fall to the bottom at increasing speed, or go ballooning upward to the surface. It comes to rest at that level to which its swim bladder is for the time adjusted.

It has been observed that when a body of water is dynamited about half of the fish will sink to the bottom and the other half will rise to the surface. This is because some of the fish are below their normal depth, with a tendency to sink, while others are above their normal depth, with a tendency to rise. This natural tendency is overcome by the play of the fins, and when they are suddenly killed, and muscular action ended, they each move in the direction to which they were inclined by their state of compression.

III

In the course of evolution, lungs seem to have had their origin through a gradual change in the swim bladder. A stage in the development may be seen in the lungfish, which has the ability to live out of water and use its swim bladder as a breathing apparatus. Its whole area is covered with fine blood vessels lying close to the surface,

so that the blood here finds a way of getting oxygen and ridding itself of impurities. The connection with the alimentary canal, which all fishes have at some stage of their development, is now kept open and becomes the wind-pipe or trachea. The fish has now lost the power to breathe through gills and comes to the surface to get air; but it has acquired the power to live in air when the waters dry up in a drought and leave it stranded.

Evolution is simply this power of making the old machine over to fit new conditions. In the study of respiration, as of any of the other vital functions, we see a beautiful progression of machine designs, and the mind is inevitably led back, step by step, from the mammal to the fish. The whole process is called evolution; but just what it is that enables nature to take one of these steps, or what it is that causes the many variations out of which the most useful ones are selected, is a matter that has not been solved. That remains a mystery. The swim bladder in fishes has its opening in that part of the alimentary canal called the pharynx; and this is also where the lungs have their connection in the higher animals.

As the lungfish is a quiet fish, coming periodically to the surface to breathe air and living through long periods of drought encased in dried mud, with only its mouth exposed, its way of life does not require a very large or rapid supply of air. In the next stage of evolution we find this breathing sac wrinkled or folded so as to increase its surface in the same space and, by the greater exposure to air, allow for greater activity. And at last, as in man, we find the lungs to be made up of a great number of little sacs all packed closely together and supplied with air by means of small tubes branching off from larger tubes, which in turn receive their supply from one large tube by way of the mouth. The set of tubes is called

the bronchial tree. The human being needs to have his blood exposed to a surface of eight hundred to nine hundred square feet; and this is the area provided by the great number of little sacs.

In this operation of breathing, nature has automatic devices well enough thought out, as it were, to delight the most modern mind. An animal's lungs must speed up or slow down according to the amount of exercise that is being taken, and there is a diversity of arrangements to fit the needs of a variety of animals.

Spiders have what are called book lungs. The blood is spread out and exposed to the air in small space by means of sixty or seventy book-like leaves — lamellæ. This book is contained in a sac which has an opening to the outer air; and breathing consists in the bellows-like working of this sac. It is operated by means of a broad band or ligament which goes up across the abdomen and is fastened to the walls of the heart. Any inventor will admit that this is an excellent way of attaining automatic regulation — one breath to one heartbeat!

It brings to mind the invention of a boy, Humphrey Potter by name. Humphrey, employed in a Cornwall mine, had to sit all day by one of the newly invented steam engines and keep it going by turning the steam valve at those regular intervals when a new impulse was needed. One day he noticed that a part of the engine moved just at the time he did, and it occurred to him to hitch the valve to this part by a rigging of sticks and strings. He had made the steam engine, for the first time, automatic. It was a great step forward. But nature, as we have seen, had adopted the idea long before.

The land snail, whose rate of travel is about two inches a minute, has the simplest form of lung, consisting of a sac with an opening for air. When the

snail is at rest within its shell, its lung is ventilated simply by the natural interchange between the inner and outer air. For an animal so sluggish no mechanism is necessary. But when the snail puts forth its head and long flabby foot to take a walk, the movement automatically fills the chamber with a complete new supply of air. When the body is again drawn up into the narrow part of the shell, the breathing chamber is emptied. For an animal constituted like the snail this is a very clever self-regulator — one new chamberful of air for each small journey.

IV

In man the control of breathing is chemical. The nerve centre which sends out impulses to the breathing muscles is situated in the medulla oblongata, the lower part of the brain. It is very sensitive to any increased amount of carbon dioxide in the blood stream. Consequently, when the human engine works faster and throws the products of combustion into the blood in greater quantity, the respiratory centre takes notice and sends out increased and more rapid impulses to the muscles that work the lungs. The organism is put under forced draft, thus bringing in the oxygen faster and getting rid of the increased waste. When a baby stops breathing, or a man is at the point of death from asphyxiation, it would seem advisable to pump in oxygen, that being what the system needs; on the contrary, the physician fills the lungs with impure air — carbon dioxide. The nervous centre at the base of the brain receives a shock which wakes it up and starts it to operating the respiratory muscles again.

As land animals, with ever-increasing activity, began to work under forced draft, the vacuum was introduced as a mechanical principle. It helped solve the problem of more effi-

cient breathing, for which there was a growing demand.

The lungs have not the power to inflate themselves. They hang in the chest cavity inert and helpless. But there is a way of working them. The chest is an air-tight compartment, and when the ribs move outward and increase the capacity there is a tendency to form a vacuum between the chest wall and the lungs; consequently the lungs, being thin and stretchable and having an opening to the outer air, are made to expand. In a downward direction the chest cavity is enlarged by the contraction of the diaphragm, a muscular partition which lies, dome-shaped, on top of the intestines. We usually think of the lungs as drawing in air, but the fact is that the weight of the air, at fifteen pounds to the square inch, causes it to rush in and expand the lungs, by stretching them, when the walls of the chest retreat and make room.

This space between the chest wall and the lungs is kept constantly at a pressure below that of the outer atmosphere. The lungs are considerably smaller than the chest cavity, even at its smallest, but the vacuum on one side and the atmospheric pressure on the other keep them constantly on the stretch. Thus, without any mechanical connection, they are held in contact with the chest wall and made to fill a space larger than themselves throughout a lifetime.

From this it will be seen that, ordinarily, the space between the lungs and chest wall is not actual, but only potential. But if the chest wall is punctured, the space becomes actual. In that case the lung collapses and ceases to operate. If there is an open wound in the side, even though it does not puncture the lungs, the air will come in there instead of by way of the mouth. Fortunately a hole in one side deflates only the one lung, the reason being that the lining of the thorax is folded up snugly

between the two lungs in such a way that each is virtually in its own separate half of the compartment. There would be little advantage in having two lungs if both were affected by the one puncture.

The fact that a lung may be deflated by admitting air through the side is now made use of in the cure of tuberculosis. It constitutes a rest cure for the lung. Instead of admitting air, however, it is the practice of the surgeon to pump nitrogen into the space. Nature, always working to repair the machine, would soon absorb the air and establish the vacuum again. Pure nitrogen is not so readily absorbed as air, which is a combination of oxygen and nitrogen, and so the effects are more lasting.

V

When we look about us to see how other creatures do their breathing we come upon a surprising state of affairs. Our fellow vertebrate, the frog, has no diaphragm and no ribs. He has the same helpless lungs requiring inflation, but none of the usual means of doing it. But he has a large expansive throat, and he gets his breath by gulping large mouthfuls of air. He takes a breath at his nostrils which goes as far as his throat, firmly closes his mouth, and forces the air into the lungs by a swallowing motion. If you wish to suffocate a frog you fasten his mouth open. Obviously, if he cannot enclose the air in a sort of box or bag he cannot force it down; and his mouth is the opening to that important compartment. If you observe a frog as he sits at rest on a log or a lily pad you will see that his throat is continually throbbing or palpitating, as if with quick, short breaths. He is ventilating that space in his mouth. In exhaling he compresses his lungs by means of the muscles in his sides.

The reptiles, next higher in the scale above amphibians, are generally rib

breathers. It is only the mammals, the milk-givers, that are provided with the diaphragm. The steadily heaving sides of a snake bear witness to its way of breathing. But when we examine that other familiar reptile, the turtle, we find an interesting exception. Lacking the diaphragm, it would seem to have an imperative need for ribs; yet we find that its whole allotment of ribs has been fused together and incorporated in a bony shield for the back. The advantage of ribs in breathing has been traded off, as it were, for the advantages of armor; and it finds another way of breathing. It has a long, extensible neck with a wrinkled skin that looks like a stocking coming down. At long intervals the turtle very deliberately and slowly extends the neck, increasing the cubic contents; and then, by closing it like an accordion, forces down the little air that so inactive a creature needs. In animals that find safety in speed or fighting activity, the armor is not so important as a diaphragm and a good rib-breathing equipment — such is nature's philosophy.

Here a thought forces itself upon us. Can it be that animals have been compelled to get their breath simply by hook and by crook? It would seem so. Angleworms and other small creatures have so much moist skin surface in proportion to their bulk that they do not need lungs. Even the frog, having lungs, breathes largely through its skin, and thus it is enabled to live through winter in the mud, when its lungs have gone out of commission. Anatomists tell us that the lungs arise as a diverticulum from the alimentary canal; and that is just what the swim bladder is.

A good mechanic, simply as a mechanical expert and not as a physician or evolutionist, would soon conclude from an examination of the human parts that there would be other and possibly better ways of building the machine. From mouth to stomach

there is a pipe line to convey food, and the pipe line to the lungs is joined to this some distance down, so that at the beginning one passage serves both purposes. At every swallow a movable lid, the epiglottis, closes quickly over the end of the pipe leading to the lungs in order that the food may not go into them instead of into the stomach. At every swallow the epiglottis saves the man's life. And it is not entirely reliable. Many a man has come to his end by taking a breath while food was on the way down. If men were made like automobiles, there would no doubt be a new and improved model on the market next spring, and the manufacturer, advertising the more fundamental design, would point out how he had put in a few extra inches of tubing at one point and done away with complicated gadgets.

VI

It is when we study the bird that we see the mechanics of respiration reaching a new peak of efficiency. The general idea will best be understood and appreciated if we first look into some more peculiar features of the human type of breathing. When we make an expiration, all the air passages are left full of impure air; and, as they are not collapsible, it cannot be forced out. The mouth cavity, the pharynx, the larynx, the trachea, the bronchial tubes, and all the finer pipes leading to the little air sacs constitute this non-collapsible, dead-air space. When we take a new breath, all this used air must be sucked in first. The fresh air we are able to get is only that which comes in on top of the old air. Moreover, the little sacs themselves are not entirely collapsible; they retain a portion of the used air no matter how we try to make a complete expiration. In fact, except for our first gasp in life, it is impossible for a human being to take a breath of really fresh air.

With new air coming in only on top of the old, it might seem that the fresh air would never reach the bottom of the lungs. It gets there, however, by diffusion. Although the impure air is mixed with the old breath, the blood takes up the oxygen quite freely from the mixture. The ventilation of the lungs, in spite of the forced draft that is used, is like that of a room into which some fresh air enters periodically at an opening and is then allowed passively to circulate and mix with the old.

For ordinary human purposes, the breathing mechanism is quite adequate. Or, to put it more truly, our activities are limited to the mechanism we have. While it is fairly reliable, it is like the old steam engine which does not give great efficiency in little space. Aviation could never have been achieved with a large and heavy power plant. For that it was necessary to invent the gasoline engine.

When nature took up the problem of aviation, the case was the same. Something new had to be developed in the power plant. Having attained the four-chambered heart, such as serves the mammal with completely purified blood, the great new opportunity for advance was in the more rapid supply of oxygen.

A bird is built with air sacs, like small bladders, distributed among the viscera, and in some birds under the skin and in the hollows of the bones. These sacs are connected with the lungs. When the bird takes a breath, part of the air fills the lungs and part passes on through tubes that branch off from the bronchial tree and lead to the air sacs. These sacs do not themselves supply oxygen to the blood. Their surface is not covered with capillaries such as we find in membranes with the respiratory function. Their function is mechanical. When breath is expired the lungs are emptied as nearly as possible, but there still re-

mains in them, as well as in all the dead-air space of the bronchial tree, a considerable amount of used air. At this point expiration now continues by means of the air sacs, which blow their unused air right into the lungs, clearing out the impure air, emptying the bronchial tree of its stale contents, and leaving it full of pure air fit to be taken in at the next inspiration. It might be described as two-way breathing. When the lungs expand at the next inspiration they take in this fresh air from the tubes. They are thus supplied with oxygen from the very first instant of breathing, and in this way the bird's demand for the means of combustion is rapidly satisfied. The bird's lungs are small in proportion to the size of the animal, but they have an extra efficiency. This feature of the bird marks the highest development of the forced-draft system in animals.

We hear it said, even by writers of biological textbooks, that the air sacs in a bird serve to make it 'lighter.' As the bird's medium is air, this is not true; for a sac full of air is no more buoyant in air than a vessel full of water is lighter in water. A tubular bone, of course, is lighter than one that is solid; but that is true of all animals

and has no special application to birds. It would be more to the point to mention the fact that nature, in building the bird, developed a different kind of bone — one which allows the tubes to be made larger and thinner and consequently stronger without an increase in weight. It is comparable to the modern development of light-weight metals for flying and for greater speeds on land. The dog owner, who refuses to run the risk of giving his dog the dense and splintery bones of chickens, is familiar with the hardness of this flying timber.

The bird's rate of combustion is great. It works at a high temperature. The temperature of a man is 98 degrees, of a dog 99 degrees, of a cat 101 degrees, and of a swallow 111 degrees. Because the bird is a high-powered engine, consuming fuel rapidly, it must have a frequent supply. A bird cannot long withstand hunger. Therefore a bird whose food supply is not of a kind to be had constantly, or on the wing, is provided with a crop, which is equivalent to the workman's dinner pail or the tank on a locomotive. This is a very admirable arrangement; but to take it up here would be to go into a quite different department of animal engineering.

THIRTY-EIGHT GONDOLAS OF GRANITE

Another Adventure in Graft

BY BERWIN KAISER

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: The protagonist of this series of graft adventures, a friend of mine in the contracting business, makes his living not by investigating or reforming graft conditions, but by baiting graft in its own lair. In the course of this particular incident, however, the formula for most of his adventures was reversed, and what began by his baiting the grafters ended with the grafters harrying him for the sweetest kind of revenge. The result was that he not only lost all possible profits on his contract, but also had insult added to his injuries in the form of what the City of New York euphemistically terms 'liquidated damages.' The adventurer, who has told me countless incidents of his graft-baiting career, ranks this one close to the top — for sheer, brazen, graft-ring conduct. The events he relates here took place four years ago, but the memory of them still throws him into a frenzy of excitement. Here is his story of the graft-baiter re-baited, told as nearly as possible in his own words.]

I

THE telephone book lists me as a contractor. My office door says I'm a contractor. But one thinks of a contractor as more or less of a specialist in certain types of construction, or in certain kinds of supplies. If I have a

specialty, my business record has n't revealed it. I'm rarely in the same line two seasons going. I usually don't want to be. Not when there are — as there *always* are — newer and richer fields for me to wander into. Fields irrigated by graft, and, you might say, fenced in by public indifference.

Let's take paving blocks as an example — stupid-looking chunks of granite. I won't say there's romance lurking behind them. But I can testify that they have provided plenty of excitement in my business life.

A few years back, all I knew about the subject was that the City of New York was merrily buying hundreds of thousands of these blocks for street repairs, and paying \$140 a thousand — or a cool fourteen cents apiece. To give you an idea of what this meant, it takes about thirty such blocks to pave a square yard, and when you added the cost of grading and a concrete base for the blocks and the labor of laying them, the taxpayer footed a bill of eight dollars for a spot the size of the lounge chair in his living room. So you see it was no stroke of genius on my part to discover that there was money to be made in paving blocks.

But while it was obvious that the City was paying a fancy price, it was *not* quite so obvious that the block

business had been going to the same granite quarries for longer than the oldest inhabitant of City Hall cared to remember. Here was a perfect setup — just the kind of situation I like to deal with.

I found out that up to that moment the blocks used in New York streets all came down by water from quarries on the coast of Maine. Maine monopolized the business, and New York sanctified the monopoly. I began bringing in blocks from New Hampshire. And, though I had to pay the Boston and Maine Railroad thirty dollars a thousand more than the Maine men paid to ship theirs down by water, my block business was brisk. I was delivering specification granite below the New York market price, and I was n't giving it away, either.

Naturally, I was well satisfied at the time just to fill orders, for the orders ran from 50,000 to 250,000 at a time. In fact, I was having a picnic in the sun.

So it went until one day the wise men of the City passed a new ruling. This was to the effect that only those contractors who were actually *laying* granite blocks for the City would henceforth be permitted to *sell* them to the City.

Well! If I *had* to lay blocks to stay in the paving picnic, I must become a road contractor.

And become one I did.

II

So it eventually came about that on the morning of December 5, 1930, when the City of New York opened bids for grading and paving a section of Marginal Street, I held the contract — at a figure just under \$65,000. More specifically, my job was to pave the approach to Pier 3—in lower Manhattan, just a block or two north of the Aquarium.

At that time, the City was building the pier and had arranged to lease it to the United Fruit Company for \$189,000 a year. It was extremely important to have this piece of roadway ready on the promised date of the pier opening. The Fruit Company was waiting to use it. The City needed the income from it.

Of course, you don't go paving streets in winter time for outdoor sport. It is rarely done in sub-freezing weather. But, with the pier job nearing completion, I was ordered to work on January 13. I knew that I had let myself in for something. Weather conditions at the quarries and in New York had to be reckoned with, for the time was short and it was bitter cold.

There were thirty-five working days allowed me, and if you have ever tried to pour concrete at twenty degrees below freezing you know there is considerable waiting to be done. That time limit would have been modest enough for warm-weather days. Moreover, from the second I started work on the job I also knew that I was rubbing officialdom's fur the wrong way.

But to get along with my story. I had been working hard on the pier approach for about three weeks when all kinds of delays began holding me up. I lost hours daily waiting for the thermometer to rise in the morning to twenty-five degrees so that I could pour the concrete base, which meant holding scores of men idle on the job. This was a part of my risk, and I was prepared for it, but I was not prepared for the tactics of the granite inspectors' squad that arrived on the scene and began kicking my blocks around — literally and figuratively.

As each of my carloads arrived, my routine was to notify the City inspection office, and when the gentlemen there got good and ready the

granite squad would drive up in one of the City's best limousines, chauffeur and all.

Now some city inspectors, the kind whose lives are exposed every so often in public investigations, are not always devoted to their duties — or, having done them, are glad to report favorably when their palms are properly greased. But there's another breed of inspector — a very conscientious fellow indeed, who does exactly what his political boss tells him.

My blocks were actually 'dressed' (that is, surfaced) better than those from Maine, since the finer grain of New Hampshire's granite made for smoother surfacing. But the inspectors who met my arriving gondolas of granite examined their contents with the earnestness of young scientists. They'd put a T-square or a right angle to them, and then their brows would bulge. They'd hold a mumbling conference, communicate with their office, and the next day or so would send me formal notice of rejection.

Of course, I had been pretty well hardened to the process of inspection and rejection. Anybody dealing regularly with the City experiences that sort of thing. I knew the quality of these blocks. I had made deliveries from these same quarries long before I took this paving job. But one thing worried me. It did not take me long to see that, while I was laying the blocks, the inspectors were laying for me.

III

There was a phrase in my contract which I must quote here, since the inspectors' strategy, and the point of this adventure in graft, really hinge on it:—

'These blocks shall be so cut that the joints between them when laid shall average not more than $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch.'

This meant that the City wanted its blocks to fit with reasonable closeness, so that when they were laid on a bed of sand, and filled in with asphalt, the result would be a pavement and not a miscellaneous collection of cobblestones.

There was no doubt about the intention of that clause. The big point was its interpretation, and these inspectors were skilled interpreters. They knew what they wanted.

'These blocks gape like an open drawbridge,' they said.

To prove their point, they would take a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch iron rod and shove it in between two blocks placed on the ground and held by hand. The blocks, of course, were rough on the bottom (where they would normally rest in sand). Consequently the inspectors, holding court at a railroad siding on a hard pavement, could rock them back and forth at will — and rock them they did.

When *I* held the blocks, the magic rod would n't slip in. When *they* held them, it did. They could just as easily have made the gap almost watertight.

Their tactics made it clear enough that they were carrying out the well-laid plan of somebody higher up — somebody who could pull the strings so expertly that even the puppets did not know it.

The plan was this: If my source of granite supply could be exhausted before my job was finished, my hands would be neatly tied and I should be declared in default. My payments would be held up. I should be barred from future paving for the city. Meanwhile, Pier 3 would be waiting — a little fact of which the inspectors constantly reminded me.

Thoroughly mad, I went up to the City Engineer's office, and by lifting my voice considerably and reinforcing it with a certain amount of

threatening, I got the people there to agree to send down an impartial judge.

They sent a chemist from the City's testing laboratories. When I explained the I-hold-it-this-way and you-hold-it-that-way test to the chemist, he devised a box-like arrangement with sliding sides which he pushed against the blocks. In other words, he tested the blocks individually as well as jointly, and got honest results. He passed several of the disputed carloads. For his pains, he was promptly kicked off the job.

'What can a chemist know about granite blocks?' wisely observed the inspectors.

'Too much for his own good,' I said. And we all laughed.

IV

The result of it all was that, of the thirty-eight carloads I brought in for that Marginal Street paving job, fifteen were rejected, some of them several times over.

And don't think that the process of inspection and rejection was perfunctory. Each inspection took an hour. From each carload fifty blocks were tossed to the street. If the inspectors found seven defective out of that fifty, the whole carload was turned down.

'Looks like this is going to hold things up at the pier a bit,' they'd add, for good measure.

Quite often the inspectors themselves (in a show of honest purposes, perhaps) arrived at different conclusions on the first inspection, looked the blocks over again, and argued among themselves. Anything to consume time.

It was a simple matter to reject my carloads with every semblance of careful inspection. It *was* careful inspection. If an unprejudiced observer had

been there, the only conclusion he could have drawn from what he *saw* would have been that a set of loyal and job-worthy inspectors were busy saving the innocent taxpayer from being robbed by a rascally road builder. At times they almost had me thinking so myself.

One day we had six carloads lined up in the freight zone between 36th and 39th Streets. The inspectors looked over the first three before lunch. Their solemnly delivered verdict was:—

Carload No. 1. Passed
Carload No. 2. Rejected
Carload No. 3. Passed

I arranged to go out to lunch with the boys, but before doing so I quietly instructed two of my laborers to transpose the blocks in front of cars No. 1 and No. 2.

At lunch I said to the inspectors, 'You know, boys, I don't think you were altogether fair to car No. 2. My impression is that there's a singularly fine bunch of blocks in that car.'

'All right,' they said. 'Just to show you we're good sports, we'll hold a reinspection of all three carloads after lunch.'

I was willing to take my chances on one rejected carload being reinspected. But all three!

Well, what could I do? It was too late now.

Their verdict on the inspection of the rearranged blocks was this:—

Carload No. 1. Passed
Carload No. 2. Rejected
Carload No. 3. Rejected

A complete reversal of their previous judgment!

I can laugh at it now, but, with a good many thousand dollars at stake, it was no laughing matter then. The inspectors knew perfectly well that my

winter supply of blocks was limited, and that the quarries were well frozen over with ice and snow. One man was even sent up to New Hampshire to make sure of this.

V

By the beginning of February the really big boys in the City administration began swinging into action. They warned me — good loud warnings — about the pier opening. They sent me letter after letter, telling me that my time was virtually up.

When I complained about the inspectors and cited the obstacles they had placed in my way, I was told that these obstacles were more imaginary than real; that I should work around them; that if they were really causing delay, it was due to my sloppy methods of working.

About two days later I received an icy blast reading like this: —

My attention has been called to the delay which is taking place . . . due to the fact that the granite block which you are bringing into the city for this purpose does not even *approach* [italics mine] a substantial compliance with the specification. . . .

You are now destroying the essence of this contract by attempting to put into this job granite blocks . . . the worst it has ever been attempted to use in our streets. Stop offering blocks which you must know beyond any question of a doubt cannot comply with the specifications . . . or I shall be of the opinion that you are executing this contract in bad faith and will be governed accordingly.

They were the same blocks, from the same quarries, with the same quarrymen dressing them to the same measurements, as those which I had shipped into the City ever since I had broken the granite ring months before I took this job.

The City Engineer himself arrived

on the scene one day, accompanied by his corps of assistants, all driven in a cavalcade of shiny limousines.

They watched us for a while. Then several men got out and looked over a freshly paved, but not yet asphalted, area.

'Never saw such bad blocks,' they muttered.

One of the officials then placed a little red flag (evidently brought for just this purpose) at the start of the newly paved area. I was ordered to rip up the blocks to that point, and to throw them away.

'If you fellows want to see how a real contractor handles his job, take a look at the pier work over there,' they said.

We looked. And the cavalcade departed.

One of the street officials, who had either a sense of humor or a sense of pity, promptly moved the flag to the *finish* line of this new section. The men (all veterans of hundreds of city paving jobs) began pouring asphalt over the entire area as fast as they could.

VI

Eventually we finished the job, but the climax came *afterward*. I was assessed \$1575 for 'liquidated damages,' the City claiming it had been injured to that extent by my not finishing the work on time. How the city was hurt, with the pier still unfinished, was a civic mystery.

I protested with every fact at my command. I listed every grievance. One of the City's august officials wrote me: 'I am not at liberty to discuss the same with you.' Which, I suppose, is one way of defining liberty. I protested repeatedly to the Board of Estimate. For every one of my protests the Board had two pretexts for not reviewing the case.

More than a year later the matter

finally went before a court of law. In my suit to recover from the City the amount of liquidated damages, I was able to show that, in addition to the impediments placed in our way, the City had based its 'damages' on a trumped-up schedule of inspectors' time charges.

The Court leaned over to listen.

We had been charged for sixty days' overtime, though the department's own records showed that we worked only half as long as that. We had been charged with the time of three inspectors for the overtime period when (as the City would itself have admitted) only one would normally be assigned to such a job. We had been billed for the time of half a dozen 'draftsmen, transitmen, engineer's assistants' — all of whose work, by the way, was completed long before the overtime period began.

The Court actually laughed, and in the end rendered a decision in our favor.

I laughed too, some days later, when I happened to be looking at my pavement again — to see how it had stood the test of time. I glanced over toward Pier 3, whose builders had been held up to me as paragons of contracting virtue. Lo and behold, Pier 3 had begun to sink. Its entire south side had settled into the water about six feet, owing to faulty caisson work. The brick walls had cracked. The steel skeleton had buckled. (It cost the City about \$25,000 to right it.)

If you're at all curious about such matters, go down to the Battery the next time you are in New York and take a look at the paving on Marginal Street, approaching Pier 3. It is still in perfect condition.

THE SIMPLE EPICURE

BY DELLA T. LUTES

I

As an occasional diversion from the inroads of despair evoked by threats of Communism, Fascism, Naziism, Socialism, Nudism, and Cataclysm, we play anagrams. One of our number is a professor of economics at Harvard and whilom member of the famous Brain Trust at Washington — a man whose word the laity would hesitate to dispute, no matter how casually uttered. When, therefore, with solemn mien and fixity of stare he combats the challenge of some absurd combination of letters with the apparently immutable statement that it is 'a weed in Southern Michigan,' we sit meekly back in our chairs, doubt in our hearts, but not unmixed with envy of his cultured bravado. For God knows that Southern Michigan, at least some fifty years ago in the days of my childhood, grew as large and varied a crop of weeds as any state of its size could do.

Some of these 'weeds,' eaten as 'greens,' provided us with whatever stood for vitamin content in a day when spinach was practically unknown. The earliest of these to find its succulent way to our table was the dandelion. Now the dandelion is without doubt a pest. Crowding and shoving his arrogant way through, past, over, and beyond his betters, he thrusts a gamin head above the more legitimate occupants of lawn and field, and later flings his silvery whorls abroad with happy abandon, kin to all shiftless gentry.

And yet, in all the rich roster of more refined vitamin-producing vegetables, including broccoli, *escarole*, endive, and the plebeian cabbage, richest contributor of them all, is none that has the lusty tang and flavor of the dandelion.

After dandelions came narrow dock, pigweed, pursley (called 'pussley'), the tender unfurled stalks of young milkweed (a close second to asparagus), and the leaves of mustard, horse-radish, turnips, and cowslips. My father was a man of prejudices, especially in the matter of food, and, being possessed of a somewhat testy disposition, had small scruples about stating them. He did not care particularly for greens. He called them 'fodder,' and said if you were going to eat fodder, why not eat something that had some taste to it, like cowslips? Cowslips, he stated, were the only greens fit to eat. What if they were bitter? Bitter things were good for you. Moreover, they were the only greens *his* mother had ever cooked, and his mother was a good cook. Therefore each spring, when the pale yellow blossoms began to dot the edges of streams and begold the meadows, he would get into his high rubber boots and, with a market basket on his arm and the dog 'Shep' nosing about for muskrats, would sally forth to provide the family table with a delicacy which he pretended merely to tolerate but consumed with avidity.

My mother was not partial to cow-

slips, because of the snails which sometimes clung tenaciously to the underside of leaves. My father snorted with derision at her discrimination and reminded her that in certain countries snails were regarded as a delicacy. To this my mother equably remarked that they were welcome, and that if my father had to clean the leaves he would n't be so lenient; whereupon he rejoined, with not unreasonable contention, that cowslips thrive in water and therefore did n't need half the cleaning dandelions did, considering the questionable places where they grew the best.

In spite of such altercations, at least once a year cowslips were added to the varied list of greens that made spring-time meals something to be anticipated then, and afterward remembered with pleasure.

They were cooked, these greens, with salt pork or a ham bone, and made a delectable addition to a diet grown monotonous through a long winter when potatoes and cabbage had monopolized the vegetable content of the menu, with perhaps even the cabbage giving out before spring. Indeed, they are not to be despised even to-day, when vitamin-producing and appetite-provoking foods may be found from June to June in almost every village and town.

II

Farmers in general did not bother themselves much with gardens in those days. They were concerned with larger affairs of stock and grain, and looked upon the garden as 'truck,' leaving it mostly to the care of women and boys. My father, however, had but a few acres, and he liked puttering with truck. It was his special pride to furnish the table with a mess of green peas and new potatoes on the Fourth of July. If he had been a New Englander, salmon would have been added to the

menu; but he was not a New Englander, and meat was a secondary consideration.

The new potatoes, not fully grown, were carefully fingered from the hills, and cooked with the peas in the smallest amount of water possible, to which, when they were done, butter and cream were added. And no other method of cookery that I have ever seen can approach this for full and delicious flavor.

In my childhood carrots were not considered a desirable food for man. They were raised for beasts, and the fact that they were supposed to make the horse's hair soft and shiny may have given rise to the tradition that a generous diet of them will put curly hair on a child's head. Tomatoes, too, had not been accepted as suitable food for man. They were looked upon as a distrusted adventurer into the vegetable kingdom. Indeed, they were regarded by the conservative (in which class my father was to be accounted for his zeal) as a distinctly dangerous vagrant threatening life itself. Rumor had it that tomatoes were the direct cause of cancer, and there were those who claimed that a law ought to be passed forbidding their further entrance into a hitherto hygienically established domain. If it had become known that the tomato is close kin to the so-called deadly nightshade (one of the varmints among the weeds of Southern Michigan), its recognition would have been delayed still longer.

Long after the zestful and now admittedly health-giving tomato had been accepted in the horticultural world as an aristocrat among vegetables, my father would have nothing to do with it. He grew tomatoes and would sell them, but he carried an unwritten notice to the effect that all who traveled that road did so at their own peril. When he was seventy-five he was induced to try them; perhaps he thought the end so imminent that a

hazard more or less was of small moment. Between that day and the day he died, ten years later, there was not time enough for him to get all the tomatoes he wanted; but he never once alluded to what his stubborn prejudice had lost him.

Cucumbers my father ate as he ate apples, except that he peeled a cucumber and not an apple. It was a daily custom with him to pause long enough of a summer morning to select two or three of the slenderest and choicest of the lot, and, with me hovering close to his side, make his way to the edge of the stoop, where we would sit, my bare legs dangling pleasantly beside his cowhide boots, while he, with the trusty blade of his huge jackknife, peeled the cool, delicious fruit. He would then cut them into strips and divide them, share and share alike, utterly oblivious of dietary rote for child or man. With an old nicked glass saltcellar (now a treasured antique) between us, we would dip and chonk, dip and chonk, each juicy mouthful punctuated and accompanied by generous bites of bread fresh from the oven and topped with butter often fresh from the churn. And if by this time any misunderstanding reader happens to be thinking sympathetically of us as an 'underprivileged child' and a 'forgotten farmer,' let him turn his commiseration elsewhere.

III

The 'full pork barrel,' in the days when weeds from Southern Michigan played an important part in the spring diet, was no empty metaphorical expression of plenty. It was what you might call the backbone of our meat supply.

And speaking of backbones brings me again to the literal. What housewife of to-day knows the delightful satisfaction of committing to her time-

and-temperature-controlled oven a vast dripping pan filled to its generous depths with fresh, full-length spare-ribs? No four-inch, parsimoniously stripped, palely corned bones, barren of taste or flavor, but long, slender, well-padded ribs firmly attached to the spinal column with tenderloin still intact, and the whole imbedded with stuffing. And such stuffing!

Modern exponents of the art of cookery, ever seeking to divert the mind of man — and particularly of woman — by new and often outlandish methods, have conceived and devised many strange combinations of ingredients under the name of stuffing. Chestnuts, which belong on the hearth or in a boy's pocket; oysters, never quite at ease except on the half shell or in a stew; raisins, whose proper métier is the pudding, the fruit cake, or on the stem; cheese, the dominating flavor of which should *rule* the dish (and will) — these and other alien comestibles have been dragged in to give the hotly pursued 'unusual' tang to a dish as strongly naturalized as the American Eagle, only to give a flaccid, anæmic effect where thews and sinews are indicated. For good old stuffing as known to old-fashioned folk of Southern Michigan, and to other epicures, is made of bread properly moistened, chopped onion, salt, pepper, sage, and savory, the whole generously enriched with melted butter.

Licking the dish after the stuffing had been transferred to its final use and purpose was a treat in no way second to that offered by the yellow bowl in which molasses cookies had been mixed.

The advent of spareribs in the days of my childhood was one of the anticipated seasonal returns, like greens in spring and sweet corn in summer. They came with the first severe frosts of early winter, when butchering time brought as welcome a change to the

meat diet as the greens did after a winter of potatoes and cabbage, and bespoke not only a delightful treat in themselves, but a round of family dinners and neighborly exchange. For the farmers of a community usually made of butchering a succession of events in order to help each other, and to keep the feast of fresh meat going as long as possible.

Besides the spareribs there were, in the rich roster of kitchen-tested recipes, fresh baked shoulder with apple sauce; sausage, packed away in small stone jars protected by a thick coating of melted lard; souse; and headcheese.

Now headcheese, as made by my mother and her contemporaries, was a harmonious and appetizing unification of savory meat and piquant spices. And yet, nowhere in the two hundred or more cookbooks that burden my shelves do I find any reference to it. But in a yellowed, thumb-marked, egg- and molasses-stained old copy book, where some faithful recorder set forth her 'rules,' I find the following rather dramatic account: —

The head is singed, then soaked in salt water for twenty-four hours. It is then taken out, scrubbed, and cleaned. A red hot poker is thrust into the ears and nostrils. If large it is split in two and then placed in a kettle large enough to hold water to cover it. [At this point one's imaginative tendency inclines toward a high-held platter borne either by a fat-calved butler or by a sandaled Salome, as the whim turns.]

Into the kettle are put a few bay leaves, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of sage, another sprig of thyme, and some summer savory, two or three onions, and a good-sized carrot cut into pieces. In a bag are put some whole spices, some peppercorns, a few cloves, and this is added to the others.

The meat is then boiled until it drops from the bones. A thin clean white cloth is placed in a large colander and the meat drained onto it. When quite drained it is either chopped or picked into fine pieces and packed into a bread tin. Add a very

small portion of vinegar to the liquid in which the head was boiled and pour enough of this over the meat to mould it. Over the meat place a clean dry white cloth and on top of this a weight, say a sadiron, or a stone placed on a board. Take note that the eyes, which in boiling will be removed from their sockets, are taken out and thrown to the hens. The ears are chopped with other meat.

'Souse,' the faded, meticulous message goes on to say, 'is made in the same way, except that the meat is not allowed to cook from the bones. The feet and hocks are set in a crock and the liquid poured over them to jell.'

I have never made headcheese, but there are moments when there is tranquillity to a harassed mind in the thought of fingers caressingly engaged amid a bed of herbs including sage and savory and a sprig of thyme, preparing for a day when they will be used to flavor the detached timber from a porcine head; and other moments when the hot poker, with its savage, hissing thrusts, offers an ameliorating suggestion not incompatible with one's belief in justice.

IV

Southern Michigan, in the days of which I write, was farther by many hours from the seacoast than it is to-day. There were no refrigerator cars, no method of preservation other than that of salt and the commercial tin, and even this latter method was often fraught with danger. Nevertheless, one of the rarest treats that ever came into our lives was the tin can of oysters which my father once in a while brought home from town on a winter's day. This was a square-cornered quart tin with a softer piece of tin at the top for cutting. I wish that I could again turn a twitching nose to the exquisite aroma that came from that container as the knife severed the top.

I have lived in New England now for many years. I have eaten oysters from Maine to Baltimore, and in every shape, form, and manner, and never tire of them. But even so, never has a fresh-from-the-sea Blue Point on the half shell smelled or tasted one tenth as good, as delectable, toothsome, delicate, and appetizing, as did those tinned oysters back in Michigan.

Doubtless some analyst of foods — or fools — will rise up to declare that this is but an attitude of mind; that because oysters in those days were a strange and foreign food, adumbrating an air of mystery, the memory is deceived. But, remembering the fragrance that floated through the house as the liquid from the can was mixed with milk or cream and heated to the boiling point, I am not convinced. Perhaps when clouds of witnesses arise from the ranks of *Atlantic* readers to verify claims made for spareribs and headcheese, as well as weeds from Southern Michigan, some will come forth to testify also to the merits of the tinned oyster.

V

In the days when men wrested almost an entire living from the soil, there was little talk about dieting, and little need of it. People, old and young, worked and walked and had small occasion for reducing girth or girdle. They ate strong food, and bread was believed to be the staff of life. Flour was not as yet too refined, and milk, or the water in which potatoes had been boiled, was used as liquid, lard from the crock as shortening, and the whole when baked provided a rich, luscious, and nutritious food from infancy to old age.

My father did not like yeast bread, however, and would not eat it. He said there was nothing to get your teeth into and that it was n't fit for a

dog. My mother said, be that as it may, she was not going to feed it to the dog; that she liked it, I liked it, and she was going to make it. To which my father replied she could make it if she wanted to, and eat it too, but as for him he wanted salt-risin' bread and he wanted it fresh.

So twice each week the big elevated oven yielded three fat, brown-crustured loaves of salt-risin' bread, along with an equal or greater number in which yeast cakes were the leavening power. And no one living at that time could have dreamed that in a few years the dry yeast cake would have gone the way of pungs and cutters and dried-apple sauce.

My mother never became quite reconciled to what seemed an unnecessary demand. She thoroughly disliked making salt-risin' bread. It was temperamental, required longer 'raising,' and took more time to bake. On one occasion my father, grown unusually testy from argument, clumped about the kitchen waving his arms, shouting, 'Jumpin' Christopher! What's your time *for*? I don't ask much of you, do I?'

This superfluous question my mother met with an enigmatical silence doubtless harder to bear by one of a controversial nature than argument, but nevertheless she made the bread.

Three loaves went into the oven at about nine o'clock, and although my father, from long years of anticipatory watchfulness, knew to a moment the hour of their consignment and the length of time it took to bake, he would invariably appear at the kitchen door within fifteen minutes to ask, 'What time do you think it ought to be done?'

Mother would reply, 'Oh, in about an hour, I guess. But you can't cut it when it's hot, you know' — being perfectly well aware that when it was hot was exactly when he did want to cut it, and would.

A fat-cheeked old silver watch that kept him company throughout his life apprised him of the time, but he never waited for the hour to expire. Within the half he would again appear at the door, eager and expectant.

'Bread done yet?' Craftily he would peer past her toward the oven as if he never quite trusted her computation of time.

'Mercy, no,' she would reply patiently, 'I've only just put it in.'

He had various ways of employing himself during the last few moments of waiting. In winter he would fill the wood box to overflowing, or he would shell corn for the hens, an occupation customarily accorded to the leisure of evenings, but sometimes anticipated in order to provide an excuse for a position near the oven door. In summer he would go to the garden, pick two or three crisp young cucumbers, and, returning, burst eagerly into the house, lay the cucumbers in a pan of cold water, and demand testily to know whether that bread was n't done *yet*.

To satisfy him my mother would open the oven door a crack and peer inside, only to close it again with the verdict, 'Bout fifteen minutes more,' delivered in a professional tone.

'Jiminy *Christopher!*' The explosion was mild in word but electric in effect. 'Can't you hurry it *up*? You want some more wood?'

'No,' Mother would reply calmly to both inquiries, 'the fire's all right and if you'd eat yeast bread it would n't take so long. You can't hurry salt-risin' bread.'

Then my father would snort and clump his feet down hard as he walked away, and say he did n't see why she did n't bake it every day and then a man could have it when he wanted it, fresh.

No matter where he happened to be at the time, he seemed to know the moment the bread came out of the

oven, if indeed he was not on hand. My mother tried to insist that the bread should be turned out upon a clean towel and covered with another until it had cooled at least a little, but this was beyond my father's endurance. The only concession he would make was a sufficient time to peel the cucumbers that were cooling and put them lengthwise on a plate with a saltcellar. This, with another plate filled with huge slices of hot bread generously buttered, was then carried out to our accustomed position on the back steps, where he and I would feast our corporeal selves on the nutty richness of salt-risin' bread and stock our souls with memories against another day.

VI

When it came to doughnuts my father was quite content with my mother's product, but he liked these, too, hot from the kettle, and insisted on a fresh batch three times a week.

My father called them 'friedcakes.' That was what *his* mother had called them and that was what they were. He said he did n't know what a doughnut was, and he did n't care. Friedcakes were what he wanted, and friedcakes were what he would have. Moreover, he had to have them fried in a certain iron kettle, huge, heavy, and unwieldy. Unknown to him, my mother once bought a lightweight, clean-looking kettle of granite to take its place. When, however, he came in and saw the cakes sizzling about in this alien pot, he threw what is vulgarly known as a fit.

Who in tunket, he stormed, ever heard of such a thing as using anything but an iron kittle for friedcakes? He picked up one of the cakes, perfect in contour, light as a thistle, golden brown in color, bit into it with pursed lips, and threw it down with a contemptuous verdict.

Not fit to eat! What could she expect, coming out of that liver-colored contraption? *Where was the kittle?*

You fry cakes, Mother told him, in the *lard*, and it don't make any difference what the *lard's in*, so long's it's hot enough.

Father snorted and waved his arms. She needn't tell *him*, he shouted, that she could fry cakes in that thing. She had only to *look* at them to see. He demanded the *kittle*. He said *he* would get the kittle. He got the kittle and banged it down on the stove.

My mother sought to calm him. She urged him to try another of the cakes and expressed herself as willing to wager that he could not tell the difference.

Tell the difference! he roared. Of course he could tell the difference. They tasted of that stuff on that tarnation pot she was cooking them in.

She pointed out that this could not be so, as this was an enameled surface and nothing could come off it. Father insisted that there was a decided taste of tin or something, but followed the first sample with another and another, doubtless to verify his original opinion. He had never expected, he grumbled, in *his* time, to eat such friedcakes. They might as well be thrown to the hogs. My mother remarked tartly that it looked as if there would n't be many to throw, but she apparently did not consider the battle worth waging, for she went back to using the iron kettle and used it as long as I can remember — but not the same kettle.

A little while after this the iron kettle was knocked off the table and cracked. Mother said it was an accident and she was sorry, but it could n't be helped. Anyway she had the granite kettle, which would do quite as well, but Father declared he would get another iron kettle before the sun had set. He dropped everything, hitched the bay horse to the buckboard, and

took me with him. He stopped at all the near-by farmhouses and asked if they had an iron kettle to sell. Some of the women were willing to part with one (doubtless in the hope of acquiring another of lighter weight), but none of them was what Father wanted. Some were too large, some too small; one that might otherwise have done had a chip in the rim; another had a slightly cracked ear which endangered the safety of the bail. No slightest flaw escaped his searching eye.

We stopped at two secondhand stores (there were no antique shops then) and at the junk dealer's, but nothing would suit. The perfect kettle was not found.

On the way home somebody told Father about an auction that was to be held on the morrow where there would be a lot of household goods. So, as soon as an early breakfast was over, he hitched up the bay mare and we set forth. The auction was some ten miles away over a dirt road. As if all roads were not of dirt, in that day! The sand on this particular road, however, was unusually deep and the day was hot. We proceeded slowly while Father perspired and the horse lathered. Father took off his alpaca coat and vest and opened his shirt collar. When we came to a stream he drove through on the shallow side of the bridge and let the mare stop to drink. He said it would soak up the fellies on the wheels as well.

After we had driven through he told me to get out and pick some elderberry leaves and wet them in the stream. He put these inside his hat and I picked some more, wet them, and stuck them in the bridle to keep the flies away from the horse's head.

Ten miles was a goodly journey in those days over a dusty road, but we reached our destination shortly after the auction had begun. My father immediately began to prowl among the

junk which was gathered on tables, benches, and on the grass. There were several kettles, but again none suited him. Vexed and disappointed, he turned away, and was making toward the buggy when a leather-faced, horny-handed stranger approached and said he'd heard my father was looking for an iron kettle. Father said he was.

'I got one over to my house,' said the stranger, 'that's had more fried-cakes cooked in it 'n you c'd put in a hayrack. House's just down the road a step. Come down, I'll show you.'

We followed him down the dusty road, his bare feet plopping in the dust, fringed overalls flapping about his thin, dirt-encrusted ankles.

'This-here kettle,' he volunteered, 'was my mother's and her mother's afore her, and just as good to-day as 't was then. Hain't no wear-out to it. My first womern set store by it, and fried a million cakes in it. But this-here one—' A flip of the hand, significant expectoration of tobacco juice expertly aimed at a ragweed taller than its thousand mates along the road, and scornful lift of moustached lip (badly discolored), gave mute commentary on this-here present 'womern.'

'C'mmin.' He pushed open the dilapidated door of what was clearly the most desolate, rickety, junk-strewn excuse for a house that ever disgraced a township. 'Womern's up t' the auction,' he explained. 'I'll git the kettle.'

Rattling and banging about amid the general débris in some outlying district which he designated as the woodshed, he came back triumphantly bearing an exact replica of the late lamented article for which we were seeking a duplicate.

'Thar she is!' He set the kettle down on a cluttered table and, giving it a hasty brush with his sleeve, stood off to observe the effect of this miraculous consummation of a desire.

My father clutched the kettle, struck

it resoundingly with a knife which he picked up from the table, listened critically, and nodded his head. He inspected the rim for nicks, the ears for cracks, and the handle for balance. His investigation seemed to give him complete satisfaction.

He inquired, tersely, the price. The owner, shifting ballast to the other jaw, hitched his overalls a notch higher, squinted speculatively at his customer, and said with equal brevity, 'Fo' dollars.'

My father took a worn leather bag from his pocket, counted out four silver dollars, and handed them over. He took the kettle carefully in hand, bade the man good-day, and we started back to the scene of the auction, where our horse was tied.

As we were about to climb into our wagon a slatternly woman approached.

'Got that kettle from the ole man, did n't you.' Which was a statement rather than an inquiry. 'How much d'ja pay for it?'

'I paid four dollars,' my father said shortly, his voice edged, and his eyes sharp with suspicion.

The woman gave a toothless chortle, flinging her sunbonneted head back upon a dirty throat. 'He sure stung you good, mister,' she said with obvious amusement. 'He snatched that-thar kettle out'n the pile of junk over thar' — gesturing toward the auction — 'when he hearn you was lookin' for one. Paid fifty cents for it.'

My father made no reply, but set the kettle carefully in the buggy and bade me, curtly, to climb in. So far as I know, he never related the terms of transaction to my mother, nor did I.

VII

As for desserts, we probably missed something, judging by the myriad varieties advertised in full page, spread, and column of magazine and news-

paper, and lauded by air, platform, and print. But we did not know it, and although our choice was limited the quality was unexcelled, except in the one instance, so far as I was concerned, of my father's favorite, which was known as a 'Minute Pudding.' It seemed to consist of flour being slowly sifted by the fingers of one hand into a kettle of boiling water while the other hand diligently stirred — this, however, to small purpose, for the result was a lumpy concoction which was served with sweetened and flavored cream in a certain small white pitcher which had purple lustre flowers on its fat cheeks. I have never seen or heard of a Minute Pudding in my later life, and shall feel no regret if I never do.

There was another pudding, however, that I tasted first upon a Sunday visit to my Aunt Hanner — a relation by courtesy. This, when carefully unmoulded from the good-sized coffee cups in which it had been cooling in the springhouse, proved to be a rich, yellowish preparation, semi-globular in shape, fine of texture, perfect in consistency, and also served with cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Experience of later years taught me that this delicious dainty was no less but certainly more than what is called by the commonplace name of 'Cornstarch Pudding,' but I have never tasted a cornstarch or other pudding that could compare with it. I have myself tried many recipes, some of them my own, in quest of the ideal, but apparently the ingredients are not the same; the cream is not as rich, the eggs are lacking in quality, or perhaps it is that the technique is not — and can never be — the same. However, or whatever the reason, Aunt Hanner's Cup Pudding, as she called it, was a dessert unsurpassed to my virgin palate, and in my memory of sweets.

Interspersed with the pies of the

early season (which we had in plenty) was strawberry shortcake. Now strawberry shortcake, as my mother made it, was no mean matter of one small, rangy biscuit split apart and sparingly smeared with a little strawberry juice.

My mother made strawberry shortcake in a small dripping pan and of a very rich biscuit dough. When this was baked to flaky perfection it was turned on to a platter and split in two. The top half was laid aside and the bottom part lavishly spread with butter. Over this the berries (already crushed in a blue and white porcelain bowl) were thickly poured. Then the top half was laid over this (still piping hot), fulsomely buttered, while the remainder of the berries completely canopied the whole. The juice ran off and made a crimson lake on which the shortcake rested. A pitcher of cream stood by as accompaniment for those who wanted it.

When we had shortcake we had but little else, nor needed more. Here was a dish complete in itself, perfect in quality, adequate in quantity, and presenting a feast sufficient for gods or epicurean man.

Neither my mother nor her contemporaries had recipes as a recipe is counted to-day. They had 'rules,' but many of their rules were in their fingers and eyes. They had 'heaping spoonfuls' and 'heaping cupfuls,' 'pinches of salt,' 'lard enough to make a short crust.' But when they got through, the result was such as not many of to-day's 'experts' can approach.

My mother's piecrust was flaky, crisp, and tender. She used lard, and she mixed this with the flour until it 'felt right.' And she knew to a nicety when it did feel right. She poured in water from a teacup, or the dipper, or whatever was at hand, but she never poured too much or too little. She

laid on to the lower crust a bed of sliced apples to exactly the right height for proper thickness when the pie was done. It was never so thick that it felt like biting into a feather bed, nor so thin that your teeth clicked. It never ran over, and it had just the proper amount of juice. She sprinkled sugar over it with neither mete nor measure, and all-spice or cinnamon from a can. But when that pie was done (crimped around the edges and golden brown on the humps, with an 'A' slashed in the dough) it was a masterpiece of culinary art. With the edge of the oven's heat taken off, but never allowed to chill, and a goodly piece of cheese from the neighboring factory lying alongside, here was a dish which the average citizen of any country rarely meets. For not one woman in ten thousand can make a good apple pie, and if I now need witnesses to corroborate my statement, there will indeed be clouds of such, darkened by frustrated desire.

VIII

For beverages in those early days I cannot claim any measure of variety. Certainly nothing to compare with the poisonous-looking but probably innocuous 'tonics' that infest New England roadsides and the hot-dog stands on every route from coast to coast.

My father was very fond of buttermilk, but he wanted it as cold as he wanted his friedcakes hot, a feat difficult to achieve with no means of cooling except to set the pitcher in a bucket of water drawn from the well, and especially since he was as impatient of waiting for the buttermilk to cool as for the bread to bake. Mother churned three times a week, and Father insisted on her using an old-fashioned stone churn with wooden dasher. My mother wanted one of the more modern barrel churns, which required less effort and brought results in less time,

but my father's mother had used the dasher type and one of his chores in boyhood had been to manipulate the dasher. Sentiment therefore clung to the stone churn, but I never noticed that sentiment urged him to revive the boyhood occupation for old time's sake.

'You can't make the same kind of buttermilk,' he argued, 'from any of these newfangled dinguses that you can from the old churn, and I want my buttermilk the way I've always had it.'

'You waste more butter in this churn,' Mother told him reasonably. 'The new kind does n't leave so much butter in the milk.'

'Well,' said Father irritably, 'what are we after? A little more butter or good buttermilk? We'll have butter enough anyway.'

Once when Father was growing difficult because the buttermilk did not cool quickly enough, Mother put some ice in it. He did not see this done, but when he was handed a glass of the beverage to drink he tasted it, licked his lips, and eyed Mother with bitter suspicion.

'What the — what in *tunket's* the matter with this buttermilk?' he demanded. 'It tastes like *swill*!'

'I put some ice in it,' Mother said. 'You been hollerin' so to have it cool, I could n't do anything else.'

Father looked at her a full minute, his eyes cold, his cheeks red. Then he set the glass down on the table, walked out, and did not return until called for dinner.

On summer days when there was no fresh buttermilk, my mother would make switchel. This was concocted by taking the coldest water that could be drawn and adding a certain amount of vinegar, sugar (or molasses), and ginger to taste. This was put into a brown stone jug, corked, and carried to my father and any helpers he might have in the hayfield. The gurgling sound of

this beverage tumbling its way from the wide-lipped mouth of the jug to a tin cup was a pleasantly teasing sound, and the flavor of switchel, while I have not felt impelled to test the recipe in order to lend authenticity to my tale, was, according to my memory, a not altogether unpleasant substitute for the average throat wash of to-day.

October days ushered in the time to expect sweet cider from the mill. Gathering windfalls and seconds into barrels and baskets to be taken to the mill was another of those homely tasks that gave zest to the lives of country folk. Moreover, here again you reaped the fruits of your own labor, as in other instances.

You carried your own corn to mill, for example, and you took your own meal home for your johnnycake. When you ate buckwheat cakes in winter, you were partaking of the buckwheat that had grown from your own sowing. And when you took apples to the mill you drank what flavor you preferred. My father liked the amber fluid pressed from russet apples, and when he took russet apples to mill he got russet apple cider — or he knew the reason why. And while he was at the mill he drank copiously from a tin dipper kept for the customers' use, although cider, he contended, reached its perfection just two weeks after grinding. And so he took small loads to mill, and brought small kegs of cider home.

He was an exceedingly temperate man, and with small tolerance for the toper. When cider began to get hard he neither touched it nor served it to callers.

'Don't intend to make a fool of *my* self,' he said, 'and ain't nobody going to blame me for makin' a fool of them.'

Once the cider barrel became unfit for sober men to enjoy, it was but a receptacle for vinegar. Except in one single instance: when my father had a severe cold he would draw off a pitcher of hard cider, mix with it a powerful dose of cayenne pepper and some rock candy, and heat it on the stove. With his feet in a pail of hot mustard water and a blanket around him, he would sip this pungent remedy, to the complete routing of the disease.

Food, and drink, it would seem from these simple annals, played a most important part in the lives of ordinary country folk these many years ago. And so they did. And so they do now, with more fuss and less enjoyment. Concession to mass production we must make. We cannot eat bread from our own grain or butter from our own churn (unless there *should* be a millennial trek back to 'good providership'), but we might, it would seem, gather comfort from the fact that these lives, so plainly lived, held courage and a goodly measure of enjoyment.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION 1935 AND 1865

How many in the family? Five?
Right here is where you sign.
Let's see your work card. That's your
meat —
Back there, don't shove in line.

*Corn pone and bacon fat
And limp grass for a hoss.
Out yonder runs the river, boys,
Let's beat the Yanks across.*

You need a pair of overalls?
No flour in the bin?
Three days a week will have to do —
Back there, stop pushing in.

*Mired guns and broken steel,
Ole Stonewall, there he stands.
Hell, we don't need no powder, boys!
Let's lick 'em with our hands.*

The seed won't come until next week,
There's some talk of a mule.
Don't worry, we'll take care of you —
Back there, you know the rule.

*Ravaged field and blackened roof,
And faded calico.
We ain't in want of scarecrows, boys,
Let's plough another row.*

AN INDUSTRY ICUMEN IN

I HAVE been thinking about air conditioning the house, not as one who is going to do something expensive at once, but as one who has done it. The bills are all paid. Summer or winter the house has the same satisfactory temperature, neither too warm nor too cold, but just right for me; and the air is purer than that on a mountain top. When I remember how I used to open a window to 'let in fresh air' I both smile and shudder to think of all the undesirable invisible things I let in with it. The machin-

ery is automatic; it works like nature, only so very much better. Out of doors the wind bloweth where it listeth and the air is invisibly laden with organisms that we now know to be germs and our superstitious ancestors thought to be demons. When a superstitious ancestor sneezed he considered it reasonable evidence that a demon had got inside of him; and the maternal policy of a well-known Duchess, —

Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases, —

may, indeed, have been an unwitting exorcism, inherited from superstitious ancestry and camouflaged by commonplace explanation. I do not like to sneeze, myself.

Like germs, air conditioning is in the air, though it is not yet in every house. The writer of an article in my newspaper heralds it as the next great American industry, lifting the curse of unemployment by employing everybody not otherwise employed. 'The universal acceptance of air cooling in summer,' he writes, 'automatically summons to the mind a picture of deserted bathing beaches, empty amusement parks, and, most important, empty highways on a Sunday afternoon. People will always stay indoors in comfort. The spectacle of deserted streets and a population that will remain perpetually indoors might frighten the back-to-nature enthusiasts and deliver a death blow to nudism. . . . With air conditioning on every hand, it is inevitable that sometime in the near future all our homes will be equipped.'

But why a death blow to nudism? It seems to me it would be an encouragement.

The picture, I think, asks too much of the New Deal. Many of our homes, even in these United States at the peak of former prosperity, were unable to afford such helpful domestic improvement as great industries were more than willing to provide on easy payments. When winter came, many

men shoveled coal into furnaces; when summer followed, it was no uncommon sight to see the iceman considerably sweeping a little chunk of ice with a whisk broom before laboriously lugging it into a house. Many of our homes were still lighted with candles or kerosene; many had no garage; some — believe it or not — had no automobile. It is comforting to realize that practically all were, and still seem to be, managing to keep up their supply of cigarettes.

This is not to deny that air conditioning will be the next great industry; and a great industry can do much to affect the character of a civilization. Something has been done already. Motion-picture palaces are being air conditioned, limiting germs to those that come in with the customers. There are railway trains on which no germ can travel without a ticket. Glass has been made pervious to the health-giving ultra-violet rays of the sun. I have a sun lamp myself. I bought it last winter for the library, thinking to read and bask simultaneously; but it has almost invariably happened that I have hardly settled down with my book for a long sunny winter evening when my wife has knocked softly on the locked door and whispered (in effect) through the keyhole that we have company.

Nor do I see why the highways would be empty on Sunday. A man with an air-conditioned house will have an air-conditioned car and can still enjoy seeing the scenery and pictures. One of these, I am sure, will be of a Brobdingnagian and lovely girl sitting innocently beside an open window through which a greenish, goggle-eyed monster is crawling expectantly: SHE CAN NOT SEE IT, BUT IT IS GETTING IN.

My dictionary defines nature as 'the sum of physical or material existences or forces, regarded as exclusive of man,' thus recognizing that she (as we commonly call her) behaves as if man had no existence whatever. Very primitive men, as I read the professors, took nature for granted; they *were*, and so was everything else. 'Face to face with nature,' says Professor Julius Lippert (*Die Kulturgeschichte in einzelnen Hauptstücken*), 'the only conclusion to be drawn from this fact was to endeavor to maintain life. The care for life intervenes without speculation.' So, without thinking about it at all, his first rude habitation was

a protection against drafts. Later, when men less primitive began to speculate about unpleasant things that happened to them for no observable reason, it is no wonder to me that they attributed such occurrences to demons, invisible, but otherwise a good deal like themselves at their worst. These they tried to shoo off by exorcisms; and it has naturally taken time and experimentation to find out that what they were trying to do with a priest can be done better with a filter.

But, as I have already hinted, one must not expect too much of the air-conditioned house. Our experience with the insects shows that, however carefully a house is screened, a fly, mosquito, midget, or even so large an invader as a moth, bee, or wasp, will occasionally get in. More than once have I settled myself for sleep in a thoroughly screened house — and then, at first drowsily, but soon wide awake and alert, I have heard a faint *buz-z-z-z-z*, increasing in volume, dying away to silence, now in my ear and again over by the bureau. Then, of course, there is nothing to do but get up. It is worse than useless to pretend sleep, closing the eyes, breathing like a sleeper, and all the time waiting with tense muscles and an open hand for the little devil to light. You will but slap yourself. The only thing to do is to get up, *turn on all the lights*, arm yourself with patience and a folded newspaper, and go after the little devil yourself. It will be the same way with germs, except that you cannot hear a germ and go after it with a newspaper. One can, in fact, neither see them, hear them, nor feel them. The customary behavior of a man with a germ — and this, I imagine, was the attitude of our ancestors toward what they believed were demons — is to let it alone so long as it will let him alone.

But he can feel temperature, and is rarely, and never for long, satisfied with that which indifferent nature is just then providing. Here the air-conditioned house will really come in handy. Already, to be sure, oil-heater man (as some readers may have contrasted him at once with coal-shoveling man) achieves much in winter. He sits in his cushioned chair, smoking his cigarette and reading his *Atlantic Monthly*, while a thermostat, so I understand, keeps the temperature at, say, 70 degrees, unless

some member of the family, who prefers 69, monkeys with it. That possibility seems the only fly in his ointment, and can be expeditiously removed with no more labor than is necessary to change the position of a pointer on a dial. He can do it with his little finger. But spring is coming; and then summer, when the only place in the house with a controlled and equable temperature will be the electric refrigerator. Winter or summer, of course, he is being exposed to germs; but the compelling argument of the new great industry will be 'Why treat the vegetables better than yourself and your loved ones?'

The question rises: What will be the effect of air conditioning on the race? 'According to scientific research,' says the writer of the article in my newspaper, 'it would take several generations before the biological structure of the human body showed any disastrous effects of the easy life, but eventually the world would be filled with softies.' I am not much worried about that. As I have, I think, indicated, the air-conditioned house is unlikely to become universal; nor do I believe that people living in such houses would never, if they could help it, go out of doors. There would be some exceptions, as there would be some surviving germs, each group helping to perpetuate the other, but in the larger view not enough to make very much difference. Ever since he made the first great discovery that fire will burn stick, man has been adapting himself to changes of temperature as he went out or came in, and is still at his hardest about as hardy as ever. Professor Lippert agrees with me. 'Man,' he says, evidently referring to his biological structure, for he has otherwise somewhat noticeably changed, 'whose first traces are found in Europe among the fossils of the Pleistocene Period along with extinct species of the mammoth and rhinoceros at a time when the arctic glaciers joined those of the Alps, was then already much the same as he is to-day.' So much for our biological structure; and there are only a few of us, an inappreciable number, who agree with the poet Cotton that

The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Even if we air conditioned the dear hut, we must be out and about.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

I WAS startled this morning to have my little granddaughter demand in the most insolent manner possible, 'Whose book is this?' Her way of saying it is better indicated by writing it thus: 'Whose book is this?' Now the child is not an impudent little baggage, and I stared at her for a moment in amazement. Then it came to my mind that of late she has been playing with a lot of rather neglected young people who have not been taught the importance of accent in sentences as well as in words. What she really wanted to ask me was, 'Whose *book* is this?' or perhaps, 'Whose *book is* this?' or even, 'Whose *book is this?*' Accented as it was, the question gave me the impression that I was being 'put on the spot' and that anything I might be led to confess would be used against me!

This style of asking a question with the accent entirely on the first word of the sentence seems to be growing in usage. To an old-fashioned person like myself it is strangely offensive, smacking of the brutal intimacies of the 'third degree.' You picture yourself with handcuffs and leg irons, bound in an iron chair and all but gagged while a sharp-nosed 'dick' jabs you with 'What is your name? Where do you live? What are you doing?' and so on.

Now a question fired point-blank at you is apt to annoy you even when given with the most diplomatic of accents. It is in a way a command to stand and deliver. I have even heard the advice strongly urged never to ask a direct question, but to put it in a hint. I would not go so far as to advise a strict adherence to this rule. It would be a little affected to approach a traffic officer with the insinuation, 'This road going to the right is likely, I suppose, to lead to the business district,' accompanying your remark with an inquiring lift of one or more eyebrows. You would be apt to get more instant attention than if you fired at him the usual 'Where does this road on the right go to?' The officer would likely think you were some ignorant foreigner unacquainted not only with the highways but also with the American language. He might, however, come back at you with 'What's that you say?' and escort you to the police station for impudence to an officer

and for obstructing traffic; and the police judge would say, '*Who do you think you are?*'

I believe the matter of accent receives far too little attention in American speech. A carelessly accented sentence will go as far toward branding you as illiterate and uncultured as a badly spelled or badly accented word. Only recently I heard a distinguished English lecturer who spoke of the '*in-tric-acies*' of a problem. But he accented his sentences so delightfully that one could forgive the occasional slip on the accent of a word. Besides, it is easier to say '*intricacies*' with the accent on the second syllable than to accent it on the first. The accents of some of our words are sadly in need of changing, anyhow. I remember a very scholarly German mathematician who was much astonished, not to say scandalized, to hear me pronounce the word '*accompaniment*' with the accent on the second syllable. He had supposed that of course it should be accented on the third. After I had accented it on the third myself several times I could see that there was much to be said in favor of his way.

The accenting of words in a sentence is a much more complicated and difficult affair than the accenting of syllables in a word. The treatment of syllables can be standardized in a dictionary; it is seldom that a word is capable of more than one accent, and then as a rule the meaning varies. But this variation is the usual thing in accenting a sentence. How can we know where the accents went a hundred or more years ago? The rhythm of the verse may tell us that '*Juliet*' was accented on the first syllable, but I shudder to think that leaning on the balcony she may have murmured, '*What's in a name?*'

REFLECTIONS IN A SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT

EVER since I have been a client of a safety deposit company, I have been conscious of an attendant sadness upon entering their sombre chambers, and on a recent call, made for the purpose of cutting back a few flowering coupons still blooming in this sixth year of the Great Depression, I was even more deeply affected than usual, so much so that I halted my pruning activities long enough to jot down a few notes upon

one of those white income-tax slips, Treasury Department Form 1000, from which brief outline I now elaborate.

In the first place, the close atmosphere is very similar, though somewhat warmer and dryer, to that of a receiving vault, the prevailing quiet and plain severity of the interior are suggestive of the same, while the tiers of metal containers are reminiscent of the wall niches provided for the accommodation of the dead. Again, turning to the contents of the strong boxes, sarcophagi of those catacombs of treasure, there is, to me, something very sobering about a bond with its attached semiannual reminders of the passage of time, and bearing its date of maturity, at first seemingly remote but relentlessly approaching, which compels comparison with my own expectancy. Shall I live to cut the last coupon?

Influenced by like thoughts, I once made the remark to a friend that a bond had ever seemed to me a sad instrument, whereupon he replied, '*I entirely agree with you and understand your feelings perfectly, but you must admit that some bonds are sadder than others.*'

In any such discussion it would constitute a grave oversight to omit those doleful entrances for the purpose of extracting securities to be sold, in order to meet bills for living expenses by drawing upon principal assets, or in connection with calls for additional collateral. And there are even more dreary associations; so intimate is the relationship between these halls and death that a visit to them is among the earliest excursions to be made by the heirs and survivors of any late box holder. I am ever sardonically amused by the aspect of a bereaved widow, swathed in crape, entering the dismal precincts, beginning, as it were, to take financial notice.

Thus musing, I continue somewhat absently to snip off the fleeting years, six months at a whack, which drop like autumn leaves, but with two falls per annum. Were I more of an optimist, I suppose I might regard them from a happier and more cheerful point of view, considering them rather as ripe fruit to be garnered for the sweetness and nourishment which they so abundantly afford; but for me the cloud remains, and will, I fear, remain even unto my last trip to clip Coupon No. —?

The Atlantic

INDUSTRIAL PORTFOLIO

A STUDY OF 12 BASIC INDUSTRIES IN COOPERATION WITH

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OIL INDUSTRY

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

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BY ARTHUR POUND *

I

IN a democratic society, politics and economics are indissolubly wedded; but, like some other marriages, theirs may be described as one of antagonistic coöperation. As wealth increases through improved business, the twain bicker as they never did when they were poor and their families small. It is rare indeed to find a responsible employer following political precedents and the example of the Federal Government in establishing ways and means of collective bargaining and employee control of important industrial functions.

Yet since 1919 — fifteen years without a strike or serious labor dispute — Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, America's largest producer in its field, has been functioning comfortably under a representative plan for worker participation in management which is modeled directly upon the Constitution of the United States.

Goodyear's unique system of labor relations, controls, and awards has a deep background. Thirty-five years ago a young engineer from New England — Paul W. Litchfield — brought to Goodyear those strong New England characteristics: technical ability of a high order, a passion for improving goods, and a conviction that ordinary men develop rapidly under the twin

stimuli of education and responsibility. Rapidly he changed production methods from those of a 'rule-of-thumb' industry, in which foremen without technical education carried their precious 'secret' formulas in their vest pockets, to a degree of systematized efficiency which as early as 1916 gave his company first call in the expanding market for automobile tires.

Using a plant newspaper as an avenue of communication between management and labor, he began a steady drive to create in Goodyear a picked body of superior employees. At first, when the factory was small, he could choose employees after personal interviews; but as the factory grew this became impossible. Akron's growing pains added to the difficulties of selection. The town was full of 'floaters'; there were two jobs for every man, and only half a house for his family. Labor turnover in the rubber industry, always high, rose to fantastic levels. The time-honored system of leaving the hiring and firing to foremen, who might be acting on whim or grudge toward new employees in the rush for production, seemed to be blocking the superintendent's desire to build a stable working force. Wages, being about double the Ohio average, were a minor cause of grievances; but the dependability and concord essential to a com-

* Third in a series of advertisements on Industrial America: Its Way of Work and Thought.

pany out to meet automotive demand could not be achieved because of employee-foreman friction. Largely to correct the effects of rapid expansion and occasional hasty decisions, a Labor and Personnel department was created at Goodyear in 1910. This was the first step in creating the broad and strong machinery of negotiation and counsel which is to-day settled Goodyear procedure.

Fruits of this effort appeared when I. W. W. made Akron fighting territory in February 1913. The strike, initiated by some sixty outside organizers, began in another rubber plant, and flared quickly into violence over the whole city, to subside almost as quickly when a force of 1000 citizen vigilantes, assembled after the governor denied troops, took command of the streets under the sheriff's declaration of martial law.

Immediately Goodyear tendered the olive branch to its employees in these words: —

It should be a matter of satisfaction to every Goodyear man that the company came through the strike trouble with a larger percentage of its men loyal, and a larger production, than any other factory affected. Now that the storm is passed, our policy shall be as follows: —

We shall first organize the factory with the force that has remained loyal, and then add to it the men who have gone out because of fear of violence or a difference of opinion. We believe in 'one big union' in which all have an interest whether it is those who furnish the labor or those who furnish the capital.

This union stands first of all for a square deal to all, and any differences which may arise will be better settled among themselves than by outsiders who do not understand our conditions. Always bear in mind that the company wants only loyal workmen, and it cannot expect to get them unless it makes its wage scales and working conditions such that people work here because they are better off than they would be anywhere else.

This appeared in the March 1 issue of the factory paper, *Wingfoot Clan*. The name is psychologically pat. Here was a declaration of intent to set up a working clan actuated by an immediate, local loyalty and based upon considerations of mutual defense, the company defending its productivity against interruption and pledging itself to defend its employees by providing better-than-average wages and working conditions. By going almost immediately on the eight-hour day, Goodyear gave proof of intent to carry out its declaration. Within the coming years this industrial clanship would adapt modern conditions to many of the ideals of the olden clans in primitive society, among which were care in choosing members, giving preference to sons of members, heeding seniority and the superior claims of long service, taking care of members in old age, and carrying on through education a tradition of clan prowess. The clan idea in industry, at Goodyear and elsewhere, is one of the irrepressible inside trends in American industry, quietly going forward year after year in many places among great bodies of men, and its social significance is greater than most of us imagine. In the case of Goodyear, I saw its early stages at close hand while managing editor of an Akron newspaper in the year following the great strike, when Goodyear was picking its workmen for the long pull and maturing plans for its successful drive toward first place in tire and rubber manufacture.

II

The strike had shown the danger of too extreme specialization, since the disaffection of one man might throw many others out of work. A like unbalancing of operations might occur for a variety of other reasons. Consequently Goodyear undertook to train

fifty of its best workmen as a Flying Squadron in all branches of manufacture until they became universally proficient, promising to each steady work, a broad education, and higher positions for those who demonstrated marked ability. Since 1913, 1200 men have completed the Flying Squadron training. As a result no industrial emergency finds Goodyear unprepared in trained man-power. When the World War drove Goodyear into rapid expansion in Akron and in other areas, 350 master rubber workers with Squadron training were available to start the new enterprises. As Goodyear became a world-wide business, establishing tire factories in Canada, California, Alabama, England, Australia, Java, and Argentina, cotton operations in the South and New England, and plantation activities in Sumatra, the Squadron provided the shock troops around whom the new activities could be efficiently organized. For instance, 107 Squadron men went to the California plant near Los Angeles, 29 to Gadsden, Alabama, 41 to the English operation at Wolverhampton, 29 to South America, and 12 to Java, including 2 from Australia.

The interchange of men between the home plant and the foreign operations is still active, a tour of foreign duty being esteemed an educational opportunity for men in line for home advancement after recall. Goodyear cultivates the world point of view. Thirteen years after he was assigned, as a stenographer with three years of service, to the leadership of the first Flying Squadron, Cliff Slusser became Vice President and Factory Manager with charge of production in all plants.

The Squadron was a Litchfield idea, part of the educational programme which the general superintendent originated as basic in his plan to give Goodyear superior man-power. Amer-

icanization courses for foreign-born workers and training of foremen were other phases of a labor policy in which careful selection, education, and enlarged opportunity for ambitious workers received equal attention. A discerning man cannot talk with Paul W. Litchfield for ten minutes without comprehending that he is an educator no less than a technician and executive. Under his leadership Goodyear has been applying adult education to the making of men and tires.

In 1915, while Mr. Litchfield was still superintendent, he gave \$100,000, or one quarter of his fortune, to Goodyear employees, delegating the management of the fund to an association of older workers. From 1915 to 1920, \$150,000 in cash was distributed from earnings of this nest egg, a feat made possible by the high earnings of Goodyear stock in which the fund was invested. Since 1930 all its revenues, above regular and special awards, have gone for relief purposes.

III

The seed sown in 1915 by Goodyear's superintendent in his personal dividend to employees brought forth abundant fruit after the close of the World War, when the Company announced Goodyear Hall as a centre for a broad educational and recreational programme. The Company had enjoyed huge earnings, maintained high dividends in both stock and cash, and this investment was viewed as the equivalent of a stock dividend to labor.

This six-story building, 170 by 400 feet in size, is the focus for all the employee activities of Goodyear in Akron. Here is housed Goodyear Industrial University, the largest corporately supported industrial educational institution in the United States, with a registration of 1322 students in 1932-1933

and attendance of more than 1800. Its broad curriculum may be divided into two parts. The first is general, open to all qualified employees, and organized as follows: —

Preparatory. — For those lacking in such fundamentals as elementary English and elementary arithmetic.

High School Course. — For those who are prepared to round out an interrupted high school education. Credits are accepted by the State of Ohio and diploma entitles holder to enter college on the same basis as public high school graduates.

Institute Course. — The equivalent of junior college instruction, chiefly attended at night by married men. A four-year course, two semesters of 18 weeks each, three hours a week. Subjects especially stressed are economics, accounting, and management.

College Course. — For better-prepared students in engineering and scientific subjects. Three years' work, three hours a week.

Seminars. — One to three hours a week, instruction especially planned for staff and factory employees in supervisory work and otherwise prepared.

College Graduate Training School. — Limited to college graduates and designed to adjust their theoretical knowledge to factory processes and administration. Includes classroom study, shop experience, lectures, and round-table discussions.

As distinct from these general courses, three special courses are given to selected men, as follows: —

1. Flying Squadron, divided between production and engineering. A three-year course, four hours' attendance a week, and geared to Goodyear problems in administration and science.
2. Goodyear Apprentice School, a three-year course for youths between 18 and 21, who divide their time equally between school work and shop work. Sons of Goodyear employees are given prefer-

ence. More than 350 applicants were interviewed for the 18 places open in this year's 'freshman class.'

3. Supervisional Training School. This three-year course is open to foremen of all classifications — department foremen, shift foremen, supervisors or subforemen, and certain representatives of staff departments. Of the 800 or 900 men eligible, 200 are usually enrolled for courses in a broad curriculum.

The teaching staff numbers 20 full-time instructors, and a number of part-time instructors.

On April 15, 1935, will be celebrated the twentieth anniversary of industrial education at Goodyear. This practical plan of fitting the individual for enlarged opportunities in industry and for better citizenship has been studied by many educators, and some of its lessons have been incorporated into public educational systems.

IV

The Goodyear Hall educational programme began to function coincidentally with the Goodyear Industrial Assembly; certainly the most comprehensive employee representation plan matured by any American company, and, as far as I know, the most successful over a long period of years. That it has not been more generally followed is unfortunate but understandable, because the Goodyear plan involves long preparation in advance, endless patience, and more expense than the simpler and more popular plans for organizing what are commonly called company unions.

The philosophy underlying Goodyear's rather elaborate system of employee relations can be found in a booklet by its idea-father, P. W. Litchfield, published in 1919 under the significant title of *The Industrial Republic*. After stating his opinion that a political democracy and industrial autocracy

cannot long endure in the same society, he presents a case for industrial democracy founded upon labor citizenship developing under growing responsibilities toward complete management:—

The time has now arrived when encouragement must be given to the progressive evolution of industry from the state where labor hires itself out to capital, to the state where labor will manage the business and undertake the obligations which are necessary to insure those who have capital that they may safely lend it to the Organization of those who labor, for the mutual benefit of both.

Steps in that direction, as indicated by the author, are the ferreting out of injustice, the education of labor, and the establishing of confidence between labor and management. He said: 'Too much has been spent in the past to obtain the good will of the customer and of those who furnish the capital, and too little to obtain the good will of labor.'

Goodyear had long outgrown the simple labor relations of small business based upon personal contacts of management and men. Since 1910 the Labor department had lifted the quality of Goodyear workmen through careful selection and training. The foundation having been laid for effective labor representation in management, Mr. Litchfield stood ready to introduce the political methods of democracy into Goodyear's labor relations, in the faith that a superior labor force would make fair use of its new powers.

In searching for a model, he could find none more suitable than the bicameral representative plan embodied in the Constitution of the United States, with its Senate and House of Representatives elected by citizens on an equal suffrage basis. A Council of Industrial Relations composed of executives, elected foremen, and wage earners debated his basic idea, and wrote

a Constitution which was ratified by vote of the factory force. It provided for a Senate of 20 members and a House of 40 members, none of them foremen, elected by secret ballot, with right to legislate on all matters pertaining to working conditions, including wages, subject to veto by the factory manager.

The two houses function almost precisely as their prototypes in Congress, through committee reports, parliamentary procedure, and, in case of disagreement, conference between the two bodies. After four years of increasing detail it was decided that minor matters could be disposed of more quickly by a standing joint committee system. A standing joint conference of 24 members—12 each from the Assembly and the management—still further reduced the labors of the Assembly. These bodies were created by amendment, initiated by the Assembly and ratified by the employees as a common-sense means of speeding up the settlement of grievances, and their decisions are subject to Assembly review.

Company officers may attend Assembly meetings, but speak only upon request, being otherwise barred from the floor. The Assembly receives copies of official reports and informal interim reports. For many years, upon invitation, President Litchfield has made reports to the Assembly similar to those made to the Board of Directors. In both gatherings he finds almost identical reactions, almost the same questions asked, and the same ready acceptance of frank explanations.

Interest taken by rank-and-file workers in Assembly elections runs high. Anyone on the payroll can vote, and the 1934 election brought 86.1 per cent of the eligible voters to the polls. Half of the old Assembly members were re-elected, a higher percentage than usual,

which is a fair test of employee satisfaction during a period of more than usual tension in the industrial world at large. From the beginning the Assembly has stimulated literacy, command of English, and acquaintance with parliamentary procedure.

To management the 60 elected Assemblymen are Goodyear labor, truly representative of a body too large for effective expression otherwise. As such it exercises a general control of all employee relationships and activities. The Assembly and its correlated bodies in 1934, a sample year, acted in the following matters:—

- Regulated layoffs by extending the seniority rule
- Simplified certain wage rates held to be too complicated and negotiated a 10 per cent increase in wages for all employees
- Collected data on the cost of living in Akron and, using these as a yardstick, revised rates for idle time
- Bettered working conditions by recommendations as to lighting, ventilation, safety devices, and sanitary devices
- Arranged special employees' sales for household necessities
- Improved transportation service
- Administered various relief funds by passing on special cases and awards
- Consolidated the Goodyear Hospital Association with the previously formed Relief Association, forming a bloc of 16,000 Akron residents whose sick expenses are guaranteed

Under the Goodyear system the Assembly as a whole considers individual grievances only when all other efforts to bring harmony have failed, but Assemblymen represent workers in their sections in adjusting personal and group grievances with supervisors and foremen and act on sectional joint committees, ten in number.

Through its fifteen years of opera-

tion Goodyear Industrial Assembly has been modified by amendment to avoid delays incidental to full parliamentary procedure, and to bring detail grievances to the attention of conferees close to the situation involved in order to effect prompt settlement. In this way labor and management have become schooled to the give-and-take of calm collective bargaining. On the management side the active conferees are usually men who entered Goodyear young and have never known any other attitude toward or method of adjusting disputes. On the labor side, the majority of elected representatives are usually either men of long service likewise habituated to conference methods or young men who have passed through a training somewhat similar to that of the conferees on the other side of the table. Labor representatives know as much about the Company's position as the leading executives do and in many cases more than the minor executives do, a situation which led directly to the supervisory training course.

V

Goodyear Industrial University and Goodyear Industrial Assembly condition the whole effort in this largest of rubber and tire companies. As a result, activities which elsewhere would be notable are with Goodyear merely long established routine, under Assembly control or review. Among these are:—

Vacations on pay for all employees with five years or more of service to their credit. Last year the Company gave paid vacations to 10,000 employees.

Thirty-five per cent of all Goodyear employees, including all Goodyear University students, enter into some form of athletic or gymnastic training. Intramural leagues, based on departments, play regular schedules in softball, basketball, tennis, handball, bowling, ping-pong, and swimming contests. A gym-

nasium, playing fields, and Wingfoot Lake resort are open to all employees.

Goodyear Employees Activities Committee supervises the programmes and manages the funds of more than twenty social clubs, which use Goodyear Hall and allied facilities.

Immediately after passing the physical examination on being employed, Goodyear employees become eligible to the Employees Relief Association, which for 90 cents a month provides personal medical service, hospitalization, and cash benefits while the worker is laid up. Industrial accidents are, of course, covered by compensation insurance law, and the fatality of death by group insurance — the three insurance projects taken together giving every employee coverage against the major risks of life. The Company has \$23,000,000 worth of insurance in effect to protect employees.

Since 1916 Goodyear has had a pension system under which a man 65 years of age who has had more than 15 years of service may retire on a pension proportionate to his total earnings in service. A fund for this purpose was set up, and to it has been added one per cent of each year's payroll, accretions bringing the fund up to \$2,900,000 at present. Recently the Industrial Assembly recommended adding an employee contributory feature to the Pension Fund, but this has been laid on the table pending possible Federal legislation. The fact that Goodyear is still a young organization is proved by the presence of only 91 men on the pension rolls.

VI

The Goodyear set-up in employee relations is unique in American industry, and thus far has escaped serious challenge by outside labor organizations, even in times of extreme industrial discontent. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, one can say that the Goodyear plan has succeeded.

In the opinion of its originator, President Litchfield, the Goodyear labor philosophy will succeed in any

industrial undertaking where it can be founded upon the essentials of consistently high wages, an intelligent labor staff, and a management determined upon fairness. Adapted to local conditions, Goodyear's labor philosophy and methods have been transferred undamaged to cotton mills in the South and in New England, to tire factories in Alabama and Los Angeles, and to foreign factories. Portuguese workers in New Bedford fell into line as heartily as the men of Akron. In England and Australia, both highly unionized lands, no opposition was encountered after labor officials had seen Goodyear policies in action. Justice being a universal human desire, Goodyear finds its American brand acceptable elsewhere. No strike has occurred in the Akron plant since this comprehensive employee relations plan went into effect fifteen years ago.

VII

One final point. What do the workmen at Goodyear get out of this in dollars and cents? Are the various advantages in industrial relations in reality given to employees in lieu of wages? Are they in effect paid for by the employees with money which otherwise would have gone into the pay envelope?

It is commonly charged that the so-called 'company unions' cannot bargain as effectively as can an outside group subject to dismissal. This is a pragmatic world. After all, what has been actually accomplished under the Industrial Assembly plan in the vital matter of wages?

In the first place, there seems to be little bargaining at Goodyear in the ordinary sense, collective or otherwise. Bargaining implies two persons, each suspicious of the other, each trying to get as much as he can, conceding as little as he must. There is little or none

of that hostile bargaining spirit around Goodyear.

Much detail Assembly work is done by regional committees, each composed of six Assemblymen, six men from the management, and others in the department who have worked together, know each other, and are familiar with conditions. It is almost impossible to be hasty or arbitrary when you are sitting across the table from a man who knows the circumstances as well as you do. There are two sides to most stories, and in the battledore and shuttlecock of committee sessions all present understand that Goodyear stands generally committed to a fair deal and a wage level as good as or a little better than the going rate. When all the facts are assembled, by men close to the dispute, the issue usually resolves itself. In a very large number of cases the vote is unanimous.

Still, the recorded results of wage agreements since 1919 are impressive as showing the advance of a large labor body in purchasing power. After the 1920-1921 depression, the Assembly raised the question of a 10 per cent wage increase in April 1922, and won it, Goodyear being one of the first companies to raise wages after that depression. During the prosperous years following, wages rose proportionately to general wages, to fall again in 1930 as the new depression struck. When conditions showed improvement in the spring of 1933, the Assembly asked for

a 10 per cent blanket increase in May, received it, received a second raise of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in August and a third of virtually 10 per cent in August 1934, with the result that the average hourly earnings in 1935 are higher than they were in 1929.

October figures from the United States Department of Labor show the average hourly earnings of employees in all industries standing at 55.4 cents an hour. Goodyear employees, male and female, skilled and unskilled, were then earning 88 cents an hour on the average. Certain large skilled groups were earning \$1.15 to \$1.26.

If President Litchfield were asked to explain how the various employee activities which cost substantial sums can be maintained, along with a liberal wage scale in a period of intensive competition and bedrock manufacturing costs, he would probably tell you that a cheap man is a poor investment at any price. Good men turn out better merchandise, and a liberal wage scale is a continuous and stimulating challenge to every man in management to do an efficient job. Beyond all that, unquestionably there is a distinct cash value to any corporation in any practical method of reducing expensive, and sometimes demoralizing, labor turnover to almost the vanishing point. The Goodyear methods, farsighted and comprehensive as they are, work exceptionally well in the conditions which surround the rubber industry.

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*Talent does what it can...
Genius does what it must*



YOU hear it said more and more that recovery in America is up to business.

Only the timorous will see this as a challenge. To the courageous it comes as a compliment.

If we are to move resolutely forward, there is need for leadership in business which measures not what it can or can not do, but what it *must* accomplish.

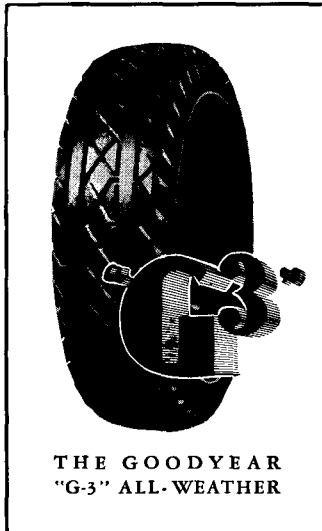
If we are to spur laggard sales and employment, we need to do so by the time-tested method of developing products and services which so compellingly meet the public's needs and desires that buying must inevitably result.

♦ ♦ ♦

There is perhaps nothing new in this observation.

Like others who have recognized its validity, we have sought to apply it throughout the past trying years.

During these years, we have steadily sought improvements by the largest program of product development and betterment which this company ever launched.



THE GOODYEAR
"G-3" ALL-WEATHER

Let us cite only two results of that program. One is the "G-3" All-Weather, now the largest-selling tire in the world. The other is the Airwheel*, of which Goodyear's production is greater than that of all other makers of super-soft tires combined.

P. W. Hitchfield
PRESIDENT.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

★ AIRWHEEL is Goodyear's trade-mark, registered in the U. S. A. and throughout the world, and is used to denote that Goodyear is the exclusive maker of AIRWHEEL Tires

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOOD YEAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Henry Dwight Sedgwick, essayist, biographer, and historian, has a long shelf of books to his credit. His last volume was the story of Dan Chaucer. **The Right Reverend Edward L. Parsons**, Bishop of California, was recognized at the triennial convention of the Episcopal Church as a leader of sane counsel who appreciated that on each side of the bottomless fissure which divides the Catholic from the Protestant minded there is Christian feeling, and a great desire for the unity of the Church. Δ It is fortunate that **Glanville Smith** is not a commercial traveler. We warn all possible employers that he has no talent for drumming. But as a sympathetic and unobtrusive observer of other men's morals, manners, and predilections, few there are who can be so confidently trusted as he. For our readers' pleasure he is now gallivanting through the Antipodes. **Henry S. Pritchett** has his reward in California's perpetual summer after a distinguished career as an educator at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Carnegie Foundation. **Edward Carrington Venable** is a Baltimorean long known to *Atlantic* readers. **H. S. V. Jones** is professor of English in the University of Illinois. **Harry Levin** is one of the company of Junior Fellows of Harvard University — young men of exceptional promise who have been called to Harvard to pursue their own chosen tasks without let or hindrance. It will be noticed that Mr. Levin strikes Dr. Zinsser's shield with the sharp point of his lance. **Catherine Drinker Bowen** shall have music wherever she goes, and is musically at home in Philadelphia. **Dorothy Tyler** is a graduate of Michigan, but needs no degrees to certify to her scholarship. In 1932 she was a winner of the Avery Hopwood contest. **Charlotte Kellogg** is the wife of the distinguished biologist, Vernon Kellogg, and in her own right a biographer and a worker in useful fields. **Herbert W. Horwill** is a journalist of experience and tradition living in London. **Raymond Holden** is an industrial economist — and a poet — which is saying a good deal in a short space. **George E. Sokolsky's** dispassionate and illuminating papers on labor lend especial interest to this discussion of wages in the light of common experience and common sense. Δ Of all historians of nature, the editor knows none now writing to whom lovers of English pure and

undefiled owe a more natural fealty than to **Charles D. Stewart**. From the front porch of Mr. Stewart's farm in Hartford, Wisconsin, the whole world is plain to see. **Berwin Kaiser** finds New York an excellent vantage in studying the seamy side of business. Δ Civilized men cannot live without cooks, as the mother of **Della T. Lutes** knew when, on a Michigan farm, she brought her family up on a diet that epicures might envy. It has been Mrs. Lutes's profession to make daily tests of food with scientific accuracy, but cooking is an art and not a science, as her gustatory reminiscences will testify. **Arthur Pound**, a philosopher of the industrial era, never forgets his facts in order to prove his theory. **Gilbert Harold** is instructor in finance at Ohio State.

/ / /

Ever since Mrs. Rose's first papers appeared in the *Atlantic*, friends of that brave little family tucked away in the fastnesses of Alberta have been rolling up like a snowball. Our latest news comes from Karl, who shows signs of growing up. His letter is forwarded us by a friend whose Christian name is Frank, but whose family name we are requested to withhold.

Dear Frank: —

I have a cousin named Frank that I have never seen and your name makes me think of him. He's a graduate of Amherst. I guess it is hard to be a boy in a city — there is so little a kid can do after school that is any fun and just listening and looking would not suit me. I like to read and that is what I do whenever I sit down.

I don't ever intend to go to any school, but I do want to be educated and I'm going to read books to find out all the things I want to know. I can't spare the time to work my way through a school because I have to run this farm and Dad is too old now.

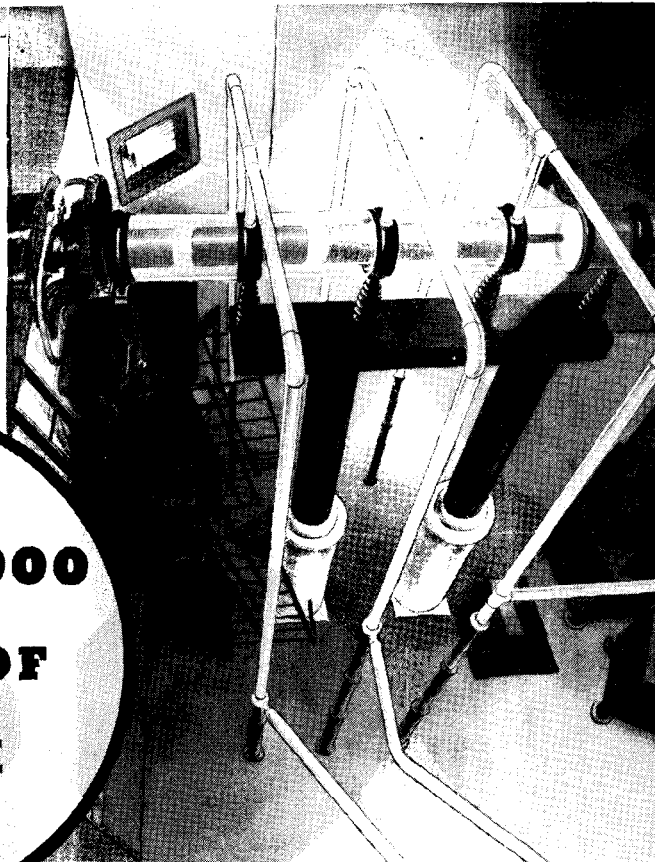
Sure, there is a big scar on my face, but it is growing smaller and whiter so it won't show much in a few years. Dad did an awful good job, but he sure took his time. He knows how, because he's done it before. It took the top off one of my back teeth, but that's all the damage and that was good. Some day a dentist can fix things up.

I've seen those beacons before I came to live in here. There is one at Post Falls, Idaho. They look something like our Northern Lights. Only ours are mostly in colors and we like them better.

Some day I'm going to make a wind motor and get a storage battery and have electricity to study

*An 800,000-volt Coolidge X-ray Tube
The powerful, healing rays reach the
patient in an adjoining lead-encased
room through a small aperture*

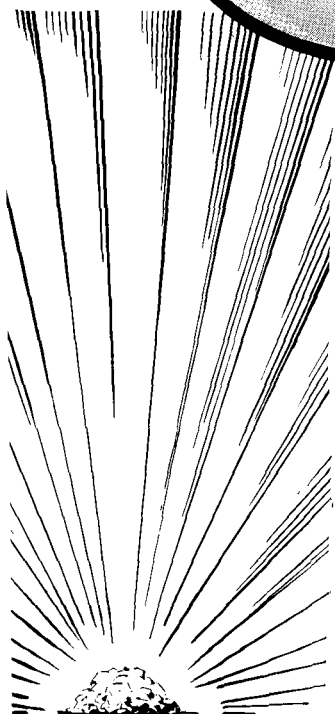
**\$75,000,000
WORTH OF
RADIUM**



IT would be physically impossible to collect so much radium; but electrical science, in its warfare against disease, has made giant x-ray tubes any one of which has a radiation equal to \$75,000,000 worth of this rare element.

The results of G-E research as an aid to medical science cover scores of products other than this mighty weapon. Among these are instruments for measuring heartbeat, for ultraviolet radiation, the application of internal heat, x-ray examination, surgery, and other purposes.

These healing and life-restoring instruments represent but one of many fields of research in which General Electric is engaged—helping to improve industrial production, speed transportation, and multiply the comforts in the home and on the farm.



by all winter. I'll bet it can be done. I read about it somewhere.

Joe went home to his folks last fall. He had been with us nearly three years. At first I could n't do a thing, but now I'm getting used to working alone again. It was too bad for me, but his folks needed him. They have a big farm. He run away from home when he got out of high school. We belonged to a baseball team last year. Nearly all the men in here play ball. There ain't no movies, but we have six ball teams. Every time we play ball we have a picnic because everybody comes so far. I have to go from 20 to 75 miles to play ball.

We'll be out of meat pretty soon and I'll have to go on a hunt. I have n't any big gun, Joe took his with him, but I can shoot deer with my twenty-two and after the snow goes in the spring I'll shoot ducks with my shotgun. The rabbits we never touch, because they have the sickness.

Sometimes a city man comes in here, but he don't last long. He cusses the country and the flies and everything and goes out again. It's hard to make a living in here for city people. They have to have store things. An old squaw made my moccasins and moosehide pants.

We are snowbound this winter and I have to fetch the mail home on my back in a pack sack. I snowshoe after it. We get only four mails in the winter. It took a month nearly for the first mail to come, but since then we have had airmail. It's been awful cold, 75 below zero in January. I nearly froze my lungs going after the mail. But it's nearly alright now.

I have three collie dogs and a dog sled, but the drifts were too deep and bad for dogs. Then it made a thick crust too on top and it cuts up their feet.

There are plenty of wolves. They've been hanging round all winter. I guess they smell our sheep. We have seven.

Mother knows all about Chicago and loves it there. She's told me a lot about it, and I guess it's different now. That was nearly thirty years ago when she was there. Are the cobblestones still there on the streets?

Lots of people have radios in here. I have one I just got from a trapper in a trade. It has n't any batteries with it. We don't have any money in here, but we trade with anybody and pick up some queer things sometimes. I may trade it on a horse. Our work horse died this winter and we have to have one for the spring plowing. It's a six-tube Atwater Kent table model about four years old and only used one winter. Since then it's been changing hands at least once a year. It's something to trade, but when a fellow finds that it takes money to make it talk he trades it. Mother and Dad want me to keep it and maybe some day get it to talk. I've got to have a horse and I don't know what else to trade off. I've listened to radios at the Fort and don't think much of them. I like a book better. I want to make my own music and some day I'll get me a violin. I guess in the cities people need radios because they have so little they can do. I'm busy all the time.

What good does it do to make-believe a trip? I do it sometimes when I'm hunting, but then I'm digging gold in the Clondike or something like that. Are

they ever going to sail on the trip? Some day maybe I'll go to the Clondike and find gold. And build Mother a real house and get a car. I have to quit now and go to bed.

Yours very truly,

KARL ROSE
Fort Vermilion, Alberta, Canada

A sailor's tribute.

Dear Atlantic, —

Some time ago you acknowledged a letter of mine telling how much a half-blind old sea captain had enjoyed my reading to him, word for word, *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

To our delight, *Men against the Sea* was even better. The old gentleman had come up along the Barrier Reef, had touched at Pitcairn Island, knew Timor, and had met J. Conrad in Capetown. He said: 'It has given me some of the happiest hours in my life. Can you not tell the author so?'

Well, I have *Pitcairn's Island*, but the old boy will not know it. He has dropped anchor in the last harbor. When the bell rang, he answered, 'Adsum.'

His priest asked me for some words to carve on his stone. These be the ones I chose: —

POST TOT NAUFRAGIA SALUS

Some things are too sacred to write. But at the last he smiled at me and said: 'You have been more than a son to me. What larks! (Pip) What books we've read! . . . Well, what about the future? . . . I can trust the Pilot. . . .'

The old fellow 'fell on sleep' with his hand in mine, comforted and cheered in his last days by the heroism and splendor of that epic tale, *Men against the Sea*.

JOHN W. LETHBRAY
Portland, Oregon

We are, as you all know, proud of our collection of Signs of the Times second to none. Here are a few recent exhibits: —

Dear Atlantic, —

In the first block east on 14th Street, New York, there is a sign reading: SHOES SHINED INSIDE. Perhaps you have heard too of the notice in a German railway carriage: 'The Outleaning of the Body from the Windows is on account of the therewith connected grave Lifedanger strictly forbidden.' And there was another, said to have been in the railway station at Quebec, which, being translated into our language, announced: IT IS DEFENDED TO FUME IN THE SALOON OF ATTENTION.

MYRON H. BROOMELL
Urbana, Ohio

Dear Atlantic, —

How is this, near the main entrance to the Zoölogical Gardens at Washington, D. C.?

LOST CHILDREN
WILL BE TAKEN TO THE
LION HOUSE

GEORGE S. HUMPHREY
Staten Island, New York



*If you would be healthy,
happy and wise...*

This little lady of 78 is careful of what she eats. Therefore she is eating food that came out of a can. She knows that canned foods are healthful and contain nature's precious vitamins virtually intact. She knows that canned foods are rich in mineral salts. This is because the food is cooked right in the sealed can. Each can becomes its own miniature cooking kettle. And so nature's freshness, goodness and food value are captured at their peak and retained indefinitely, awaiting your enjoyment.

• • •

This is a reproduction of one of a series of advertisements on canned foods, which will appear in full color in leading national magazines. Continental Can Company, Main Offices—New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

**Health and Freshness
COME IN CANS**



Continental Can Company

PRODUCED BY LINZING
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dear Atlantic, —

Have you failed to note the sign at Roscoe, Nebraska, a small station near Ogallala, which invites the tourist to 'Eat Gas and Pop'?

ARTHUR C. MAYER
Grand Island, Nebraska

Dear Atlantic, —

Still another! Some years ago I often passed a small graveyard which lay on the outskirts of the city. On the adjoining lot stood a barn the weathered side of which, just over the graveyard, bore the familiar advertisement: 'Eventually! Why not now?'

E. M.
Poughkeepsie, New York

In morals, and ethics too, *Atlantic* readers are our jury. Listen, ladies and gentlemen.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was surprised to read 'The \$10,000 Gallon of Oil' in your January number.

In outline the story is this: Contractor A proposes to sell the government a standard article of commerce, which will not meet specifications, at 100 per cent over the market price, thereby making \$10,000 for doing exactly nothing at all. Manufacturer B, after heaven knows how much research and experiment and use of inventive skill, has perfected a material superior to anything the finest laboratory in the United States can produce and makes a legitimate bid, on specifications he can meet, on which he proposes to make \$20,000. A is caught in his crooked bid and through trickery and lying steals B's formula and sells it to the government for \$10,000. Thereupon B is held up as the Wicked Grafter and A as the Model of Virtue.

A companion story would be about the Grafting Author who attempted to get \$500 for a mere dollar's worth of paper and ink. The Noble Reformer comes along, gets hold of the manuscript, and sells a copy of it to the *Atlantic* for \$250, thereby illustrating the Triumph of Virtue and the Downfall of Avarice.

DUDLEY CLAPP
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Atlantic, —

Reading 'The \$10,000 Gallon of Oil' leaves me indignant and upset.

Who is the 'grafter'? The mushroom oil concern discovering the elements of a mixture meeting severe specifications and therefore entitled to whatever price the buyers would pay in an openly competitive market? Or the 'free lance' living by his wits who stole the performing formula and, a fugitive from his hotel bill, hid with his booty in a lavatory in order to make 'good' a contract originally concocted to pay him 90 per cent profit in return for no more service than selling Standard Oil to the government?

It is startling that a publication of your standing should present to readers an account of such shady ethics parading as public-spirited 'saving' of taxpayers' money.

HARRISON SERRELL
Dobbs Ferry, New York

And Mr. Kaiser has this to say for himself.

The moralists who question my remembrance of the Ten Commandments are, I think, entirely right in their feelings, but not so right in their judgment. I envy their feeling that business — even the business of a Graft Adventurer — must be without any off-side play. But reality simply does n't work that way.

The Adventurer is, of course, dealing with Monopoly of the less obvious sort, and in the days of Roosevelt the First his work might have been called Trust-Busting — at least by anyone who recognized that, for every monopolistic abuse which the legislators curb, there are ten which a perverse human nature puts beyond the law and protects by graft.

So here it's the Biblical 'eye for an eye' that succeeds, in a measure, in checking what the Ten Commandments are *intended* to correct, and what the moralists and preachers would *like* to correct. Their moralizing would be amusing were it not so pathetically ineffective before the facts.

As an ineffective business man, I think I speak from experience!

BERWIN KAISER

When we cannot answer a question, we like to pass it on. Here's matter to corrugate the brow of woman.

Dear Atlantic, —

How can we save our men? They are dying off at a more than average rate from heart failure, and so forth, from fifty to sixty to sixty-five. It seems to me too fast. The old saying, 'The young men for action — the old men for wisdom,' will soon sound odd, I fear, for there soon will be no old men, at least among those who are not so worn out as to be senile.

A CONSTANT READER
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

In regard to a widely read paper in the February *Atlantic*, Miss Montague asks us to state that over a long period of years the city jail in Richmond has been disgracefully overcrowded, quite as she relates. Since she sent the article to us, however, for some unexplained reason conditions have been very much improved in this respect, and at present there is no overcrowding. It is only fair to make this comment.

Seldom does Mrs. Blankenship's seed fall on stony ground.

Dear Atlantic, —

'Death Is a Stranger,' in the December issue, touches deep chords. Although I stand in silent sympathy before the deep experience that caused these thoughts, and in respect to the author, I feel moved to express a few other thoughts on the same theme.

Every earnest soul, in looking back over 'the way already trod,' no doubt sees so many rescues, such unexpected shelter and guidance in the little crises, he is encouraged to trust to proportionately more at

A GRATIFYING INCREASE..

About 70% of all new cars delivered this year will have Safety Glass All-Around. That is a gratifying increase over last year's figures. It should be a source of considerable satisfaction to the many public-minded persons who have labored in behalf of greater public safety. It is also a challenge. With Safety Glass All-Around now provided as standard equipment in so many cars and readily available at a very low price in all others, there is no valid reason for any one to accept delivery on a new car that does not have it in the windows. A continuation of the splendid efforts being made by those working in the interests of public safety will drive home this fact so emphatically that EVERY new car buyer soon will enjoy the greater protection afforded by Safety Glass All-Around. Libbey • Owens • Ford Glass Company . . . Toledo, Ohio.

LIBBEY • OWENS • FORD
SAFETY GLASS



the Great Crisis. This trust Mother Nature teaches through the *apparent* 'death' of the seed, the grub, and in countless ways. As with her the beginnings of all forms of life are miracles of mercy, may not her children expect even more at the end? Constantly she leads us toward the victory of faith over fear.

Another reader of the New Testament sees there not so much the promise of 'a brand-new soul,' exchanged suddenly, as a gradual growth toward a perfected form: as implied in connection with the thief on the cross and in the figures of seed and grain employed in I Corinthians xv.

My own experience in the presence of this deepest of mysteries is that love is greater than grief and answers all its questioning.

L. E. RICAUD

Is this from an Old Boy or a Young One?

Dere atlantic i read that there ladies letter about ketchin that big wast in a glass under an orange tree and i reckon i caught a lot of insects in my time some of which was wasts and i tell her that there wasnt no miracle of vitality like you put forth maam only that there insect didnt git a big enough a dose of cyanide it was only put to sleep and woke up later if it had staid in that there bottle longer it would of died for fare now i tell this lady with my most respectful complements lady that the bigger the insect is an the harder its crust i refer to insects like big beetles an particularly them that move slow the harder they are to kill an the more they can take it i mean the cyanide they can stay in it longer an come out alive like bro. jennings used to say about uncle dickey woodruff a babtist preacher that i knowed he said uncle dickey could dive deeper into the see of theoligy stay under longer an come up dryer than any animal he knowed well maam them hard beetles is jest like uncle dickey woodruff now if you take an insect which is little or a fast movin and quick insect it will be knocked cold in no time in a cyanide bottle ive seen them there long billed flies that hover over flowers like hummin birds when they git a whif of cyanide they lye on there backs and wiggle there legs fast two more whifs an they pass out for fare now dere lady if you ever have another wish to ketch another similar insect here is how you should procede to do it when you have got him in a glass blow a little cigarette smoke in there through a straw this here will cool him down so as you can git your hands on him holdin him in a hankerchef if you got one handy then git a little nickotine out of your husbands pipe or any other husband will do on the point of a pin or else from a cigarette if nobody smokes a pipe and pearce the insects chest from above you can jest run the pin clear through his body an pin him on the wall or on a tree or in a box he will be so sick he will die in no time with out disturbance and it is painless. i would also add and i know you wont git mad lady that it aint jest right to speke of an insects belly they aint got no bellies lady they call them abdomens i bet that there specimen you saw would of made a fine example yes maam it shore would

CHESTER GREAVES
Proustville, Texas

The French mother of American boys applies to the *Atlantic's* discussion of progressive schools the sound test of personal experience.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have read with interest the articles of both Professor Friedrich and Professor Mursell.

The term 'progressive school' has been so much bandied about, and so often misapplied, that it has lost its original, full significance and only connotes, in the mind of many, a lack of discipline, a modern Abbaye de Thélème. That attitude of 'Dear little children, shall we play the game of the multiplication tables,' said by the teacher in a cheerful voice with a gurgle of delight, is not all there is to the progressive school.

My two young sons, very close in years, are totally different in character. The elder, probably taking after his forbears who cleared the wilderness of New Hampshire and Maine, enjoys hard tasks for the satisfaction of the accomplishment. His dark-eyed brother, if left to himself, would be too easily content to rely upon his intuitive grasp and neglect the routine work necessary to perfect technique, perhaps inheriting, on the maternal side, the qualities of a people described until recently in American geography books as 'fond of dancing and light wines.' These two boys attend the same progressive, coeducational school, are both doing well in their various studies, and both happy. In a copy of the school paper they brought home at Christmas time, I found not only the reasons for their happiness and success, but also what seems to be the essential difference between a progressive school and one of the formal type, in an interview given by the head of the school.

This educator, while teaching in Boston, spent much of her spare time at the Judge Baker Foundation, studying the technique of the clinic handling the cases of the Boston Juvenile Court. 'It seemed to me,' she is reported as saying, 'that the technique of the clinic . . . was based upon a more thorough understanding of each individual child, his innate equipment, his motives, his environment, and his possibilities. I concluded that the same technique, applied to well-born children, whose environments were more complete and more adjustable to individual needs, might result in a more complete human. The — School means to know what the special abilities and disabilities of each pupil are, watches the kind of experience that each child is accumulating and his reaction to it, and makes sure that his school experience, both academic and social, is genuine and wholesome.'

A discipline fitted to the need of each child will foster self-discipline, build character, and assure, for the future, social adjustment and usefulness.

HENRIETTE R. VOLKMAR
Bedford Village, New York

A boy that knew.

Dear Atlantic, —

It was with much interest that I read 'What a Small Boy Knows,' in the January issue. To repay the author I should like to enlighten him as to the



A MIRACLE THAT HAS REACHED ACROSS THE WORLD

For more than 50 centuries man has utilized petroleum. But only for something over 50 years has he recognized its true potentialities.

The birth of the modern oil industry came in 1859, when Colonel Drake drilled his memorable well. John D. Rockefeller and M. B. Clark became petroleum refiners just three years later. The original Standard Oil Company was incorporated in 1870. And from that date real development and progress began.

Today, the uses of petroleum are legion. It lubricates our machinery; drives our motor cars; motivates our ploughs and tractors. It turns huge dynamos and the mighty turbines that propel our ships; gives man mastery of the air and the deeps of the green seas.

In other forms petroleum is used in the textile trade for finishing soft goods. It imparts lustre to our collars and shirts. It enters into varnishes and substitutes for turpentine in the printing, painting and dyeing industries. It is blended with animal and mineral oils in almost infinite combinations. Its final residue after dis-

tillation is burned as coke; used to make hard-surfaced roads; employed in the manufacture of arc lights.

In recent years petroleum has found new uses in the modern home. Its cleanliness and reliability have recommended it for domestic heating. It is used in the manufacture of artificial butter, confectionery and other foods. It protects apples from contamination. Its pure white wax goes into candles and chewing gum. It forms the base of ointments, salves and drugs, and supplies the dressing table with cosmetics.

Never content to rest on the success of existing methods or products, the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) carries on its research ceaselessly in an effort to improve and progress. Witness, for example, its recent remarkable development—Aerotype ESSO, the revolutionary new motor fuel.

The oil business is never static. Great as has been its advancement since 1870, it is not unreasonable to predict that the future will witness even greater accomplishments.

FOREVER VIGILANT . . . TO SERVE YOU BETTER AND BETTER

PRODUCTS COMPANY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explanation of Edgar's belief that the Prince of Wales 'lived in the sea.'

This explanation of mine is very simple, and comes from my own childhood. For several years I dubbed the Prince of Wales the 'Prince of Whales,' and perhaps Edgar did too. All of us, children and grown-ups, are a deal alike.

JACK HICKERSON
Commerce, Texas

A former Baltimorean, remembering his poetic youth, has this to say on the *Atlantic's* chigger question:—

Dear *Atlantic*, —

If a chigger were bigger, as big as a cow,
And this digger had the vigor of a sub-soiler plough,
Could you figger, Picknicker, where you would be
now?

Professor Orton's survey of the Nazi situation was a matter of moment.

Dear *Atlantic*, —

Professor William Orton's survey of Germany is not quite as bad as those Independence-situation summaries — but almost. He knows Germany as I know the present political situation in Siam. In a letter of this length, I can present only a symbol of what he missed. So I ask Professor Orton to let his naively optimistic, starry-eyed gaze fall on the following facts:—

Last year, on June 30, Saturday at 1.30 P.M., — or, for Mr. Hendrik Willem van Loon's benefit, 13.30, — an *Oberführer* and his two aides walked into a certain government building at Berlin, into the private offices of a certain Assistant in the Ministry of *Verkehr*. The *Oberführer* told this Assistant he was under arrest. The Assistant asked to know why. Two pistol shots were the answer. At 15.40 the wife of this Assistant was called on the phone and told (1) her husband was dead; (2) in peculiar circumstances; (3) looked like suicide; (4) an investigation was under way. At 17.10 the woman was permitted to see her murdered husband. She was kept at a distance of ten feet from his body, because even in the midst of her grief she might have noticed the two holes in his *back*. When she asked for the body, she was told that the investigation was not yet over. She would be notified. Sunday passed. Monday dragged along. Tuesday was a nightmare. Wednesday came. At ten o'clock a telephone message informed her that if she came to such a place near Potsdamer Platz, at three o'clock that afternoon, she could make arrangements for the removal of her husband's body. The lady arrived at two. In an unpapered, dimly lighted antechamber, she waited one, two, three hours and fifteen minutes, until a large, uniformed figure entered the room carrying something like a cigar box. He placed the thing nervously on a rickety table, turned to the door, paused, turned abruptly to the darkly veiled woman in the corner, and blurted, pointing to the box, '*Da ist Ihr Mann.*' I might add that the 'crime' of Mr. Klausner, the mur-

dered man, was his leadership of Catholic Action in Berlin.

But no doubt such a symbol leaves Professor Orton unimpressed. After all, what is the individual's value in balance with the value of the State's progress? The State is everything. The individual is nothing.

When one stops to reflect on the breadth of the mental horizon displayed in 'New Wine in Germany,' one finds reasons to adopt such a thesis.

HUNTER ROSS GUTHRIE
Paris, France

A little nosegay all our own.

Dear *Atlantic*, —

That is a delightful article with which you begin the December number of the *Atlantic* — 'The Music Makers.' Such surprises as this, together with other worth-while features, make the *Atlantic* a welcome visitor in our house. Besides, I like the type style, the kind and color of the paper, and the very binding of this friendly magazine.

I write to thank you — for all.

H. JEWETT JESCHKE
Benton Harbor, Michigan

So say we all of us.

Dear *Atlantic*, —

A good many months ago you published an encouragement to wistful writers, suggesting articles on various things, including hobbies. Having recently occupied much time willy-nilly riding my bed, I suppose it may be called a hobby.

I have always felt indebted to the man who invented beds — or was it a woman? Yes, it must have been a woman. What man would have specified sheets — cool, smooth sheets, two of them, to be frequently changed and clean? So I say, to that woman, all praises be for my bed.

To my bed I bring my weary self for rest, body and soul. In it I can relax, let down all defenses, for there no unsympathetic stranger intrudes. I can cry, I can dream, I can read, I can stretch limbs and thoughts. In heat I can uncover there, in cold I snuggle blankets about my ears. When I am ill my bed holds me gently and is not exhausted by my fretfulness; and who but hopes to breathe his last most tranquilly in his own familiar bed?

Beds are like religious convictions, varied to individuals: we have high beds, low beds, broad beds, and narrow beds, and also the famous soft, medium, and hard beds of three-bear fame; but mostly we prefer the kind Mother made.

My bed is a responsive friend — and forgiving; soothes me when I am weary, gets a little ruffled when I am restless, but, being abandoned and neglected again and again for other attractions, accepts my smoothing ministrations without resentment and ever receives me kindly when I choose to return.

And so, to bed.

MARTHA NEWSOM
Naperville, Illinois